

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

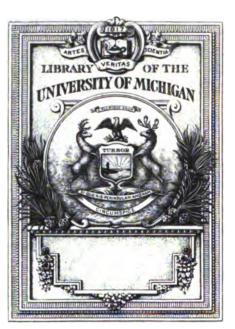
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

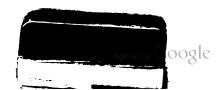
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





RECEIVED IN EXCHANGE FROM
Yale University
Library



LH 172 L7

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique Patres."

VOLUME TWENTY-SECOND.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD

1857.

CONTENTS.

College Words and Customs,	-						-		•					1
The Old Commons.														
Freshman Servitude.														
The Statue of Eve,		•		•		•		•		•		•		11
Townsend Prize Essay:														
Public Amusements, -	-		•		•		•		-		•		•	13
Names and Nicknames,		-						•				-		19
The Polar Sea,	-		-				-		-		-			24
Jacob Kentil—the Seeker after	r Ba	aby	lon	,		-		•		-		-		26
Brokers and the Broken, -	-	Ī	-		-								-	31
Grote's History of Greece, -	•	•		•		•		•		•		-		35
Memorabilia Yalensia:														
Doings of Commencemen	at V	Ve	ek,		-		•		-		•		•	39
EDITOR'S TABLE	,	•												40

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXII.

· OCTOBER, 1856.

No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '57.

F. E. BUTLER,

H. S. HUNTINGTON,

J. M. HOLMES, N. C. I ERKINS.

G. PRATT.

College Words and Customs.

WHEN we undertook this paper, we had intended to notice the new edition of College words and customs lately published by Mr. Hall. But the subjects thus suggested grew so much, as we proceeded upon their investigation, that we are reluctantly compelled to postpone all mention of this excellent book until a future number.

At the extremity of that leg of New England, which has been prononnoed by competent authority to be ever ready to inflict a geographical kick upon invaders, reposes the queer village of Provincetown. The products are whale-captains, whortleberries, codfish and sand. This last commodity is so remarkably abundant that wheel-carriages, except the gig of a presiding elder, or the stray cart of an enterprising tinpeddler, are seen only through the spectacles of books. A little urchin who once came across one of these miraculous vehicles, hung on behind out of pure boyish instinct, and when the proprietor asked him the nature of his business in that particular locality, he replied with great naivete, that he had got aboard to see him steer without a rudder.

VOL. XXII.

> "

Now College words and customs are so familiar to those who are continually practising the one and speaking the other, that we are apt to pass them by as needless themes for thought and record, and to forget entirely that outside barbarian world to whom our modes of life are as queer and wondrous as are the rudderless crafts above mentioned to the good folks of Provincetown.

Every old College is a microcosm. It has its own laws, language and institutions. If we look into the venerable cloisters of Oxford and Cambridge, we see these peculiarities in full activity. Their stately academic structures turn their backs upon the common world, and look in subjectively upon the enclosed quadrangles, across which gownsmen flit as distinct in appearance and idiosyncracy as the money changers of Lombard street. This is the development of centuries.

American College life is less peculiar and exclusive. It is based upon the old English system, but modified by our republican institutions. To the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, may be traced our laws and studies, and the custom of living in commons. Freshman servitude had its origin in the "fagging" of the English public schools. The bully club, football, burial of Euclid, pow-wow, biennial jubilee, statement of facts and multifarious secret societies, are native to the manor born.

At the present day, the differences between our Collegiate customs and those of the English Universities, are as striking as our national characteristics. We should open big eyes to see any favored body of men arrayed in distinctive costume—having the best things at dinner and obtaining their Bachelor's degree by a lower standard of examination than the rest of their Class. We should wonder even more to find the "Dons" mingling, primi inter pares, in games of cricket, in skating and racing—inviting undergraduates to convivial entertainments, drinking mulled port with them and playing whist for a shilling a point.

There is the same diversity in details. The English tutor combines the functions of private teacher, locating officer, guardian, and jolly companion. Their attendance on morning prayers is optional. Ours is not. Our sweeps are male; theirs female. There the student's grade is settled by examinations alone. Here it is commonly believed that something depends upon daily recitations. A Cantab, after being "plucked," may solace himself with the connubial endearments of a better half. A Yalensian, who should be found wedded to anything besides his books, would obtain the valedictory extraordinary. The English student must still dine in commons, and while within the College walls must appear in the square cap and long gown. Here the hungry academician may

patronize the "Shanghai," or the "Crocodiles," and be blameless, and, in point of apparel, may array himself in the waistcoat of Prince Vortigern's grandfather, or project his head through a hole in a blanket at his sovereign will.

But it is time to speak more particularly of Yalensian customs. And first, of three which have fallen into desuetude, viz, Commons, Freshman servitude, and Bullyism. The system of Commons began in 1718, when the first Collegiate building was erected in front of what is now South College, and the Trustees imitated the policy of Thescus, by collecting into one community the students who were scattered throughout Milford, Guilford, Saybrook, Wethersfield, and other adjoining villages.

In the old dining hall, everything was convenient. Until 1763, prayers were held in the same room. The books were kept up stairs. The kitchen was in such close proximity that the spatter of frying pork must have mingled quite unæsthetically with the responses of the liturgy. At this table Jonathan Edwards drank his beer, and Joel Barlow ate the original of his "hasty pudding." Here Timothy Dwight met with becoming dignity the advances of a portly Sophomore named David Humphreys. Here the elder Aaron Burr discussed Theology with his classmate Bellamy, and Noah Webster smilingly told his companions that in his class * the "Brothers" had thirty-three men out of forty. Rare times they must have had at that old table.

After a period of sixty-four years arose a new dining hall, which still remains as a memorial of olden times. Where now, at noon, Professor Silliman manipulates and deflagrates, and makes the heart heavy with knotty problems and chlorine gas, the College butler, [in 1782, illustrated the doctrine of definite proportions to about two hundred and fifty students, who then partook of their initiatory dinner. It was of Lacedæmonian frugality as well as conventuality. The staple articles of diet were potatoes+HO, and beef well indurated with the chloride of sodium. It was to an extra-osseous pyramid of this corned-beef, that a hungry wit applied the classic apothegm, "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum." Upon another occasion, a somewhat dissipated wit complained of the fare. The old woman who officiated as cook, told the President it was better than he desarved. "Yes," returned the conscience-smitten grunnbler, "it is better than I deserve as a sinner, but not so good as I deserve at seven and sixpence a week." Those whose pocket-money held out, might procure "sizings" from the butler. This functionary held

quite a lucrative office, his profits amounting to about \$1000 per annum. He sold about five hundred pies a week at sixpence apiece. The waiters, about sixteen in number, were appointed from the poorer students by the Faculty, as the monitors are now. They were generally supposed to look out for number one. The beverage for dinner was cider, which was contained in large pewter pitchers at each end of the table. Up to 1815, tumblers were an unknown luxury. Each man drank in turn from the pewter, the galvanic effect of which gave a perceptible addition to the flavor of the contents.

The luxurious breakfasts strongly reminded one of the brimstone-and-treacle mornings of Dotheboy's Hall. They consisted of an olla podrida, hashed up from the remnants of yesterday's dinner, fried into a consistency which baffled digestion and was a perpetual commentary on the interrogatory of Horace,

"Quid hoc veneni saevit in precordiis?"

To this the technical answer of our fathers was, "Slum." By way of variety, this compound was served both dry and wet. The morning drink was coffee. It is curious to observe that a general custom of the boarding houses at the present time, originated in the old hall. I mean the practice of having oysters on Sunday.

Any one who could get a doctor's certificate to the blessings of a chronic dyspepsia, or an incipient cholera-morbus, was sent to the Invalida' table, where he enjoyed better fare. To these accommodations a Senior or a Tutor prefixed and affixed a grace, during the delivery of which two forks were sometimes observed sticking into each potato on the table.

The Tutors themselves sat at elevated tables, and, getting but little chance to eat, from time to time rapped with their knife-handles to call to order some indecorous mal-content who compared the bread to bricks or started up the second Perfect Indicative of $\beta \alpha i \nu \omega$, to denote a disinclination to ill-cooked lamb.

Connected with these times, was the custom of "podding," as it was called. Whenever pease were to be boiled for dinner, all undergraduates were summoned to assist in shelling them, and if any man was absent, the rest collected the pods and threw them, without ceremony into the delinquent's room.

After the abolition of the buttery, in 1817, the "sizings" were purchased at a store which stood on the site of the cellar just west of Pond's old establishment, and the proprietor, by various little arts well known to his successors, continued to amass quite a considerable fortune.



Supper (hardly tea, for this beverage was little used in those days) was provided by the students in their own apartments. Cellar room was rented for the storage of their apples and other provisions, and this cellarage cost more than the rent of a college room. Supper in commons was discontinued as early as 1759. The public meal consisted of bread and milk, with the alternative of apple pie, in case the cows didn't come home in season.

The old hall was the scene of much disorder. Isaac C. Bates, who graduated in 1802, and was afterward a senator of the United States, was distinguished for his physical powers. On one occasion he administered a severe chastisement to Schowles, the head cook, because the pewter platters were not clean, and the table was not kept in proper order. Rev. Mr. Mitchell mentions a charge while he was in college of six hundred tumblers and thirty coffee pots destroyed or carried off in a single term. Just before the old hall was abandoned, there was a three days' rebellion of the Freshmen and Sophomores, which required all the gentleness and firmness of President Day to quell.

The new hall (now the Cabinet building) was opened in 1819, under better auspices. Every effort was made to remove all just grounds of complaint. It was intended to give to the meals all the comfort and order which is obtained in well regulated families. The professors dropped in to dinner on rainy days. The tables were mahogany instead of pine. They were abundantly supplied with crockery. Nor was it all mere show. By the enthusiastic efforts of the new steward, Mr. Stephen Twining, the board was laden with the fat of the land. His first dinner was a triumph of culinary skill. But after it was over, Mr. Twining remarked to the President, "I have got through with one dinner, but I don't know how I shall ever get through with another." There was no reason to complain of Mr. Twining's administration. He provided 5000 lbs. of turkey the first term, and oysters twice a week. The price for all these good things was only \$2 a week, and this was twenty-five cents more than had been anticipated.

The West Hall was an establishment which stood on the college ground west of South College. Notice is first given of its opening in the annual catalogue of 1827. It is last mentioned in the catalogue of 1838-39. Here good board was obtained at about fifty cents less than the usual rate per week.

For a while the new arrangement worked beautifully, and more than justified the hopes of success which had been entertained. But by degrees, disorder and discontent crept in. This came to a focus in

the "great rebellion" of 1828, in consequence of which about forty students were sent away from their Alma Mater never to return, and finally, in 1848, commons were abolished, and with them the organized insubordination and degradation of manners to which they necessarily gave birth.

We come now to speak of the custom of Freshman servitude. The nature of this institution, as it still exists in the great public schools of England, may be illustrated by an anecdote found in Roger's Table-Talk. The young Lord Holland, while at Eton, was "fag" to one of the boys in the upper "form." Among other delicate attentions he was required to toast bread. The poor boy did this with his fingers till his mother sent him a toasting fork. But he was not let off so easily. The fork was broken over his head, and he was ordered to scorch his digitals as before. As a consequence of this treatment Holland's right hand was shriveled all his life.

Nothing so barbarous as this was ever perpetrated at Yale. theless, a Freshman had to take heed to his ways. On the first morning of the term, instead of merely receiving a direction in regard to his studies, the tyro heard a long rigmarole of etiquette drawn up with the minuteness of the old Germanic laws. He was told when and where to have his hat on, how fast he might walk, which side of the stairs he might take what kind of clothes he might wear. He was still further gratified by the intelligence that he was liable at any time of study or recreation, to be hauled before a high court of Seniors to be taught manners, and, in the intervals of instruction, exhortation, and reproof, to work off his spleen by carrying billet-doux to the post office, pumping water for his superior's ablutions, bringing pipes and cider from the butler's, and performing various other functions of an errand boy and valet de chambre. The principle which governed this feudal state of things may be learned from the following extract from the Freshman laws, printed as early as 1764.*

"It being the duty of the Seniors to teach Freshmen the laws, usuages, and customs of the College, to this end they are empowered to order the whole Freshman class, or any particular member of it, to appear, in order to be instructed or reproved, at such time and place as they shall appoint, when and where every Freshman shall attend, answer all proper questions, and behave decently. The Seniors, however, are not to detain a Freshman more than five minutes after study-bell, without special order from the President, Professor, or Tutor."

^{*} Vide Pres. Woolsey's Hist. Dis., page 54.

The Seniors were perfect morum, and it was deemed but fair that they should have the perquisites of Freshmen service. Thus, this system of servitude was made up of two customs—one which required the Freshman to run errands, and the other to submit with becoming grace to the "lecturing" of the Seniors. With the first practice there were manifested repeated symptoms of dissatisfaction toward the close of the last century. Five men in particular claimed the honor of its abolition, viz, Dr. Matthew Marvin, Dr. M. J. Lyon, John D. Dickinson, and William Bradley, who entered college in 1770, and Amasa Paine, who entered the following year. Their claims, however, are not sufficiently warranted by facts. They are entitled to all praise for their generous efforts in opposing this servile institution, and for raising a strong feeling against it while they were in college.

But we find that the practice of running of errands, with some slight modifications, was sanctioned by college law as late as 1800, and that this sanction was not formally revoked until the year 1804.

Meanwhile, the usage of "lecturing" the Freshmen continued in full force. The last class which was subject to this ludicrous indignity was that of 1813. The last of the prefects consoled themselves with the reflection that they had exercised their functions so thoroughly that the business was done up for all time. Some of the graver and more considerate men of the class of 1810, who lamented the vexations and abuses attendant upon the power of the Seniors, labored for its overthrow. Professor Goodrich and Professor Andrew, with some of their classmates, petitioned the Faculty for their interference. This was granted, and the last traces of the old regime passed away with the autumn of 1809.

This "lecturing" system was founded upon the law above mentioned, which made it the duty of the Seniors to inspect the manners of gentlemen who had recently entered college. Never in the history of jurisprudence was there a law so liberally interpreted.

By the kindness of a member of the class of 1813, who has since risen to a leading rank among American savans, we have obtained a particular description of the operation of this law, which description he narrated to us as follows:

"The business of lecturing Freshmen was carried on by members of the Senior class, who met in the evening at the room of

[.] Grandfather of Warren K. Southwick of the Senior class.

some classmate, for the purpose of having a little fun with the Freshmen. The presiding genius of the meeting (magister bibendi) was sometimes decorated with the insignia of office, being wrapped in a capacious cloak, with an old continental tri-cornered hat on his head, and elevated on a temporary platform. The candidate was made to stand within the door, and was sometimes ordered to toe a crack; but in my day, the Freshmen generally understood their rights too well to submit to this indignity. But perhaps an example or two will better illustrate the nature of the ceremony than any general remarks.

"I had scarcely seated myself at my study table, my first evening at college, when a messenger (whom I afterwards recognized as a Sopho more) appeared at my door. 'Does O. room here?' said he, in a very confident and somewhat contemptuous tone. I answered in the affirma-'You must go to North College, south entry, third loft, corner room, back side—the Seniors want you.' Being quite a stranger on the ground, and the message being delivered with an affected volubility, expressly designed to perplex a Freshman, I declared my inability even to find the room. Upon this he repeated the same order faster than before, leading me still deeper in the fog. But it was his unavoidable duty 'to bring the Fresh,' and so after repeated efforts to get it through my skull, (upon the thickness of which he took occasion to remark,) he said in quite an imperious tone, 'Come along, then-follow me.' He led me through the mazes of several dark college entries, until at length ascending two pairs of stairs, he rapped at the Senior's door, which was immediately opened, and here ended his commission.

"The room was so full of smoke, that I could but dimly descry the individuals of the company, but plainly saw it was filled. Not being myself a smoker, the air of the room agreed badly with my respiratories, and I began first to cough, and then to sneeze, to the infinite amusement of the Seniors, which the moderator checked, by saying with all gravity, 'Gentlemen will observe due solemnity on this occasion.' At this moment a member of the class (whom I easily identified by his corpulent figure, and afterwards learned that his name was J. S. K. B.) thrust his head in at the door, and exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, Professor Kingsley says you must teach this young gentleman what's what, as he knows nothing of the world.' This was the signal for commencing business; and the Chairman remarked, that 'he hoped that gentlemen would be faithful to the trust committed to them by the government of the college, and give this young man the advice which he seemed so much to need!' Whereupon the lectures began.

"The first speaker took up the subject of *Tobacco*, most earnestly advising me never to form the vile habit of either chewing or smoking—a piece of advice more necessary to me, he said, as it manifestly disagreed with my constitution. Probably it was the consciousness of the ridiculous figure I should make if I were to sneeze at this moment, that actually set me a going again, which furnished a beautiful and practical application of the first lecture. My mortification and disgust was so great, that I here date my first antipathy to tobacco, which I have ever since held in utter abomination.

"The Chairman remarked that the young gentleman would naturally expect from the age and experience of men who had climbed the hill before him, some counsel in regard to his studies, and he would call on Mr. X., who, he said, being so great an adept, (he was one of the poorest scholars in the class,) could and ought to lend a helping hand to youthful aspirants. Mr. X. proceeded at once to descant, in the most pompous style, on the dignity of learning in general, and of the Greek language in particular, for which, he said, he had always himself had a remarkable passion. Soon, he added, I should commence the study of Homer, that noble old bard. He would almost advise me to commit the whole of him to memory, but as my time might not suffice for that, he would indulge the hope that I would at least make one lofty sentiment my own:

τον δ'απαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ώχυς 'Αχιλλεύς.

"The next speaker preferred against me sundry charges, such as breaking windows, and running out of the Chapel and dining hall before the Seniors; the dangerous tendency of which irregularities he set forth, purely, as he said, out of regard for my good. To him succeeded Mr. G., whose department, in the lecturing system, was that of the manners of the Freshmen about the premises. I cannot properly repeat his advice and exhortation, but long afterwards, on one Commencement day, I met the same gentleman in conversation with his classmate, Professor A. As I approached, Professor A. said, 'Mr. O., let me make you acquainted with my classmate, Mr. G., of South Carolina.' I had heard that Mr. G. had thrown off his youthful levities and become a highly respectable citizen. I was therefore happy to meet him, but without thinking that he would remember the sort of lecture he gave me thirty years before, I said I hardly needed an introduction, having made the acquaintance of Mr. G. on such an occasion, when he was my Senior. Contrary to my expectation, the whole scene appeared VOL. XXII.

to come fresh to his recollection. He looked quite embarrassed, and began to apologize for his rudeness, by alleging the license of former Seniors towards the Freshmen, when Professor A. (who is a man of ready wit) came to his rescue. 'Rather say, brother G., that in consequence of your good advice, Mr. O. has made so much more of a man than was ever expected of him.'

"Among these light-minded young men, there was one who seemed quite out of place, being in point of talents and standing among the first scholars of the Class. Although a lover of amusement, yet, when his turn came to lecture, he evidently sought to inspire us with admiration (of which he was excessively fond) by offering me valuable counsels in a diction unusually elegant. I had been advised by an older friend who had passed through College before me, to bear the Seniors' taunts and insults with meekness, or at least with indifference, as they would thus discover that there was little fun to be got out of me, and would not trouble me long. I therefore stood as still and dumb as a statue, until the Chairman gave me leave to retire. Then reaching for my hat, which I had laid on the leaf of a chair near the door, I found it was missing. One hat after another was handed me, with the inquiry, 'Is this it, sir?' 'Is this it, sir?' till my own hat came up. I was then detained some minutes longer to receive an additional lecture on the necessity of cultivating habits of carefulness in my affairs.

"At length I made my exit into the dark entry. But my head was so completely turned, that I groped about a long time before I found the stairs. Since I have become, by long residence, so familiar with all parts of the College buildings, I have often smiled how I felt my way, for the first time, out of North Middle, which then appeared to my Freshman perceptions another Cretan labyrinth.

"I learned from my classmates their respective adventures with the Seniors, and found that some of them fared much worse than I did. Kane, who was a modest and beautiful youth, (afterwards U. S. Senator from Illinois,) was brought before the Sanhedrim, and solemnly warned not to follow the course of the gentleman of that name mentioned in the Old Testament, perhaps his ancestor. If they found one who had brass enough to return their jokes, this doubled the sport, and such a subject was likely to be often summoned before them. Such was my classmate E., a good scholar and an amiable man, but naturally gifted with a degree of assurance that nothing could daunt. They contrived to have a great time with E., and appointed W., one of the readiest wits in 'the Class, to manage the case. E. obeyed the summons, and



soon presented himself at the door; but instead of standing there, as was customary, he made for a chair that was vacant next to the Chairman's seat. 'Young gentleman, (said W.,) you will stand by the door! 'No, sir, (said E.,) being a lame man, I always sit,' still advancing towards the vacant chair. 'Why, really, Mister E., (said W., rising from his seat,) really, Mister E., wont you have my seat?' 'Thank you, sir,' said E., and sat down in the Chairman's seat, leaving him standing. By this time a stifled laugh began to run round the room, which added to the Chairman's embarrassment, as he stood before the self-complacent Freshman. But rallying a little, 'E., (said he,) if you don't mend your manners, you'll be a fool as long as you live.' 'What! (said E.,) a FOOL! 'Yes, a FOOL!' 'What, a stultus!' 'Yes, a STULTUS! (with much emphasis.) 'Behold the object!' 'I do, sir,' (said E.,) politely bowing to the Chairman. The company could hold in no longer. W. beat a retreat. E. made off victorious, and was never troubled by the Seniors again."

Verily the Freshmen of the present day have abundant reason to bless their stars and improve their exalted privileges.

J. M. B.

The Statue of Eve.

Spirar of Beauty! Thou at length hast found A fitting temple—an abiding home. When, in Eternity, God's early works Answered his will in silent loveliness, Then did'st thou dwell, of old ancestral years. In azure-girdled star-light, and the blush Of angel-haunted Eden, whose four streams Wandered 'twixt gold and sunshine to the sea. The traces of thy smiling linger still In thy primeval palaces. But thou Did'st pine in secret for a holier shrine. Waiting for God to set his heavenly seal Upon the brow of Perfor Womanhood.

Mother of Earth! If ever in our hearts
Hath crept the unbidden shadow of a thought,
Upbraiding thee for thine unwary deed
That broke the fountain of so many tears—
Forgive us—Oh! forgive us—while we bow
Before the charm of thy repentant pride
And lose thy frailty in thy look of love.

Mother of Earth! It is to thee we owe The light that makes earth lovely. For from thee Gushed the first words of woman's tenderness; The earliest rapture of affection's smile, And on thy lips quivered the world's first kiss.

And here art thou to-day, O gentle Eve! In marble resurrection. Art hath spoiled The grave of its first treasure, and thy sons Have come to worship at their mother's knee. Methinks if thou should'st draw another breath From out my pulseless and obedient heart, That thou would'st live forever—that thy locks Would gladly tremble on thy snowy breast—Thine eyes disclose their magic and thy lips Unlock in benediction—that thy limbs Would burst the fetters of imprisoned grace And move in youthful loveliness, as when Rustling of old the boughs of Paradise.

Yet thou shalt live forever. For thou hast
Too much of heaven to be the thrall of Death.
Yes! Thou shalt live forever. For our souls
Shall guard the image of thy beauty well,
And bear it with us to Eternity.
And thou—amid the turmoil of this earthly life—
Shalt be a daily blessing on our way—
A golden memory—a perpetual joy.

J. M. R.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

Public Amusements as Instruments used by Wespotisms to Webase the People.

BY HENRY BILLINGS BROWN, BERKSHIRE CO., MASS.

Among the instinctive principles of our nature, enumerated by philosophers, is a propensity to alternate action and repose. The Creator himself made provision for it, when the fiat, dividing the light from the darkness, was proclaimed from the Eternal throne. A temporal limitation is thus assigned to the ordinance, which declares that in the sweat of his brow shall man eat his bread. Human labor, however, must be limited in intensity as well as in time. Even in the hours of action, uninterrupted and toilsome exertion prostrates the faculties of body and mind. They crave a relaxation, that shall not be repose,—an occupation, that shall not be labor. This appetite, if ungratified, induces a restlessness, that suffers no assuagement,—a morbid ill-humor, that defies all sympathy. Its natural products are amusements, which therefore result necessarily from the constitution of man, and are essential to his intellectual efficiency and physical vigor. The social principle, inherent in human nature, originally drew them from the precincts of the family circle into a wider communion, adapting them to man as a constituent of society.

It is an old adage, that the manners of a country may be known from its amusements. They are, in truth, both an effect and a cause of national character. The very customs, of which they were the legitimate offspring, they intensify and perpetuate. Though always retaining to some extent, their original mould, they still keep pace with the national march in civilization, and that too, in accordance with a definite and universal law.

In their infancy, governments are weak, and demand stout hearts and brawny arms to grapple with the Chimeras that seek to throttle them. Their policy is simple, straight-forward. Everything is made subservient to perfection in the military character. All men become soldiers: and all soldiers, patriots. Their swords are carried to the field, are laid by the anvil, are hung over the bedside. Girt with the righteous armor of defense, they go to their closets and their churches to invoke the "God of Battles."

Their amusements, likewise, have a higher signification than mere

diversion. They are an utterance of the universal sentiment, and are made to promote the grandest aims of legislation. Athletic games will be instituted to stimulate courage and a generous emulation, and to inure the body to the hardships of military life. Such were the sports of the stadium, the pentathlon, and the hippodrome. The games of Olympia were something more to the Grecians than simple amusements. The lessons taught them upon the banks of the Alpheus, were put in practice at Plataea, at Salamis, at Mycale.

While public amusements retain this character; while they fortify the bond of a common emotion; while they encourage a patriotic self-devotement, and a manly independence, they are among the stanchest bulwarks of national liberty. But as time wears on, governments become matured; society advances in the arts of peace; and an intellectual, dethrones a merely physical dominion. Amusements undergo an analagous change. Before, a bodily discipline: now, a mental recreation. An active participation in them is succeeded by passive enjoyment of them. The natural tendency to deterioration is developed by increased facilities for indulgence. Their influence, hitherto positively healthy, becomes at least equivocal. Bridle them by a firm system of ethics, and uphold them by a catholic policy, and they are healthy still: banish from them all moral restraint, and subject them to the surveillance of a selfish authority, and they become its sturdiest Atlas.

Despotism demands of its subjects obedience to arbitrary law. obedience, however, man, with a full knowledge of his capacities, will not cheerfully render to other than divine authority. Fear may wrest it from them; a callous insensibility to degradation may induce them to yield it; but it cannot be the voluntary offering of a spirited people. Accordingly, force in the executive, and ignorance in the commons, are the main pillars of absolute power. A secret police to ferret out, and to betray the arcana of the human heart, and a servile army, to stifle the spasmodic outbursts of popular frenzy, are the constituents of the former: while beneath and back of these, fighting their surer yet bloodless battles, public amusements are made to corrode every thought of discontent, every breathing for freedom, by substituting a preference for trifling pleasures,—an acquiescence in servitude, symptomatic of the most hopeless ignorance. A judicious sifting must previously remove from them every enlarged view, every patriotic sentiment. Thus maimed, they are sent forth upon their ignoble mission. They satisfy, and the people are quiet: they preoccupy the mind, and they are blind to their condition.

In the aid which public amusements afford to the establishment and maintenance of despotic power, we recognize a twofold action: upon the individual, and upon society.

As intelligence leads to liberal ideas, and a contempt for unlawful authority; as a spirit of inquiry leads to an examination of old theories, and a rejection of false ones; as industry leads to a knowledge of the value of property, and a vindication of its rights; so "the jealous instinct of despotism" panders to self-indulgence, in hope of crushing these, and of extinguishing all that is generous in thought, and honorable in action. It finds no agent more efficient than public amusements. True, they do not directly diminish the amount of absolute knowledge; on the contrary, they are even serviceable as illustrative and historical schools for popular instruction. They teach the capabilities of language, as an expression of universal thought. They reveal the wild throes of tumultuous passion. ebbing and flowing in the great estuary of the human heart. From the moulding crypts of the dead, they drag to light long buried customs and flaunt them in the specious finery of the stage. Virtue here meeta its glad though late reward; vice its "wilds of woe." Shallow and valueless these lessons, however, when considered with reference to the real wants of an enslaved people.

But their influence does not stop here. Let amusements be injudiciously encouraged, and pleasure becomes a universal avocation. She demands of her votaries a slavish submission. She dampens their yearnings for nobler, purer joys. She disinclines them from the patient, mental application, requisite to comprehensive knowledge and fruitful thought. Not in schools of pleasure, are immortal minds trained to "act well their part." But let the gates of education be closed to the suppliants who are seeking admission, and man's innate thirst for knowledge, finding no gratification in its natural fountain, easily quenches itself in these gifts of a mocking benevolence. Where should be laid a groundwork deep and solid, there reigns a paltry sciolism. The arm of industry is palsied, for idleness is a legitimate and fatal consequent of popular ignorance. The stamina of a sober, earnest people is gone. Gay, capricious, superficial, their life is "a series of histrionic efforts," a comedy with a tragic catastrophe.

Not here, however, do public amusements work with deadliest effect. The general sense of duty requisite to a well governed state, is undermined. Public morality is an unrelenting foe to unrighteous authority.

^{*} De Quincey.

Acknowledging, when based upon the purest religion, but one God in Heaven, and but one vicegerent on earth, it is led to question the supremacy of pontiffs, and the divine rights of kings. It teaches respect for certain inalienable rights and obligations, on which it is the very spirit of despotism to infringe. Believing in a duty of national as well as individual progress, it recognizes a right of revolution, directly subversive of a conservative, arbitrary power.

Here also, public amusements, though aspiring to the dignity of instructors, exercise an influence corrupting and fatal. Begetting a distaste for the higher fruitions of which we are susceptible, they lay open the mind to the withering influence of vice. They create a centre of attraction without the family circle, thus scattering seeds of discord in this cradle of universal brotherhood. They subject reason to the apotheosis of feeling, and thus snatch from life its most unerring guide. They unnerve the authority of conscience,—the indwelling Deity,—the inexorable judge. Thus enfeebled in his virtuous affections, man is incapacitated from virtuous action. History is not silent. Need we look beyond the amphitheatre for the brutal voluptuousness that characterized the Roman empire? How the imperial autocracy was built up and again torn down by these "instruments of despotism;" how the Catonian severity of the old republic was eaten out by a more than "Daphnic luxury;" how the Roman mind was hardened, and its sensibilities blunted, by the combats of the arena, until the cry "Christianos ad leones," could only fill the measure of their fury; how the former queen of the seas is at present affected by the only modern representatives of these ancient sports, the chronicles of the Coliseum and the Plaza tell, too truly,—too faithfully.

Amusements strike a death-blow to public spirit,—the main stay of a free government. Guarding jealously the welfare of the state, public spirit with provident forethought anchors its aspirations in a paramount system of ordinances, which shall forever proclaim to unfeeling ambition,—"Hitherto shalt thou come but no further:" with cautious wisdom it seeks for upright statesmen, who shall embody the spirit and vitalize the energies of the nation; and, above all, with open hearted benevolence it extends to every class its crown jewels of free thought, free speech, and free action. If it fosters a modicum of social and temperate enjoyment as conducive to public fraternization, it dissuades from a general and inordinate devotion to amusements as inimical to disinterested benevolence,—its ideal in action. It dissuades from them as eminently selfish in

their nature, and militating against the very essence of patriotism. Principles of action so mutually repulsive, cannot coëxist in the human mind. Let self-gratification be made the goal of existence, and interests of real importance will suffer a fatal neglect. Ingulfment in the dizzy maelstrom of pleasure precludes a cordial sympathy in generous emotion. Personal popularity is made the purchase of profusion,—the touchstone of integrity. Hero worship, Phœnix-like, rises from the ashes of patriotism. The high road to dictatorial power is paved for him who has the courage and dexterity to guide hither the chariot of state. a tacit, though vital compact, the priceless gem of liberty is bartered for a worse than useless bauble. As the sea chisels its way into the yielding cliff, not by the overpowering force of a single mighty billow, but by the attrition of an infinite series of minute ripples, each invisible in its effects; so despotism accomplishes its work, not by a sudden and violent confiscation of ancient prerogatives, but in the garb of an unwilling recipient by the gradual and almost unperceived assumption of national liberties.

In their action upon society, public amusements have, in common with monarchical power, a centralizing influence. Obviously, such a disposition of forces is favorable to the preponderance of absolutism. Large masses of men, when beneath the eye of a regnant authority, are more readily controlled than an equal number scattered over a province. The searching eye of a police will more easily detect the first outworkings of sedition. Unable to take refuge in mountain fastnesses, a standing army can be brought to bear upon them. The Alps have been most heroic defenders of Swiss independence. In the streets of Altorf, Tell and his partisans would have quailed before the armies of Hapsburg. cumiacent country is usually governed, in a great measure, by the action of its metropolis. The history of despotisms is often but a history of "Paris, c'est la France," is an expression of significant import. Let servility and quiet be once established within the walls of a despotic capital, and, among the rural population, a feeling of reverence will naturally spring up for a regal authority never seen, and known only through exaggerated rumors. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico,"* is a maxim of almost universal application.

This overgrowth of a central city is a necessary consequent of the royal presence. Here is collected all that a kingdom can afford to gratify taste, or flatter power. Architecture contributes its "divinest forms" to

garnish the abodes of princes. A sumptuous court attends the beck of a monarch, whose smile is fortune; whose frown, ruin.

Amusements, too, must be furnished for the idle and pleasure loving, that flock thither from every portion of the realm. Galleries of painting and of sculpture will be filled with ideals of the grandest material forms. Eloquent orators! yet uttering no word for liberty. The magic wand of art will call up in the midst of crowded streets, miniature landscapes of mountain and vale, grove and cascade, rivaling nature's fairest creations. The stage will be robed in its most gorgeous apparel, and, while it teaches respect for earthly power, will be maintained by kingly munificence. Rich and poor will unite in doing homage to Thespian and Euterpean genius.

The stately pageants of a sensuous religion will inculcate a reverence for the power, but not a love for the goodness of God. In an alliance of church and state, despotism assumes its most terrible form. When the sublimest conception, which the human understanding is capable of grasping, is thrown into the scale against freedom; when an earthly obedience is made the sole avenue to the portals of an heavenly fruition; when religion is made to minister to man's most frivolous desires, as well as to his noblest aspirations; when the voice of God is made to speak for its downfall, the "forlorn hope" of liberty is indeed lost. The despot then rules alone, and is indeed a mon-arch.

It is in the deeply rooted attachment to pleasures, that reformers, both religious and political, have encountered their most vigorous opposition. A radical change is seldom effected by a single stroke. They are relinquished, if at all, in the natural progress from corporeal to intellectual enjoyment, from refinement to vulgar sensuality. Only by an incorporation of the pompous ceremonials of Paganism into its own more refined worship, could Christianity be made acceptable to the Romans. The carelessness of liberty during the reign of Charles II is an evidence that the terrible reaction that followed the suppression of amusements, was working out its legitimate results.

Such being the inevitable tendencies of public amusements, when unrestrained by the safeguard of an unflinching morality, it would be natural to expect that demagogues would employ them to induce the premature decay of free institutions, and despots to give stability and perpetuity to an authority already established. Such is, universally, the fact. From the time when Semiramis rode over the walls of Babylon, attended by the

[·] Pres. Woolsey.

rude splendor of her barbaric court, to the time when Fortune's last favorite dictated festive plays to Parisian boards at the birth of an heir; public amusements have entered largely into the structure of all absolute polities. Beneath their protecting aegis, Despotism maintains an almost undivided sway, from Moscow to Madrid, from Paris to Pekin. From the papal throne is still proclaimed to two obedient continents, the infallibility of the Romish church. The prospects of tyrants were apparently never more flattering. Like well-trained athletes, they have risen from each contest with courage unabated, and strength unimpared.

What then shall be the end of all this? Shall despotism forever triumph? Shall man never be free? Shall papal tyranny see the end as it has seen the beginning of every existing government?* Shall "leagued oppression" always prove too strong for the Nemesis of patriotism? Not so. As the seed of wheat, though slumbering for many centuries in mummy cerements, when placed in its proper soil, wakes to life and brings forth its ripened grain; so shall this seed of liberty, though smothered long, very long beneath its load of resistless power, finally, by the resuscitative force of a nighty public will, be brought to light, and bring forth its perfect fruit unto everlasting life.

Names and Nicknames.

There seems to exist a pretty general belief that there is nothing in a name. If so we have chosen a rather fruitless theme for disquisition, since according to the proverb "e nihlo nihil fit." Yet there is not wanting sufficient authority for embodying trifles and nothings in grave discourse. Philips, happier than many of his brethren in the possession of a shilling, gratefully selected it as the subject of his song. Cowper sat down to write upon a sofa. Shakspeare made "Much ado about nothing." Rochester penned a fine Latin poem "De nihilo," and doubtless many Berkleian aspirants would be glad to imitate his example. But inasmuch as "No" often means Yes; and "Nothing" in the mouths of school-boys and others frequently admits of a pregnant signification, let us proceed to give to this nothing a local habitation and a name.

^{*} Macaulay.

Reader! There is everything in a name. Of course it gives us great pain to propose any doctrine contrary to the views of Shakspeare or Polyphemus, but we are ready to be martyrs in the cause, especially since all the Democrats in the country and Louis Napoleon to boot are on our side. To this main army may be added such humbler allies as mad-dogs, statement of facts' orators, forgers and autograph collectors.

We are further persuaded of the great world of meaning inherent in names, by the extraordinary liberality and pertinacity with which they are administered in our institutions of learning. At infant school the gaping urchin begins by taking little doses of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. At preparatory school come the Muses and Furies, the seven kings of Rome, and the five rivers of hell. And when college comes. the hopeless disciple of hard names is smilingly introduced to the ac. quaintance of unnumbered tribes, whose life was as nomadic as the ascent of their own names, when the ingenuous young American makes palatal and guttural onslaught upon his decasyllabic foes. Tribes that would baffle the patience of Job and the nominivorous memory of Mithridates—tribes that did not know where they lived themselves—tribes that start up from every corner of the map like Robin Hood's outlaws, and then dive to the opposite corners of other maps, as if playing hide and seek-Sacians and Sacesinians, Boreans and Hyperboreans, Kamskatchans and Pottawottamies, ring-tailed monkeys and speckled-nosed Jews all mingle together, by spasmodic locomotion, in double and twisted entanglement, till each individual jawbreaker becomes, as the poet so vividly expresses it,

" A pathless comet and a curse."

In poetry and fiction the force of a name is quite apparent. We have heard of some one who wished to popularize the bard of Scios, and thus begins—

"The wrath of Jenkinson the direful spring Of woes unnumbered Grecian goddess sing."

Now, no one in his senses can have the slightest interest to know why. Mr. Jenkinson was angry, because this quasi offspring of Peleus is a vulgar fellow who has had the small pox, and sells old clothes round the corner. For the beautiful names of Tennyson or Poe—for Ligeia or Lilian—for Annabel or Isabel substitute Wilhelmina, Sophobonista, or any feminine Christian prefix that ends in y, (except Fanny and Mary,) and the charm is gone.



What is called pig-weed in botany becomes the "amaranth inwove with pearl" of Milton. If that great man had reflected upon "what's in a name," he could hardly have committed so gross a blunder as to cast his pearls before swine. It makes a difference whether we think of the Roman Forum under its ancient august title, or under the meaner modern soubriquet of Campo Vaccino—cow-pasture. We admire the sweetness of such names as Grove-Hall, Idlewild, and Riverside. What should we think to hear them transformed into Do-the-boys-Hall, Devil's-peak, Home of the Holy Zebra?

If any one would see, to the full extent, the indwelling force of a name, let him reflect upon those that belong to the characters of Dickens. Quilp and Krook make us shudder at their very mention. Guppy and Uriah Heep are redolent of meanness. Little Nell and Ada Clare, are the fitting vocal representatives of beauty and devoted love. If any one would seek further illustrations, let him take the names in the Ingoldsby legends, or in the Pilgrim's Progress.

I will not go so far as some who assert that there is a mysterious influence in names which moulds the destinies of their possessor. Yet even here history seems to be on our side. The first emperor of Rome was Augustus, and so was the last. The first and last emperor of Byzantium was Constantine. Mahomet was the Alpha and Omega of the Arabian dynasty. Togrul, the last of the Seljucide rulers, was the name-sake of the first, and the modern Persian monarchy began and ended with Kaiumers.

These are mysteries which we cannot fathom. But it is with the utmost confidence we claim that names are indices of personal characteristics. Every one is aware that Adam and Eve denote respectively origin and fruitfulness. And the names of all the ancient patriarchs are granted to be Hebrew, for something or other well known to Freeland and the Rabbis. That the names of various Greek persons, mentioned by Homer, are intimately connected with the science of Etymology, no Freshman, after the first term of his novitiate, would be reckless enough to deny.

The Puritans made their nomenclature exceedingly significant by calling their daughters Faith, Hope, Charity, Experience and Tribulation, and their sons Mahershalalhashbaz, and Hewhagaginpieces before the lord. Praise-God Barebones is well known to fame. He had a brother who rejoiced in the appellation of "Unless-the-Lord-deliver-me-I-amdamned Barebones, which the wicked Cavaliers generally abbreviated, by the omission of all before the ultimate epithet. In the thir-

teenth century, there was a whimsical custom which we still retain in such expressions as John Bull and Nicholas Frog, of giving nicknames to nations. The codfishing Hollanders were euphoniously denominated Kabbel-jauus-en-hocks.

But I fancy that I hear some cautious skeptic object that although this might have been the case with our ancestors, it surely is not so now. "If the names of the fathers were significant of some personal trait or incident, what meaning was there when the little Mac, and Fitz, and O', and Ap, and Bar, were baptized into their father's names?" In such cases, my dear objector, the root-name signified the pedigree, and personalities were indicated by nicknames, as Biberius Cæsar, Edward Longshanks, Fatty Green.

Some nicknames are tokens of popularity, as "good queen Bess," "the little Corporal," "gallant Harry Clay." Some of malignity, as Lakers and Cockneys, applied to a noble band of poets. Some are ironical, as Liberals and Democrats. Some are affectionate, as the various epithets given by her guardian to the heroine of Bleak-House, such as "Little old woman," "Cobweb," "Mother Hubbard," and "Dame Durden." So that we can, in most cases, detect some characteristic by a nickname, and if a person has no characteristic, why, then he will propably have no external symbol thereof.

But even at the present time it is quite possible to read much meaning in names that are quite un-nicked. Exempli gratia, the name of Fremonter is as redolent of liberty as that of Buchaneer is of fillibustering. I might mention other instances from among my acquaintance, if I could well conceal their names. Quite recently, in New Jersey, there was discovered beneath a bridge an infant, left there to perish. The good Samaritan, who drew out the foundling from the water, very appropriately gave him the name of Moses Underbridge. Another case in point, is that of a man who called his first son Xerxes, and the second one Arta-xerxes, because he came arter the other.

Another argument in our favor, is the fact that the number of names applied to an individual increases in the exact ratio of his renown. When the world was young, and learning and invention were scarce, one name was ample to express the worth of the very best of mankind. As time developed progress, two names became necessary, then three, till finally the virtues and achievements of an illustrious Roman citizen called into requisition the combined service of prenomen, nomen, cognomen and agnomen. The most exalted characters, Demigods and Deities, possessed an ex-officio array of names to which ordinary mor-

tals could not rightfully aspire. Then gradually came the dark ages, and the world was satisfied with a less number. The modest Englishman was content with a couple until the unprecedented stimulus, given to the Saxon mind in the latter part of the eighteenth century, required an additional prefix. Then arose Thomas Brinsley Sheridan, Charles James Fox, and other worthies similarly distinguished. So in America, which so far surpasses the rest of mankind in all the elements of greatness, no mother would think for a moment that she had discharged her duty to a boy who might yet be President of this "great and growing Republic," unless she gave him at least three names with which to lay the foundation of his fortune. It is an interesting corroboration of our argument to observe that the royal families of Europe rival the ancient divinities from whom most of them sprang in the multitude of their patronymics.

There are two influences which serve to bring out the spiritual nature of names, one legislative, and the other matrimonial. If any name is inadequate to express the character or circumstances of the owner, the law mercifully grants him another chance. He can make Poor, Rich; Moody, Gay; Black, White. But without this legal arrangement the deformed can become transformed. The law happily, for most men, does not interfere with orthographical murder of the King's English. And so our well-known friend, John Smith, can write his name Smith, Smyth, or Smythe; the aristocracy of these advancing pari passu with the bad spelling.

Then what a glorious opportunity is open to the female sex of selecting an appropriate exponent of their charms and virtues, or, at any rate, an exponent of their good taste! Surely no young person of the "female persuasion," could for an instant lend her countenance to a swain who, whatever his other attractions, possessed a bad name. Some philanthropists go so far as to express the conviction that by this means the world will at last get rid of all those pestiferous designations which by a figure of speech are called Christian.

In conclusion, should any one blinded by Mammon, sneeringly inquire the *pecuniary* difference between one name and another, I triumphantly point to one of the worthiest men of my acquaintance and reply, that in Yale College, at the present time, the market value of a name is \$300 per annum.

J. M. H.

The Polar Sea.

DISCOVERED BY DR. KANE.

Βη 'd detwe πάρα Siva τοτ' άγνώστοιο θαλασσής.—Ηου. (ex parte.)

Θαλάττα! Θαλάττα!--XEN. ANAB.

"In all time Caim or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm. Icing the Pole."—CHILDE HAROLD.

"He was the first that ever burst Into that silent Sea."—Ancient Mariner.

O DIM, mysterious Sea,
Forever heaving round the moveless Pole.
A voice, at last, from thee,
Reveals the realm where thy cold surges roll.

Beyond where Greenland drifts
O'er icebound shores her everlasting snows.
Or where Spitzbergen lifts
His storm-worn crags mid crash of tumbling floes.

Where faintly falls the light
Of far-off suns, low wheeling round the sky.
Roll on thy waves in might,
Watched by the Pole-Star's ever burning eye.

Unseen by living thing,
Save where the white bear climbs thy dreary shore,
Or where, on snowy wing,
The screaming wild goose skims thy waters o'er:

Unfathomed and sublime,
Girding the Pole with dark, unfrozen tide.
Through all the years of time
Thou swellest onward in thy curbless pride.

No sound is heard by thee.

Save thine own dashings on thy craggy coast,

When, rushing fierce and free,

The boundless billows on thy shore are tossed.

Or when, mid storm and night,
While raving tempests o'er thee, desolate, roam,
The bergs, from cloud-capped height.
Go roaring down into thy crystal foam.

And thee what mortal eye
Hath seen, when fair Aurora from her side
Flings out upon the sky
Her crimson tresses, flaming far and wide!

Did her pale glitterings,
While streamed her banners o'er thy face, O Sea,
Reveal the secret things,
The treasures that so long are hid in thee?

Who, in the ages past,

Hath ventured where thy trackless waters roll,

And far along thy waste

Hath "stemmed it nightly" towards the silent Pole?

Give up, at last, thy strength, Yield up thy hoar and mighty mysteries, For man hath found at length Where thy untraversed, dim dominion lies.

Vainly the Northern Star

May brightly watch thee from his burning throne,

And warn of ships afar,

That soon shall come to claim thee for their own.

Hide in thy caves, O Sea!

Weep with cold tears along thy lonely shore;

We tear the vail from thee;

Thou'lt dash unknown upon thy coast no more.

W. S. O.

VOL. XXII.

Jacob Kentil: The Beeker after Babylon.

The last sod was placed upon his father's grave, and still Jacob stood by its side, tearless, yet with a world of silent agony pictured in his pale face. The good clergyman laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, and said,

"You have met with a heavy and grievous loss, my young friend."

"He was always kind and good to me," answered Jacob. "I am alone —all alone now."

"But you will not be alone; you will have friends. I will be your friend," replied the clergyman, for he was moved by the young man's silent grief.

"I thank you for your kindly offer, but I shall not remain here. Tomorrow I start for Babylon."

"For Babylon!" exclaimed the clergyman, "There is no such city. Babylon is fallen—is fallen, saith the Scripture."

"It cannot be. Babylon must now exist. My father spoke to me of it before he died, and bade me go thither to seek my fortune. To-morrow I set out on that journey." So saying, Jacob turned away and walked slowly homeward.

"A little touched in his upper story, like his father before him," said the old sexton, who had been standing near by.

"It is a very strange idea," answered the clergyman, thoughtfully. "Did you ever hear his father speak of it. I was not very well acquainted with him. He was very distant and unsocial."

"O! yes," replied the sexton, "'twas the only subject on which old Jake Kentil was not like other men. Whenever he began to speak of Babylon, his eyes would look sort o' strange and wild, like a crazy man's, and he would tell about the bustling streets, and crowded harbors, the heaps of gold, and princely palaces, just as if they were right before his eyes; and would say, 'If I were not so old, I would start for Babylon this very day, for there's the place to make your fortune.'"

"And I suppose he put these strange ideas into his son's head," said the clergyman.

"I've no doubt of it, for this morning as young Jake spoke about going to Babylon, his eyes looked wild, just like his father's. He'll go, you may depend upon it."

The old sexton was right. Bidding adieu to none of his friends, not even to her who was very dear to his youthful heart, he went on his

way seeking for Babylon. He knew it was by the river side, and on the borders of the sea. So he journeyed toward the sea. At first he inquired of people whether the road on which he traveled would lead him to Babylon. But he found that this inquiry subjected him to the questions of the curious, the laugh of the foolish, or, what was worse, the sympathy of the kind-hearted, who significantly tapped their foreheads with their wise forefingers. Therefore he ceased questioning concerning the route whither he was going, though he still sought the distant city of Babylon. He found several cities in his journeyings, but none of them answered to his idea of the one he was seeking, and so he journeyed on, still not finding it, until he was almost in despair, and a dim thought entered his mind, that, after all, the clergyman might have spoken the truth, and that the great city had fallen.

Thinking thus, he wandered through the streets of a large town, until he came to the river side. Crowds of people were rushing toward a boat which was moored at the wharf.

"Jump right aboard," said a man who was taking tickets for the passage, "start for the city in five minutes."

"What city! Bablyon!" asked Jacob.

"Certainly," answered the man, winking to another who stood by his side, "for Babylon or any place under the sun."

So Jacob went on board, happy at last in being fairly on his way to Babylon. Toward night the spires of the city rose in the distance, and soon the whole expanse of buildings burst upon his view. The multitude of boats busily plying to and fro, the forest of masts, the distant hum of business growing louder as they neared their place of destination, all made Jacob's heart thrill with the hope that at last he had found the city of his search. And when he landed, and heard oaths and imprecations on every side, when he saw the eager earnestness of men who strove only for a paltry sum, when he walked the streets and beheld the glitter and glare of fashion, when he looked upon costly structures, filled with every luxury of every clime,

"Ah!" said Jacob to himself, "this must be Babylon." "Can you tell me, sir," said he to a man who was hastily brushing past him, "the name of this city!"

"Don't you know the name of this city? The Emporium of the New World? The glory of the Union?" exclaimed the man.

"I thought it was Babylon," simply answered Jacob.

The man muttered to himself "Crazy," and hurried on.

"They may have changed the name since my father was here,"

thought Jacob. "He said it was the rule and practice to change continually. I think this must be the city he meant. At any rate I will stop here, and seek my fortune."

The next morning Jacob rose early, and went forth to seek his fortume. His first care was to transform himself in outward appearance to the Babylonian standard. He cast off his old and threadbare garments and clothed himself in the newest style. Then he made a careful study of the manners of those around him. The adaptability of Jacob was wonderful. Very soon you could not tell by his outward appearance but that he was a born Babylonian.

Now in the city there was a street wherein fortunes were made or lost in a day. Hither Jacob wandered, and seeing men hurrying to and fro, and hearing bargaining and traffic on every side, and, it being evident that all this talk was of money getting and losing, he was tempted to ask what was the name of this part of the city. An old man told him it was the 'Change.

"Ah!" thought Jacob, "then this must be the place for which I am seeking."

Jacob began to study the habits and manners of those who frequented the 'Change, and learn their profession. He saw that most of them were bankers and brokers, money changers and usurers. New and startling maxims of business were given to him. He learned that there is nothing dishonest in itself. It is only unsuccessful swindling that is decried. That what might be rascality in the individual was virtue in the corporation; that it was no robbery to pick a man's pocket by deceitful reports and skillful representations; that all modes of money-making were commendable so long as they are successful.

At first these principles of action were distasteful to the honest soul of Jacob. "But," he reasoned within himself, "my father bade me get money at whatever risk. He bade me adapt myself to any form of life whereby it was possible to make money—so I will become even as one of these money getters."

Therefore Jacob hired himself an office, and Jacob Kentil, Banker and Broker, gleamed in golden letters over his door.

He lent money at two per cent. a month, he shaved notes, speculated in stocks, he dealt in real estate, he bought and sold and got gain. Everything he touched seemed turned to gold. No sooner did he buy stock than up it went to an unprecedented figure; estates purchased by him doubled their value; money that he loaned was never lost. A year passed and Jacob was wealthy, but how changed. He would not have

been known for the same simple hearted youth, who, a year ago, clear browed and innocent, entered the city of Babylon. A forehead wrinkled with calculation, brows knit together with anxiety, eyes cold, hard, unsmilling, lips firmly compressed, an eager air of business, were the characteristics of Jacob Kentil, banker.

True, he was looked up to as a rising young man. Old Goold, the millionaire, was heard to remark, after Jacob had been in the city but a month or two, that Kentil's financiering ability surpassed that of any young man he ever knew.

"But he'll go to the devil in less than a year, mark my words, sir, in less than a year," and all of old Goold's followers echoed the sentiment.

The year was, however, past, and Jacob had done very different from going to the ——. In fact, it had begun to be whispered that he was in league with the ——.

"Such luck I never knew," said old Goold, as some one told him of a speculation by which Jacob had realized a vast amount. "I must patronise the young fellow," thought he. "I will ask him to dinner this very day."

So Jacob went to dinner at the house of the millionaire.

Now, in the city, there prevailed a strange custom. So soon as a maiden arrived at womanhood, both herself and parents began to cast about for some one to whom she might be married; and, in the search, they looked not for those things which are fittest to make a marriage happy, such as love, suitability of age and tastes, goodness of heart, and soundness of head. True, these were taken as very desirable additions to the main requisite, which was—money. But one possessing all these, and being poor in purse, met with no encouragement from parents or prudent daughters; whereas, one, lacking all these, and possessed of riches, was smiled upon by both.

Rich as Jacob now was, it is no wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Goold quickly thought of him as the proper person for the husband of their Julia. And the young lady herself had no objection. What little heart she had ever owned, had long ago been flirted away and dissipated in the coquetings of several seasons. As for Jacob!—

There came to him a memory of a pure love, which, in his boyish days, had sprung up in his heart, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength, and the sweet remembrance of which alone made him wish to return to his native village. He thought of the

happy Future he had planned for himself and Mary Irvin, and, although he had never spoken to her of love, he doubted not but her heart was truly his. And he half determined to leave the Great City with all its heavy cares, and be happy with his Mary, in a life of quiet love and peace.

But the Babylonian influence drew him the other way. Was it not much wiser to marry one whose connections would lift him to the highest circles of the city? Whose wealth, added to his own, would make him richer than all others? Love was fleeting and unsubstantial. Wealth enduring and tangible. What greater pleasure could there be for him than to add gold to gold, lands and houses to lands and houses, ships to ships, till not only the city, but the whole round world was circled with the fame of his possessions?

He chose the latter portion, and old Goold gave him his daughter in marriage, and, as years passed on, there were born unto him sons and daughters. Yet he knew but little of the dear pleasures of home, or of wife or children, for his wealth had still increased, and all his time must be given to the care of that fortune, the obtaining of which had wrinkled his brow, hardened his heart, withered all his affections, narrowed his means of enjoyments until only one was left,—the pleasure of money-getting.

Jacob Kentil yet lives in the Great City. His house, splendid in all the adornings of art, situated in the most aristocratic quarter, is pointed out to the curious stranger, as that of a man who entered the city poor, but now is worth his millions. True, there are hints that his domestic relations are not very happy. His children, by thoughtless and spendthrift courses, bring to his heart somewhat of grief. And the greyheaded old man was once heard to say, with tears in his eyes, that he believed his children wished him dead.

Not long ago he visited his native village. He found not many changes there. He visited the graveyard, and saw the handsome monument which, at his expense, had been erected over the grave of his father. And not far distant, was a simple slab, whose inscription brought a shock of pain to his heart. It bore only these words—

"MARY IRVIN, AGED 23."

As he stood looking upon it, with memories, hopes, regrets, flooding over his heart, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, turning, he beheld the clergyman, now very old, and with white locks, who simply said, "Jacob Kentil, have you found Babylon?"

"Yes," replied he, "I have found Babylon, but I have lost what is worth more than all the wealth of that city, a heart which would have given me its treasure of earnest love, and sweet peace and contentment for my own soul."

Brokers and the Broken.

A FINANCIAL ESSAY.

"Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife, In silken or in leathern purse retains A splendid shilling; he nor hears with pain New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale."

John Phillips.

"Get money; still get money, boy; No matter by what means."

Ben Jonson.

"'Tis money makes the female courser go."

Park Benjamin.

Knife Grinder.—"I should be glad to drink your honor's health in

A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence."

Friend of Humanity.—"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee hang'd first."

George Canning.

"Hallo! Lend me a quarter!"

Candidatus ad honorem sheepskiniensem.

"I will not lend thee a penny!"

Falstaff.

"Te pauper ambit solicita prece."

Horace.

We have placed at the head of this article the somewhat highsounding title of "Brokers and the Broken,"—not with the least idea in the world of writing a single syllable on the subject therein set forth, but simply and wholly for the laudable purpose of inducing curious people to examine what follows; and we have done this on just the same wise principle as Yankee showmen who perambulate the country with a cart-load of three-legged hens, overgrown babies, and big bab oons, hang out upon the wall of their shanty a huge daub, not at all intending to represent the "hanimals" within, but merely to excite the wonder of gaping urchins to such a degree that they will finally shell out a shilling to satisfy themselves of the contents by actual inspection. Such is the avowed object of this ricketty caption,—a mere "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" to ring in readers,—for if left entirely to itself the fabricator hereof greatly feareth lest this valuable production should utterly "waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Having made this our free and full confession at the outset, after the manner of devout Catholics who make known their manifold sins and transgressions before undertaking any work of difficulty or danger, and having thus conquered that wicked spirit of deception wherewith many scribes are affected, we go on our way feeling much like Bunyan's Pilgrim when he had vanquished Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation.

Of real, systematic Brokers,—those who make it their sole occupation to "break things"—who shave on stocks and speculate on time as matters of every-day faith and practice—such as keep the Wall street "Bulls and Bears," and stir up the wild beasts of the money market at their pleasure,—of these, and such as these, there is neither specimen nor any manner of need in this community of ours. Such traffickers have no "call" among us. Their commodities are entirely beyond our reach and foreign to our wants. In this latitude they would be what the Pill-makers call their wares,—"a drug in the market." A man would most assuredly starve to death in hawking "Policies, Insurances and Stocks" about the College Yard. As well might he try to sell city lots in "Symmes' Hole," or peddle Bibles on "Fiddler's Green."

A meek Pawnbroker might possibly fare better. By dint of large advertising he might manage to drive a very flourishing business in the way of borrowed jack-knives and "gobbled" coal hods, with now and then a stray copy of "Balbus" or some kindred production accidentally found in somebody's room; and we almost expect that, seeing these inducements, some enterprising old Israelite will, ere long, hang out his three golden balls from the basement of South Middle.

But with the whole tribe of "envious Jews" we have nothing to do at present. Our business is with another and totally different class.

It is a peculiar and interesting fact,—peculiar to student-life, and extremely "interesting" to the parties concerned,—that at certain times in the year nearly every wight among us is as destitute of "material aid" as the man in the Play, who went back to Venice "with no money at all, and a little more wit." We read that the poor widow cast into

the Treasury "two mites which make a farthing." She differed from us in two important particulars: for, in the first place, we of this degenerate age rarely disburse our funds for any such praiseworthy object, while a second and far greater difference consists in the fact that we hardly ever have "two mites which make a farthing" at our disposal.

We once heard of an aspiring young orator, who, while discussing the question as to whether the Poor ought to be supported at the public expense, introduced the following lucid argument in the negative: "The Poor may be divided into three classes:—the Lord's Poor, the Devil's Poor, and the Poor Devils. The Lord will take care of his Poor, the Devil's Poor ought not to be taken care of any way, and the Poor Devils may shift for themselves." Now we have always considered this an extremely philosophical view of the subject, and accordingly we beg leave to inform our reader that the people treated of in this disquisition belong most emphatically to the third class metioned above. Nor is their condition by any means so deplorable as might be imagined. Let us, like philosophers as we are, briefly "interrogate nature" in regard to some of those advantages which are present unto a man when he is in a pecuniary sense "tight;" and thus we shall show that utter absence of lucre hath manifold goodly consequences.

I. It createth a feeling of independence. The man who is "empty as to his pocket" feareth no evil. The pickpocket careth not for him. The tax-gatherer knoweth him not. The subscription agent passeth by on the other side. No man saluteth him. He walketh without molestation. He sleepeth soundly, for thieves cannot break in and steal. He never loseth money. He never speculateth wickedly. His Bank never faileth. He never hath bad bills. His friends importune him not for aid. He liveth long and dieth happy, because he hath not laid up his treasure in this world.

II. It encourageth civility towards others. He scorneth no man. He despiseth not the good offices of his fellows. He is not puffed up. He boweth unto Freshmen. He smileth upon newsboys. He taketh off his hat to Tutors. He sweareth not at the sweep. He eateth oysters with Sophomores "by special request." He inquireth the time of day that he may have an opportunity of thanking somebody. He complimenteth his friend and borroweth sixpence. He considereth Dutchmen that they toil not, neither do they spin; and speaketh no ill of Lager-Bier. He stareth not at pretty women. He poppeth not the question. He singeth not under people's windows. He hateth not his neighbor, nor his neighbor's wife, nor anything that is his neighbor's. He showed vol. XXII.

great kindness towards wealthy young ladies, and convinceth himself that they have remarkably sweet tempers. He hath great politeness in the presence of rich old gentlemen, and wondereth if one of them will die soon if he marrieth into the family.

III. It cultivateth a commendable spirit of humility. He considereth himself that he is utterly mean. He feeleth his own emptiness. He boasteth not. He frowneth upon money-changers. He walketh lowly. He blacketh his own boots. He smoketh with Colloquy men. He maketh no display of wealth. He weareth no jewels. He eateth peanuts. He flunketh. He hath letters home. He maketh no "rush." He taketh no High Oration. He carrieth no cane. He patronizeth a pipe. He borroweth his neighbor's book. He whittleth the yard fence. He fiddleth. He is never heard to thank God that he is not like other men: he has little reason to do so. He is, in short, what Uriah Heep would call "very 'umble."

IV. It rescueth a man from divers temptations. He walketh uprightly, because he cannot do otherwise. Like the wicked, he standeth on slippery places, for he hath not a penny wherewithal he may slip down. He eateth no costly viands. He drinketh no wine. He goeth unto no Theater. He frequenteth no place of improper amusement. His mind is undefiled: likewise his pocket. He cheateth no man, for no man trusteth him. He sitteth not in the seat of scorners, nor in anybody else's. He dealeth with no Broker, and hath few "sins of commission," for he rarely tradeth in another's name.

V. It traineth one's inventive faculty. He findeth himself in a mood to "change his condition." He realizeth that he is upharsin, which being interpreted means "wanting:" for he wanteth exceedingly. He casteth about him for some mode of deliverance. He studieth ways and means. He consulteth oracles and uncles. He plieth his wits. He yearneth for a long head. He conceiveth great plans. He inventeth fly-traps. He peddleth Shakspeare in New Jersey. He buildeth aircastles. He collecteth fines of Freshmen. He hooketh books from the Library. He seeketh for "tick" at the tailor's, and runneth away. He getteth his watch galvanized. He discovereth that his father is a "wealthy planter" in a far country. He learneth that his pedigree is "F. F." He exalteth Diana. He cometh to imagine a vain thing.

VI. It helpeth a man's prospects generally. He is not weighed down by the dross of this world. His conscience disturbeth not his slumbers, for it sleepeth likewise. He hath not the difficulties of a rich man. His round of hope dependent not upon a camel's going through the eye of

a needle: whereto he applieth unto himself the balm of a great consolation, and hath content with his lot.

The foolish man saith in his heart, "Of a truth, an empty pocket is the 'vacuum' which 'Nature abhorreth," and I will shun it as an evil thing: Yea, I will join in the supplication of that worthy minister:—'O Lord! give me neither Riches nor Poverty,—especially Poverty!'" But the fool rageth and is confident. His words shall be set at naught. The wise listeneth not to his counsels, but believeth that a man must needs be "Broken" before he can enjoy the fulness of terrestrial bliss.

N 0 D

Literary Notice.

HISTORY OF GREECE. By GEORGE GROTE, Esq. Vol. XII. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

This work, as often happens, has spread out under the forging hand of its author. Destined at first to consist of eight volumes, it numbers now a round dozen; all stout octaves, which in the republication have dwindled to duodecimos—no unapt emblem of John Bull shrinking up into Brother Jonathan. Even now we have not reached the full end. Two volumes, yet to appear, on the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, are really supplementary to the History, though constructed on a different scale and bearing another title.

To compare Grote and Gibbon is at least as natural as to compare Macedon and Monmouth; in fact, there are many points of resemblance, beside the common initial. Both Englishmen, both men of easy fortune, both politicians, members of Parliament for many years, yet both scholars of solid erudition, and both masters in the difficult art of representing the ancient world to the men of modern times. It is remarkable that the Germans, preëminent as they confessedly are, in the studies of antiquity, should have allowed the prize, in Grecian as in Roman history, to be carried off by Englishmen. Unrivaled in the thorough and exhaustive investigation of particular points, they seem deficient in the art of composition, the art of gathering up the facts into an organic whole, and giving life and motion to the body of history.

It is remarkable also, that these great expositors of ancient history should be found among men of the world, the men of public life and

business, and not among the ranks of professional scholars. The wonder is, that men so situated should have leisure and disposition to accumulate the stores of learning necessary for their task; with these once acquired, their position, so far from being a disadvantage, gives them important positive advantages. It is the office of the historian to trace the development of institutions, the march of government, the strife of parties, the complex influences and activities, which constitute the public life of a nation. It needs no argument to see that a writer, familiar with such things by immediate personal experience, is better fitted than a distant observer to speak of them with intelligence and authority. Besides, scholars are apt to write for scholars; they do not so easily accommodate themselves to an unlearned audience: while, on the other hand, the position and habits of public men qualify them to reach and interest the general public.

Even in the length of time devoted to their composition, there is a relation, not without interest, between the history of Greece and the history of the Decline and Fall. Gibbon's first volume (a sixth of his whole work) appeared in 1777, his last in 1788. Grote's first two volumes (also a sixth of his entire work) appeared in 1846, his last volume in Thus in each case, a decade of years, or thereabouts, separates the author's first and last appearance. But in each case, the actual composition was preceded by many years of preparatory study. Gibbon tells us that the first conception of his work occurred to him among the ruins of the Vatican in 1764. At what time Grote, disgusted with the anti-democratic bitterness and injustice of Mitford, resolved on writing a true history of Grecian freedom, we are not able to say. however, from a letter of the historian Niebuhr, written in 1827 to Mr. Francis Lieber, now President Lieber of South Carolina, that he knew Mr. Grote to be then engaged upon a history of Greece, and that he expected great results from his labors.

After all, however, the contrast between these eminent writers is more striking than the resemblance. The latter is mainly external and superficial; the former belongs to the character and spirit of the men, their entire habit of thought, feeling and utterance. The difference appears even in their choice of subjects. One is the historian of a monarchy; the other, of republics. Grote respects man as man, for the power and worth which he has in himself. He sympathizes with individual effort and aspiration. His ideal state is one which secures the fullest latitude for individual action and development, without losing the aggregate strength necessary for its preservation under external pressure. His subject, accordingly, is not so much the history of Greece, as the history



of political freedom in Greece. Hence he stops short with the generation after Alexander, about three centuries before Christ. He turns a deaf ear to the solicitations, which have come from many quarters, urging him to pursue the history further. It is not that Greece then ceased to exist; we find separate governments kept up there for a century and a half later. But, in Grote's view, there is no longer any interest, any vocation for him as a historian. The splendid despotisms of Macedon, Syria and Egypt, have no charm to draw him farther on. He cares more for a few hundred men leading a free, civic life in Platæa or Massalia than for the whole empire of Alexander.

Gibbon, on the contrary, cares little for men, except as they are gathered in imposing aggregates, in armies or Empires. His delight is in material grandeur, the sublime of numbers and masses. He has no enthusiasm for the heroic acts and qualities of individuals. As he looks upon the noble fortitude and self-devotion of the Christian martyr, his only feeling is a polite compound of amazement, pity and contempt for such wrong-headed obstinacy. But the magnificence of court and camp kindles his admiration, and calls out all the riches of his gorgeous style. His ideal state is a colossal empire, like that of Augustus and Trajan: and he regards with natural opposition everything which endangers its unity and strength. It has been said even, that his dislike for Christianity arose from his view of it, as a popular insurrection against the established Paganism of the flourishing Empire. We could easily believe, without express testimony, that during his eight years of public life, his silent vote—he never attempted oratory—was uniformly given for the Tory administration of Lord North, and against the unsubmissive colonies in America; just as, on the other hand, we find no difficulty in identifying the vindicator of Athenian democracy with the Parliamentary champion of the Ballot.

Again, we may contrast the polished insincerity of the earlier historian, with the outspoken honesty of the later. Insinuation and irony, the favorite weapons of Gibbon, have no place in the armory of Grote. In reading the History of Greece, we find the opinions of its author stated without reserve: in many instances they differ from opinions commonly received; but no attempt is made to cover up the discrepancy, or to weaken by under-statement the force of the opposing arguments. We are not hurried blindfold to the conclusion of the author. The main points on both sides are set before us with evident conscientiousness; each one may examine and decide for himself. In this way, no doubt, the rhetorical character of the work has suffered

some injury. Instead of a continuous and flowing narrative, we have in many parts little more than a series of discussions. But the truth-seeking reader will gladly forego the pleasure of an agreeable story for the higher pleasure of intelligent knowledge. He will be grateful to the writer who gives him some idea of the ground on which he is treading; who does not expect him to receive conjectures as facts, or probabilities as certainties. If the authorities, on which the narrative is founded, are scanty, conflicting, or untrustworthy, such as the historian of antiquity is often obliged to take up with in default of better, the reader has a right to know it; and Grote never fails to give him notice. But often, in such cases, the graceful pen of Gibbon runs smoothly on, like an expert skater gliding over the weak spots in the ice, without giving any suspicion of their weakness. It is true, he seldom fails to make the best use of his imperfect authorities, combining them with masterly skill and eliciting the most probable results. But the most probable results to be attained, are often far enough from being certain or satisfactory, and ought not to be imposed as such upon an unsuspecting reader.

The difference of character between these eminent writers is accompanied by a corresponding difference of style. The glittering rhetoric of Gibbon could hardly be confronted with anything more entirely opposite than the homely but expressive English of Grote. The former leaves upon the mind an uncomfortable suspicion of lurking sophistries; the latter seems to have in its transparent plainness no place where sophistry could hide itself. The two men have different objects in the use of language: one seeks only to be understood; the other wishes also to be admired. The one never thinks of fine writing; the other, from first to last, never ceases to think of it. Grote is perhaps as inattentive to mere style, as any man of first rate cultivation can be. ever words will best express his meaning, with the greatest force and clearness, are welcome to him, no matter what their pedigree or past associations. He uses freely many words and phrases, to which Gibbon never would have allowed the entree of his refined and fastidious page. It must be owned, that Grote's style is best for wear. There is a kind of charm in its directness and simplicity, which never ceases to be felt; while the elaborate elegance of Gibbon, though relished at first and admired always, cloys us at last with its "linked sweetness long drawn out."

Without pursuing the parallel further, we may conclude by congratulating the students of classical antiquity on the important addition which Grote's History of Greece has made to the helps for classical study. In connection with the Dictionaries of Antiquities, Biography,



and Geography, (the last not quite completed,) brought out by Dr. William Smith, it supplies a complete apparatus for illustrating what Germans call the *real*, as distinguished from the *verbal*, in Grecian literature.

J. H.

Memorabilia Palensia.

DOINGS OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THE REGATTA took place Tuesday morning, July 29th. Judges, Commodore Harriot, of Yale Navy, and Kingsley Twining, Esq., of the Class of 1858. The only College boats entered, were the Transit and Ariel. The result was a victory for the Transit, (Scientific, six oars,) in the first Class. By previous agreement with the Ariel, no prize was given. In the second Class, the Pilot Boat (Townie, two oars) took the first prize. The running was as follows:

Transit, distance 3 miles, time, 22 minutes 49 seconds.

Pilot Boat, " 11 " " 14 " 20 "

There were also races of Sharpies and Sail-boats. The drill prize was awarded to the Transit.

ALPHA DELTA PHI ORATION was delivered Tuesday evening, by Rev. J. P. Thompson, D. D., of New York, (Yale, 1838.) Subject—Literary Culture for Educated Men. The Poem was delivered by Rev. Edwin Johnson, of Jacksonville, Ill., (Yale, 1846.)

CONCIO AD CLERUM WAS preached Tuesday evening, by Rev. E. C. Jones, of Southington, Conn., (1831.) Subject—The Second Coming of Christ. Text, 1 Thess. iv, 16.

ALUMNI MEETING, Wednesday morning, July 30. Hon. J. A. Rockwell, (1822,) presided. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Badger. Prof. Olmsted eulogized Dr. J. G. Percival and Lucius C. Duncan, Esq., of New Orleans, who had died during the year. Addresses were made by Prof. Silliman, Sen., Messrs. Williamson, of Tenn., (1821,) Bishop Clark of R. I.; Rev. Mr. Andrews and Judge Williams, of the Class of 1831; Messrs. Thompson and Carter, of 1836; Messrs. Kellogg, Kingsbury, and Collins, of 1846, and Messrs. Lewis, Robinson, and Thomas, of 1853. In conclusion, Hon. Henry Barnard spoke concerning the projected School of Science.

PROF. Dana, after the adjournment of the Alumni meeting, delivered an Address in the North Church, on Science and Scientific Schools.

PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION in the afternoon, in the North Church, by Prof. E. A. Park, of Andover. Subject—The Relations of Taste and Religion. No Poem. This Society, at its business meeting, made the following elections for

1857: Hon. Charles Sumner, Orator; Prof. Felton, of Cambridge, Substitute. Poet, William C. Bryant; Substitute, Francis M. Finch, of Ithaca, N. Y.

COMMENCEMENT DAY. Rain in the morning. Music by Bergman's Sinfonic Orchestra of New York. The Degrees of the year are as follows:

B. A., in course 95, honorary 1. M. A., in course 51, honorary 4. Ph. B. 12. M. D., 18 in course, 3 honorary. The Honorary Degree of LL. D. was conferred on William Hungerford, Hartford, Conn., and Charles Sumner, Boston, Mass.

Pliny A. Jewett, M. D., was appointed a Professor in the Medical Department, in place of Prof. Beers, resigned.

Samuel W. Johnson, First Assistant in Chemistry, was appointed Professor of Analytical Chemistry.

Editor's Cable.

THERE times per annum, like the ancient children of Israel, do we come up to worship at our temple. The goodliest temple of science in all the wide, wide world. Very much did we enjoy the blissful independence of the long summer afternoons in the "golden prime" of jolly Junior year. Reading the glorious pages of old romance, or lingering for the twentieth time over the fun and pathos of the great English novelist. Shaking off the poppy-chains with a good old '57 song. Weaving day-dreams of the great future under the ancient elms. And then starting off at four o'clock to imitate Madame De Stael's heroine, by improvising a very poetical apostrophe to the professor of modern languages.

In the interim the genius of Improvement (Mr. Dickerman) has been very busy. Sweeps, plasterers, plumbers and glaziers have conspired with Nature herself to help on the good cause. The rooms are whiter, the grass is greener, the bell is later, and the faces that at parting were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" are now tinted with the ruddier hue of roast beef and mountain breezes.

A little theologue, of our acquaintance, (not a resident of Divinity,) who was once reading in the Testament about the upper room which was to be found furnished and prepared for the Passover, in a version worthy of Elder Shepard himself, spoke of finding the apartment finished and papered. Little did we think at that time that this idle remark was a prophetic intimation of the exact condition of the rooms in Yale College in the autumn of 1856.

Speaking of upper rooms we are reminded that the old philosophical chamber, like the Senior class, has been divided into two parts. Alas! for the old football meetings. Alas! for the crystals and the fless. Alas! for the enlarged representation of the good Professor's head now gone forever. No more shall the assistant's shadow walk its ancient beat across the ceiling. And the "old times

come again no more" when we sweltered and saccred in the hot darkness or gaped like Baron Trenck at the vermin on the wall.

The famous first floor of North middle, whose rear rooms were formerly so full of old boots, beetles, and stovepipes, that they seemed to combine the facilities of an entomological museum with those of the "old Curiosity Shop," whose mythic inhabitants were so poor, that the very bedbugs lived on tick—even this mouldy establishment has been remoulded—it has turned pale with astonishment at the presence of the "genius of Improvement," and

" In those holes where I did once inhabit," (No. 78)

all is now purity, and it is hoped there will be peace.

In the Chapel also there have been great changes. Those big professerial bexes at the West End of the sanctuary have been cut up for Junior and Sophomoric accommodation, as economical housewifes cut out jackets for the little folks from the time-honored habiliments of their grandfathers. The observatories in the center have been made small enough to hold two lean occupants in summer clothing; and two triumphal chariots have been so ingeniously constructed between the doors, that hereafter all evacuating Freshmen will be compelled to look out for the tutors and the benediction. One cannot but admire the self-sacrifice of men, who for the public weal consent to sit among the heathen of that benighted and rheumatic region, where so little of the Gospel is heard, that their sentry boxes might be appropriately transferred to the jurisdiction of the commissioners for foreign missions.

Breathing spells are as necessary for students as for whales. Therefore thrice welcome be vacations. But let no unwary member of the Senior class ever spend another vacation in New Haven. We came back here for a short time, and found a devoted individual with haggard face and dirty shirt, yawning at the great tenantless stacks of brick, looking as desolate as a Freehman in the ocean, and clinging to his walking stick, as if it were the topmast of a wreck. When he wandered off among the college buildings,

"The sun's eye had a vacant stare, The mice were few and wan; And skeletons of bedbugs were Around that lonely man."

The rooms were vacant. The walks were vacant. The notices upon the trees were either washed vacant, or had gone off in company with a wind that had lost his way. The orange boys were bankrupt. The bell was dumb. Morning, noon, and night came at twenty-five minutes past three. Time was ended. A single cricket, whose querulous note was solemn as that of a bittern over the ruins of Babylon, meaned a Jeremiade over the life and joy of Commencement week, when streets, hotels, and churches, the hall of the Brothers, and the hearts of candidates for admission were all full to overflowing.

Far different, it is to be hoped, was the experience of most of our readers. Doubtless ye enjoyed yourselves hugely in revisiting the haunts of your child-hood—getting up at noon to see the sun rise upon the White mountains—making faces before breakfast at Saratoga Spa—getting on swimmingly at Newport,

putting up at S. T. Nichols' tavers in Gotham—reading republican newspapers and aristocratic bills of fare—walking, riding, singing, kissing, spreeing, and raising promiscuous Ned generally:

" Ah! them 'appy 'ours."

The best joke we have heard during vacation originated in Union Square. N. Y. Colonel Smith called upon Mr. Jones to solicit a subscription for the equestrian statue of Washington, lately erected there. Mr. Jones said "No. Washington does'nt need monuments in order to be remembered." "Yes." says the Colonel, "but here is an ornament to your house, an improvement to your property—your neighbors have all paid something—wont you!" "No. sir, I don't believe in it—I don't want any statue of Washington myself. I've got him here, sir, in my heart." "Well," said the other, "all I've got to say is that if you've got Washington in your heart, you've got him in a—thundering tight place." "Good day, Mr. Jones."

One calm, dreamy morning, in the latter part of vacation, we took a delightful walk into the country, and by and by encountered a big boy, perched on a huge mass of mica schist, and hammering away like Hephæstus upon the back of Prometheus Vinctus. Thinking to test the fellow's knowledge, we asked him if he knew what kind of stone that was? "Yes, sir," replied the young geologist, "It's curbin' stun."

While we are in the vein we will tell one more story about going out West. We had to make a stop of forty-eight hours at Buffalo, in consequence of a break in the read. Misery loves company, and we soon formed the acquaintance of an elderly lady, who, what with long traveling and long waiting, and taking care of a sprightly little grandchild, was well nigh exhausted. At length we started. Night came on, and Mrs. C. wanted very much to get a little rest. 1 told her to try and get a nap, and I would be on the look out for her stopping place, and wake her up when we got there. She was to stop at Painseville, Ohio. The rain was pattering upon the windows, and after trying for a while to talk with a friend in another car, about midnight I forgot myself, and fell fast asleep. Soon, however, the stopping of the cars, accompanied by a confused noise, woke me up. I started from the seat, and seeing a man with a carpet bag leaving the car, I hurriedly asked what place that was. He replied that it was Painesville. Off I sprang to the other car, shook Mrs. C. violently, seized the baby in one hand, and two baskets, a bonnet, and a tin-pail in the other, and triumphantly landed the entire establishment upon the platform just as the cars were starting.

After this act of gallantry, I returned to my seat, wondering a moment why Mrs. C's friends were not waiting to meet her, and then with great satisfaction composed myself for another snooze. In about an hour I was rubbing my eyes open, just as the train stopped again, The brakeman thrust his head into the ear, and to my inconceivable horror thundered out—Painszville!

Merciful powers! It flashed upon me in an instant. I had put out the lady at the wrong place. On that rainy midnight I had bundled her out, bag and baggage, at a watering station, twenty miles from home. Mrs. C. is a very

estimable lady. But I never want to see her again, unless I can have the privlege of saving her life.

But it is high time to get back to college. The first business upon the docket was of course electioneering. The first week each society was about a half a dozen ahead of the other—reminding one very strongly of the two snakes each of which ate the other up. But of course the great day of the feast was Statement of Facts. Perhaps the most entertaining passage in the speeches of the Brothers was the attempt to show that the failure of their men to take the De Forest medal was owing to "Providential circumstances." On the other hand decidedly the most metaphysical exercise of the day was to trace out the relation of ideas, in the somewhat abstruse demonstration that Linonia had taken a hundred and forty-five valedictories during an existence of a hundred and three years.

While the Junior orators were fighting over the possession of Calhoun, as, according to the Rabbinical tradition, St. Michael and the arch-fiend contended for the body of Moses, the Freshmen were petrified at beholding the most wonderful apparition which has been witnessed since the downfall of the house of Usher. Up the broad aisle solemnly stalked the portly presence of General Humphreys, dressed in full regimentals. He was full six feet high, and of a florid Upon his arm leaned a decrepit old man, dressed in tight breeches and black silk stockings, with an old-fashioned coat reaching from his gray hair down to his well fitting pumps. • Even before the old gentleman had cast an approving smile upon a Sophomore, who was hissing the Brothers, all men had read in the wrinkles of his goblin face the name of William Wickham. As for the General he was all punctilio, and awe was turned into admiration at the martial grace with which he extinguished a daring urchin who was making faces at the audience, just beneath the platform, as if to help out the action of the speaker. When last seen by mortals, the two specters were celebrating their resurrection over an oyster stew at Mac's.

The most exciting occurrence since the appearance of these tutelar divinities is the great feud in the Senior class, with regard to their portraits. For a longer period than the great battle of Xeres de la Frontara lasted, the photographers and the Lithographers have been engaged in mortal strife. If the speakers at the class meeting had "been taken in the act," naturalists would have pronounced them a gallery of maniacs. The Lithographers roundly asserted that the photographs either would last or they would not. If they did last they would be so freekled and speckled they might be mistaken for the representation of the spotted moon in the beginning of Olmsted's Astronomy. If they did not last, but gradually turned black as was predicted, they would concept to posterity the erroneous impression that the class of '57 was composed entirely of gentlemen from Africa.

On the other hand, it was objected that the little distorted image in the midst of the blank page of a lithograph bore so scanty a resemblance to the original, that for all practical purposes they might as well get one of those old missionary maps, which represent a monkey sitting on one of the caunibal islands, grinning at the Pacific ocean.

"Non nostrum inter nos magnas componere lites."

We can only urge a compromise which might perhaps be effected by first photographing the monkey, and then lithographing the freekles.

Dear reader, we should like to chat a little longer with you, but small type is getting scarce, and you'll have to call at the Sanctum for further particulars. There are only two objections to this arrangement. In the first place you never could find the Sanctum, and in the second place you would be scared to death after you got there. We cannot reveal the secrets of the Board. But if you could only look into the inner chamber of our office, and see the Corporal and the Doctor, Shanghai and the twin giants Mishkan and Meerschaum, keeping guard like Pope and Pagan, near the door, and then get away unblinded by the avenging smoke, you would be one of the most remarkable of living men.

One word to those who have so promptly responded to the call for subscriptions. Especially to the stalwart men of '60. We believe they have subscribed more generally than any preceding class. They are wise. Before they get to be very old, these Magazines, containing as they do the external history of their college life, and enshrining many of the dearest memories which can brighten futurity, will be as priceless as the Sybil's leaves. We hope, gentlemen, that you may escape the quicksands of matriculation and biennial, of ephthalmia and dyspepsia, and at last come out gloriously with the Seniorie "plug" whiskers and "sheepakin." Meanwhile, we would remark that the Yale Literary Medal is open to all classes: and those of you who write and take it will show yourselves to be worthy of companionship with those literary giants, who have received it from all antiquity. Perhaps you may even get up to the Teneriffean peak of an editorship yourselves, and have the privilege of paying for a medal out of your own breeches pockets.

If you do, we hope that all artists and necromancers, all players upon wind or stringed instruments, may be as polite to you as the agent of the Continentals was to us. Their singing was delightful. In many respects it surpassed any that we ever heard. Their strains did not linger upon the outward ear and charm the hearer with mere indolent enjoyment, but went right to the soul and made it strong for deeds of patriotism and duty. This is music's noblest function.

In New York also, we found the Editorial office to be an "open Sesame" to Barnum's Museum. On the strength of our connection with the Lit. we saw the great whale, preparatory to its being skinned and pickled, the skunks, lions, and sea calves, Mount Vesuvius and the Happy Family, the whistle made out of a pig's tail, and the unhappy man who had reduced himself to a "living skeleton" by trying to count the votes of the ladies for Fremont.

Therefore, by all means strive to be Editors, and, while you are waiting, get some one of your class, of strong physical organization, who has the best interests of Maga at heart, to inflict severe corporal chastisement upon "the Cerporal," and so raise a sympathy which will run the subscription list up to 50,000 copies.

VOL. XXII.

No. II.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique Patres."

NOVEMBER, 1856.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.
PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

MDCCCLVI.

CONTENTS.

The Conduct of the Campaign	,		-		•		-		-		-		-	48
YALE LITERARY ESSAY:														
Reform in the Reformer,		-		-		-		•		-		-		48
Quinnipiac,	-						-		-		•		-	58
Letter from Scotland,		-				-		-		-		-		60
Peter the Hermit,	-				-		-		-		-		-	63
The Witches' Ride,		-		-		-				-		-		68
Progress of Civilization, as affi	ecti	ng	the	Ir	nag	in	atio	n,			-		-	72
What Students Do, -					_									
Literary Notices,	-		•		•		-		•		•		-	80
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA, -		-		-				-				-		81
Society Elections, -	-		•		•		-		•		-		•	82
Editor's Table,				-		-				-		-		82
THE AWARD		_								-		-		84

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXII.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

No. II.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '57.

F. B. BUTLER,

H. S. HUNTINGTON,

J. M. HOLMES,

N. C. PERKINS,

G. PRATT.

The Conduct of the Campaign.

Now that the election is over, it may be proper for us to glance at the conduct of the campaign, and see whether it has been carried on in that spirit which we, as a people, and especially that portion of us who claim to be the educated people, can approve.

We are willing to acknowledge that there was much in the principles for which the various parties were striving, much in the peculiarly hostile attitude of the different sections of the country, to arouse malevolent and angry feeling. But the true question is precisely this—is there anything in party obligations which should make a man forget the common courtesies of life, and the instincts of a gentleman? If so, let all party obligations be shaken off, and let us go forth free and untrameled ready to follow out the dictates of our better natures.

In the political campaign through which we have just passed, there is no question but that the virulence and malignity of party spirit have been suffered to exceed all bounds. We had never before supposed that a person was responsible for anything but his own actions; that by these he must be judged, and his true position assigned. It seems, however, that this is not sufficient. Should any of our readers ever be so unfortunate as to become a candidate for the Presidency of this free and enlightened people, let such a one look well to his antecedents

Digitized by Google

His own life may be pure and spotless as the driven snow, but if any of his relatives, or persons, not of kin, bearing the same name, have ever been derelict in the slightest degree, the unhappy candidate is alone responsible. Upon his devoted head are visited the sins of his race, and he is made the scape-goat for their infirmities. Above all, let him preserve his mother's certificate, and abundant evidence of the date and place of his own birth, for nothing is too low for party purposes, no tie so sacred, or circle so private, but that the prurient eye and greedy ear of the petty politician will invade its sacredness. The good name of woman, and the honor of man, are alike soiled by low insinuations and covert sneers.

With shame we confess that there is a portion of our people whom such ribaldry might fairly be expected to delight. We should anticipate that the pot-house politician and his half-inebriated audience would gloat over fictions which ministered to their baser passions. But that intelligent men, and those holding high position, should condescend to employ these stories, which they do not believe themselves, merely to inflame and aggravate public sentiment, seems totally inexcusable, and deserving of the severest censure; and, though we can pardon somewhat to the heat of passion, we cannot excuse him who deliberately writes and utters such libels.

The power of a free press can never be exaggerated. Thrown on the side of Right it becomes a worker of good such as the world has never before seen. It is a Samson, grasping with mighty strength the pillars which uphold oppression. But it also has a terrible power for evil, and, in the hands of unscrupulous men, becomes an instrument of darkness and moral death. We would by no means object to a free, fair, and candid discussion of any subject, or even of the personal claims of any candidate for office. Nothing is more likely to eliminate truth and merit. It sifts the pure gold from the sand and mud of party prejudice. But there has been anything but a fair discussion in the contest just ended. The rule has rather been to seize hold of every nefarious project and plausible lie which was presented. Contradictions and exposures were alike unheeded. The generosity which retracts a base and baseless imputation was forgotten, and a sneaking success was the only object kept in view. Is this a style of political controversy we can ask the world to admire? Can we, who call ourselves the "foremost nation in the files of Time," call upon all men to witness the purity of our politics, and the magnanimity of our political action? We claim that we are superior to all other nations as being a Republic, as the



only nation where the people directly assert their will at the polls,—but how many elections, like this last, will suffice to convince the other nations of the globe of the superior advantages of a popular elective franchise?

If falsehood and corruption, riot and bloodshed are to be the constant attendants of popular elections, we apprehend that soon the approach of the great quadrennial strife will be viewed with anything but sentiments of pleasure. Instead of being looked upon as a time when the sublime spectacle is to be presented of a great people fully and freely expressing their sovereignty without fear or favor, it will rather be anticipated as a season of rampant fraud and daring dishonesty; when not the unbiassed voice of a people, but the tricky politics of demagogues shall rule the day; when all the baser principles shall be called into action, and a broad love of country, a pure patriotism, give way to party passion and strife for sectional success.

Another danger is also to be apprehended. It cannot be expected that the best men will come forward and expose themselves to all the attacks that wanton calumny can frame, or an evil invention suggest. And when such assaults become the necessary accompaniments of candidacy, then a person with common sensitiveness will shrink from running the gauntlet for office, and our government gradually fall into the hands of scheming politicians, who have no character to lose.

We have heard but one reason why this bitter invective, and coarse demonstration should be used. Persons will say that they dislike this mode of political discussion as much as any one, but there is no other resource left. "If," they say, "you are attacked with a club by a villain, you do not wait until you can secure a polished sword before you defend yourself, but lay your hands upon whatever means of defense lies nearest, even if it should be covered with mud and dirt." But the analogy fails, because it takes for granted that just and proper instruments of attack or defense are in the hands of every speaker and writer. The contrary is the fact. Keen irony, polished sarcasm, and unsparing ridicule may be used by every one without necessarily degenerating into wicked malignity, coarse buffoonery, or gross personality. We would not complain if there was no choice of weapons; but it shocks us to see men who could use with so much power these higher methods of argument and invective descend to the level of blackguardism and slang. There should be as much difference between the two as between the tournament of old, and the brutalities of a modern prizefight; and the bully of the political ring should be made to feel that a



knightly lance reached farther and pierced deeper than his shillalah. And it is this we most strongly condemn, that in the late national strife, the combatants, of all ranks, seemed to choose the grosser weapons of abuse and personality.

We have drawn a dark picture, but the events of the past two months have forced it upon us. We make no particular application to any party or press, as all have sinned in some degree, though some far less than others. We write down these few thoughts because they have been painfully impressed upon us, and now seemed the fittest time for their utterance. The remedy of this evil lies with us who are soon to constitute a part of the educated manhood of the nation. Let us resolve that no heat of political controversy shall ever cause us to forget that generous courtesy which is the crowning grace of manliness.

G. P.

YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

Reform in the Reformer.

BY AUGUSTUS H. STRONG, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ASTRONOMERS tell us that near the horizon, the stars, pale-shining through the thick air, its earthy vapors and changing currents, are warped from their true place in the sky, but as we lift our glass to the zenith, the light of far-off suns comes straight and clear from heaven. It is so with the ideas of men, bent from the truth while they cling to earth—forever sure only when they rest at last on realities above. Our vision seldom pierces that upper air. We contemplate action through the dimness of perverted affections—opinions in the light of an obscured intellect. Lowsighted because low-fallen, we own a tendency to false ideas, coeval with the race and subtly mingling with all human thought. Against these false ideas, seeds of all human ills, God fights, and so fight all good men. Here is the discipline of man on earth. It is the possibility of evil that gives the good its moral value. It is the presence of temptation that glorifies the pure in heart. It is the power of doing wrong that makes it godlike to do right. Glorious discipline—a discipline that alone discovers the truest men of history,—that by struggle and sacrifice and hope sublime, forms "great and matchless men, dear to God, and famous to all ages."

Against old evils, flooding the earth and wielding the arm of every man, Reform steps forth a youth, alone. Reforms spring always from a single mind. Trace back the history of all conquering, transforming truths, and they center at last in the fervid thought of a single earnest spirit. Pallas sprung full-armed from the teeming brain of Jove, queen of all human knowledge and mistress of the arts. And so is born every great and true idea. It fills the brain of some toiling thinker, scorning the false and breathing forth the true, sick and angry as he looks upon the actual, resolute and humble as he looks into his own soul, but glowing with the far hope of the possible until he lives in it and for it, careless of all things till he triumph with it. Such a man stands in a minority of one. All men are against him; but standing as he does, he is the man whom God Almighty sends to lead a great idea through the world.

The times call often for men of great and true ideas to stem the rising tide of ills, but they sometimes call in vain. Have we not examples in our own history? Yet is it not as sure that when the true reformer comes, he comes all weaponed for the fight,—that he goes through his life-work calmly and resolutely, yet trusting in other strength—that he finds heavenly armor to begin, and heavenly hands outstretched in battle to assist his own? Nay, is it not sure that every such man enters the lists prepared to last his time and do his work, not only by an original strength of mind and heart and will, but moulded in a mysterious way into the mental and moral fashion of the true reformer? Yes, there is a change comes over the soul or works within it, that sublimes his powers, makes every motive pure and clear, and gives a gravitation of every faculty to each, and of all to the grand aim of life, spontaneous, concentering, resistless. It may come from conflict with the powers of earth or the powers of darkness, from a great shock or a great sorrow, from the contemplation of a lost humanity in haunts of death or in the haunted brain, from inward stirring of the soul, or from the voice of God in low inevitable whispers to the heart, but come whence it may, it comes to all reformers as they start from slumber, and rise to the level of their time all along the course of history. It tells one story through the ages. No man has changed the world, who has not first been changed himself.

A man for the times arose in Germany at the heels of Napoleon to denounce his ambition and save the Fatherland. The dismemberment and destruction of Germanic nationality hung upon the struggle. He was a Hamburg bookseller. They drove him from his home, seques-



trated his property, and set a price upon his head. A ruined exile, great thoughts came in upon him. He came to believe that the voice of an honest man is a mighty power. He came to act as in presence of God. He felt "the fierce freedom of his old forefathers" streaming through his veins. He felt himself great that he had been born in evil times. He wrote and spoke and acted for German independence till he died, and his words are written now in the solid German mind.

Another man appeared in Scotland three centuries ago. He was a schoolmaster. He was leading an even and scholastic life. The rising reformation saw him, and claimed him as its leader. In open church a preacher called on his flock to summon the modest teacher from his school to the responsibility and peril of a sacred ministry. He burst into tears and fled speechless to his chamber. There he shut himself for days, and when at last men saw him in the pulpit breaking the bread of life, they saw that the old mirth had vanished, that the working features showed the grief and trouble of his heart all calmed, and that the modest, tender-hearted schoolmaster was changed to John Knox, the stern reformer and the Iconoclast of Scotland.

This change, mysterious and mighty, has its deep necessities. The reformer finds the need of a prior self-development in both the objective and subjective—in the false and its relations to himself, and in the character and habit of his own mind. The impulse to reform comes to him first from without and after from within. In considering then the change which makes the man of great ideas a reformer, we find its first necessity in his relations to the evil he comes to overthrow.

1. It is the servitude of the mind that constitutes the essence and the power of despotism. False ideas and great evils impose that servitude. There is such a thing as a tyranny of false opinion that finds not in its realms one dissenting voice or one free uplifted arm. How many false-hoods that have cursed the world have lived for centuries without one daring denial! Such are they all before there comes the spirit of reform, and its first work on earth is the reformation of a single soul. When a gilded, consecrated lie "crooks the pregnant hinges of men's knees," that man is free and has the truth within him who has dethroned in his own mind the lie. Under outrageous laws, though whipped to obedience, his soul is free as Alpine breezes. Such a man there must be at the outset of every great reform. He must have broken those fetters for which the hate of Samson turned in upon himself:—

Thou art become, O worst imprisonment!
The dungeon of thyself.
—— O servile mind,
Rewarded well with servile punishment!



The base degree to which I now am fallen,
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,—
True slavery and that blindness worse than this
That saw not how degenerately I served!

Until there rises such a man there can be no reform. And to the level of a true reformer he must rise by this same inward change. We say not that this alone will constitute a benefactor of the race. God has not sent all enfranchised men to be reformers. They need much more than great ideas. But this we say, that every man who has changed the world's ideas, has first of all this change within. He must be in himself the embodiment of his reform.

2. Whoever works upon the universal mind, changes it into the form and fashion of his own. The time has gone by when men talked of hypocrites and impostors rising to the head of conquering nations, and transmitting to after ages ideas which they knew in their hearts were Who thinks now that Mahomet was an impostor, not an enthusi-Mahomet moulded Arabia into the likeness of himself. The ast f genius of his life, its mystery, its faith, inspired his followers, and with his spirit they gave the Koran or the sword to every land from Delhi to Granada. And those sects of fanatics which sprung up in the troublous times that followed in the wake of the Reformation, did they not assume the very stamp of the men that led them? Did not the brief and bloody years of Anabaptist license impersonate a thousand times the spirit of the prophet of Zwickau? All men who influence the world, appear in every mental feature as they are, when their characters are reproduced in those who follow them. The irrepressible desire to change all other men, to win men's reasons and their will to an alliance with one's own, is the very essence and foundation of reform. That little village under the shadow of the Vosges, changed from a haunt of misery and sin to a magic circle of happy homes, which the demons want and crime could never cross, a place where the very air breathed of pure affection and angels seemed to dwell, was it not a transcript of the mind of Oberlin, fulfilling in humility and lowliness his heavenly work on earth! By their fruits indeed shall ye know them.

As the reformer then, so the reform. The change in men will be proportioned in completeness, in sincerity, in fervor, and in truth to the change wrought in his own soul. To a man filled with a new idea all men look up. If they see that the irresistible power of truth has conquered and absorbed his whole collective being, till he speaks what he believes and sees and knows, with the fervor and the power which falsehood



cannot counterfeit and an inward change alone can plant within him, they will listen and believe as men did of old on the sea-shore or the plains of Palestine.

3. We find a third necessity in the inherent strength of his antagonist. The spirit of reform first moving upon the troubled waters finds the false not only common to all men, but assimilated into their mental constitution, woven into the rough texture of their lives. Missionaries tell us that heathenism is so inwrought into the popular character and habits of those shadowy lands, that it seems an original and ineradicable belief. Something like this is the hold of an old evil on the world. A true reformer must needs be as great as his antagonist. The system he would substitute must be as grand and towering to the purged eyesight as the old. Men need to be convinced that the right is true expediency. The maxim "magna veritas" needs a demonstration to their souls. Old ties will bind them down with clasps of iron till they see heavenly light bursting through dungeon walls and the prison doors unbarred as did the old apostles. How often might men see, if they but would, in the conflicts of the centuries a single soul arrayed against ten thousand, "in the unresistible might of weakness shaking the powers of darkness," and putting them every one to flight. Such moral greatness no man has given to him by nature. It comes from a reformation, and as it were a reconstitution of his being, which sublimes his motives and makes him grandly equal to the evil and the time.

He finds in his own soul subjective necessities yet stronger than all these. In the mind of the earnest thinker they follow up the former with a startling power. The man who sees the need of change as he looks upon the false external, despairs as he looks within. The false sits there as well. With it all intellectual processes are tinged, suggesting always minor premises which vitiate results. Cramped and confined by old ideas he wanders in a labyrinth to which he has no clue. For the reformer, like the eldest poets, having an impulse to the hidden truth of nature, has yet no guide save intuition to lead his wandering. Old Homer might see clearly the purity and beauty which no poet's voice had sung, might perceive in "the rich Titan-youth of man" his everlasting dignity, and in all human ties the symbols of divinity, but his grand and simple soul was unfettered by the past. The reformer has to fight this past, and put his foot upon its neck before he can press forward to a true belief. He must have, first of all, an intellectual freedom, a freedom from the tyranny of old ideas, yet scorning not the truth which mingles with them all, and gives them all their

power. Let him be tossed by doubt and care, be dashed by waves of hopeless sorrow upon the firm unshaken shore, or let a hand divine remove the scales from his dim eyes and pour in supernatural light, till he beholds things as they are. He uses freedom, then, to gather power. No man thinks for him. He builds up his ideas from the deep necessities of human nature. He takes up falsehood as a fulcrum for the truth. From every conquered fortress he sallies out to new achievement, yet planting no garrison until his position is impregnable. He wages, too, a defensive as well as an aggressive war. He has to fight against the arch-enemy of the refermer, the tendency to carry conclusion further than the bounds of fact, to bridge the chasm between demonstrated truth and a desired conclusion by a fine-spun theory. How often has imagination ruined a just reform! The reformer, then, has two battles to fight in his own soul, the one with its old ideas, the other with its new ardor. If, in the one, he needs a will invincible and strong, in the other he needs the modesty of a true philosopher; if he would fight with all the world for a conclusion built up from evidence, he would fight a plausibility or a truth half-demonstrated, though all the world side with it. In the mind of Newton, we see this freedom, this power, and this restraint of intellect. He believed the truths of inspiration as he believed the gravitation of the universe. This freedom, this power and this restraint of intellect, came to him as they come to all, from a deep change within. He that ruleth his own spirit has taken a step to the ruling of others. Only he that has set free himself, can set free the world. In Newton's soul the combination of these two, this strength made perfect in weakness, shone out into his life and his philosophy, making the one all simple and the other all sublime.

2. Besides this clearing and preparation of the intellect, this general power of grasping and throttling falsehood, this general conviction of the mind, there needs in every reformer a special conviction of the heart, the sense of a mission and a duty. All intellectual strength and power without it, are like phantom marish-gleams to the clear burning of the polar star. Reform, come down from heaven, needs living preachers. God glorifies the human soul by making it his helper, and no man ever served him save from the heart. There is no reformer anywhere without the sense of duty. There is no such thing as the blazing out of a buried thought, illumining the ages, the careless offshoot of a careless mind. Every reformer has a mission in the world, and knows it. His work may lie buried, but it will one day blossom. God never bade a human intellect rise up a knight of truth, but he gave-

it spurs and sword, and his ewn directing arm, to make its life victorious. He gave the victory to John Huss and all the old reformers, when
he led them through the bitterness of personntion to the fiery crown of
martyrdom.

He needs this full conception of his mission to give him unity of sim and character. Men often drift about the world of thought like the strange crew whose silent shadows man the phantom bark, sailing without a compass or a chart on unknown seas, while mystic currents of the deep are eweeping them through every zone, past every haven. In reveries of golden visions they wander unconscious of the spell, till every wished-for land is sunk beneath the waves and they glide noiselessly into the eternal darkness. We were all made to be in one sense men of one idea. One idea runs through the universe. One idea runs through every great man's life. The reformer must have his mind and aims a unity, or it were better for the world that he had none. This unity in diversity must include all powers, affections, will, until the man lives in the future of accomplishment, as well as in the present of toil. Such men are sometimes called enthusiasts, fanatics, men of one idea. It must be so. It is the nature of all true reform, that it be single before it can be universal. It is its nature, that it demand a sacrifice of all things, even self, that hardest sacrifice, to the great end of life, -that it concentrate about it and assimilate with it, every faculty and every aspiration, till it absorbs the man in his idea, breaking the bonds of self, and uniting him to the ideal and the infinite.

So a conscious mission brings sincerity. It prompts to self-examination, and that true self-knowledge which makes a man humble and truthful. He acts out himself,—he puts behind him all that is false in accident, or obscures the clear expression of his soul. The man sincere with himself and with the world, must be in some sense a great man. To be a hater of all falsehood, is to be a king of men. He lives in one the lives of many, he is the myrisd-minded,—for the false that writes innumerable cyphers in the lives and thoughts of men, is absent from his breast. He is a thousand times a man, for thought, for feeling, or for action. Carlyle makes truly a "believing nation," his ideal nation of herces.

It brings, too, resolution. This sense of mission and of duty is the strongest motive that can be derived from a man's own nature. Old Socrates felt it amid the polished eneers and public ridicule of Athens. It made him strong to live, and living, do his earnest work—to die, and dying, show the lofty smile of a completed life as he drained the cup of hemlock to the health of coming times.

3. If we analyze yet deeper the subjective necessities of the true reformer, we find that they do not end with his own mental capabilities. There are higher wants still unsupplied, though his human nature is expanded to the full growth of the unaided soul. He needs above all, and beyond all earthly ends or ambitions, the light of an everlasting motive. That motive, to be effectual, must rest in eternity and in God. He needs, too, an Almighty power acting in his own, largely supplied in times of need, and given continually with graduating hand through the moments, and the hours, and the long years of life. In desolation and in loneliness, in defeat and shame, in toil and thick coming sorrow he clamors for it to support his fainting soul. He needs it, above all to turn his efforts and his errors, his sufferings and his triumphs, into the broadening channel of a permanent success. "Man proposes, but God disposes." His own Spirit the reformer needs, to connect his life with the eternal purposes of Him who is himself the truth, its helper and its reward.

These intellectual and moral wants no man on earth can satisfy short of a complete renevation of his being. Men do not come all readymade either into life or into history. Their life is a development, a succession of continual changes. Some are mightier than the rest, and are the resultants of all changes past. Some are sudden and transforming. The circumstances of each separate soul decide the character and influence of the change within it; but whatever shape it may assume it must surely come to the reformer. It is a condition of his required development in intellect and heart, besides being a condition of success, objective and external. In his own soul we may consider the intellectval necessity as subordinate to the moral, for strength of heart gives sometimes strength to intellect, and God chooses sometimes to set at naught all human wisdom by the inworking of his almighty Spirit. But the sense of duty and the consciousness of an earthly mission, which awake the slumbering intellect to more than mortal energy without which all intellect is forever useless to the world, this can come only from long toiling and struggling of the soul, through doubt and conscious weakness and bitter sorrow, till ambition longs only for a forgotten grave, and self has vanished, and the light of a great purpose "so much the more shines inward." This is the life and power of the true reformer, and its attainment or development is complete self-reformation and the great epoch of his life.

To begin and to fulfill this mission, he must be impelled by an eternal metive,—a motive as deep and changeless as his immortality. That

motive comes alone from God. Hence is the change,—the Almighty entering the human soul and making it his temple, chasing all evil from the heart, and taking full possession of the man. Thus God works in history, making the greatest men the prophets and interpreters and priests of the invisible.

It would follow from our reasoning that only men transformed by a religious faith are true reformers. We assert it, and in history all men can read it. The religious element in the character of all great reformers and reforms has been too much neglected. It was something more than mere philanthropy, which led on Howard after that rayless sorrow and that solemn consecration, through dank and stifling maniaccells, through hunger and through cold, through the peril of applause, through bitter anguish of the soul, to his sad grave in the old Tauric Chersonese. It was a higher love than the love of suffering men, that transformed Wilberforce from the brilliant wit and fascinating idler, to the lofty Christian statesman, and the patient, toiling, and triumphant pleader for the slave. Where will you find the perfect type of the reformer? Will you find it in Bacon, the sad moral of whose life can never borrow brightness from the light of his resplendent intellect,—who served first his vanity, next his king, and last his God? Will you find it in La Place, who saw in the secular vibrations of the universe, those grand pendulum-beats of eternity, no evidence of the great hand that poised and set them swinging? Will you find it in Rosseau, who preached the revolution that had swollen his vain and impious soul, till France, catching the sickly passion of his eye, and his wild cries for a lying liberty, made that Revolution not a truth clad in consuming and purifying justice, but a "truth clad in hell-fire"? These men had never felt the full change that moulds the man of great ideas into the true reformer. They had not purged their intellectual vision with the true euphrasy and rue. They never felt the sublime conception of a sacred duty. They never saw a motive in the eternal and invisible, nor heard the voice of God speak inly to their souls.

The phases of this change are multiform as human nature. No two minds ever passed through the same process of development. The change sometimes precedes the consciousness of a particular mission. The man waits for God and his time to call him. Plato imagined long ago that every human soul was but a moiety of the perfect creature, wandering over the wide and barren earth to find its other half. So the reformer, incomplete without his work, seeks long and earnestly for that which shall perfect his being and answer its true end-

Thus he waits like Howard, yet is no idler. He lives out every hour the noble maxim of John Bunyan, that "he who would live well, must make his last hour his company-keeper."

The life of Luther seems to show this change and its effects, proceeding gradually and together, to the reform of the reformer and the founding of a new Germanic faith. From the first light that dawned on his ascetic life, his mind began to unwind the musty cerements of the past, and as he grew in knowledge and in faith, he gave the world his thoughts. Not till his spirit grew settled and calm and free, did he realize that his mission was against the strongest power of Christendom, the splendor of whose aerial turrets made men forgetful of the damp, infernal dungeons far below. Then only did he speak out those words that Richter calls "half-battles;"—then only did he defy pope, and devila, and death itself.

The true reformer leads on reform not as an end but as a means. His hatred burns against the wrong because it is the wrong. He lives in hope as well as in brave action. His fervid soul pierces the thick night of battle to the eternal day beyond. Change in itself he scorns. It is the high praise of Lord Bacon's biographer, that his desire was to proceed not "in aliud," but "in melius." The true reformer gives a deeper meaning to the phrase than Bacon ever dreamed of. He strives for a perfection that outlasts the dynasty of evil, for a perfection which is broadening and deepening forever. He chants the grand old words of Spenser:—

Then gin I thinke on that which nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be:
But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O, thou great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's sight!

Quinnipiac.*

I carren's the summit of East Rock,
As the daylight waned away,
And looked beneath me on the town,
And down upon the Bay;
And further to the ocean-ward
The Sound lay wide and free,
To where Long Island in the haze
Hung cloud-like on the sea.

No sound was on the water,
No voice was on the land,
And the little waves crept noiselessly
Along the pebbled sand:
While down the masts of gallant ships
The stile hung side by side,
As rocked they slowly to and fro
With the pulses of the tide.

The world was then so beautiful,
So lovely and serene,
That all things seemed to passe awhile
To gaze upon the scene:
The sea forget to murmur,
And the winds forget to blow,
They saw the sky so bright above,
And the earth so bright below.

And then the city bells sent forth
Their evening call to prayer,
And harshly smote each iron tongue
Upon that evening air:
But to the mountain-top the tones
Rose up in wave-like swells,
And seemed like silver notes that came
From far off silver bells.

I saw the darkness creeping o'er
The city and the Bay,
Till one by one each tower and spire
Had faded quite away,
And naught was left to mark the town
Which slumbered at my feet,

^{*}The Indian name for New Havan.

Save the long line of sentry lamps, ... That twinkled in the street,

I thought of all that busy life
Which hidden lay below,
Shut off from sight like the life of those
Who perished long ago;
And then through full two hundred years
My fancy traveled back
To those half real, dreamy days
Of old Quinnipiac.

Where now a Christian people meet
Beneath a Christian spire,
In olden time the Sachems met
Around the council-fire:
And Indian warriors from that spot
Went forth to meet their foe,
And danced the war-dance round their chief,
Two hundred years ago.

And when the fishing season came,
And the danger-loving brave
Had launched his light cance to meet
The tempest and the wave,
His Indian mother aat her down
Upon the lone sea-shore,
And followed with her anxious eyes
Where the boat had gone before,

She tarried till the sun had set,
And watched the ocean's flow,
And lingered there, and lingered yet,
Till darkness bade her go;
And when the eastern sky grew red,
Her labor was begun:
"The hours are long and sad," she said,
"I'm watching for my son."

Then many a weary day went by,
And many a night wore on,
And many a thin new moon had come,
And many a fall one gone,
And still that Indian mother set
Upon the lone sea-shore,
And waited there to meet her son,
But she saw him never more.

And when for many an after year
The fishing season came,
The young men from the mountains brought
Their corn sheaves and their game,
And the dusky maidens wove a belt
Of wampum for the dead,
And they gave their offering to the sea,
For the spirit that had fled.

Twas a dreamy life the red men led,
As the unmarked years flew by,—
In struggling for no noble thing,
And living but to die:
The race have left no trace of all
Their greatness or their might,
For the record only tells us
They have perished from our sight.

Their very name is half forgot,
And he who stands to-day
Upon the summit of East Rock
And looks down on the Bay,
Along the curving shore discerns
No ancient sign or track:—
There's not one vestige left to us
Of old Quinnipiac.

N. C. P.

Letter from Scotland.

BLAIR-ATHOLL, SCOTLAND, August 7, 1856.

DEAR MAGA,—While your respected editors, and the college world generally, are recreating at cherished homes, and in a loved native land, your humble correspondent is a wanderer amid the rugged hills of Scotland. I have just returned from a tramp of thirty miles in Glen-Tilt,

one of the wildest of the Highland passes. As I hope to be a regular contributor to your pages during my absence, perhaps it will be better to commence with the beginning of my trip, and to defer a description of the Glen until some future time, and only remark that the scenery is grander than any other which I have seen elsewhere.

And this will be the more pleasant to me because I have an unusually strong yearning for places and friends left behind, this evening, and shall prefer to consider what was near to the last hours spent at home. How strangely old sounds awake old impressions! The thunder is booming among the mountains, and the rain falls heavily, and these have touched chords of memory, and melted me by thoughts of times gone by—of childhood hours, when the peals were God's words of anger; and of College days, with their explanations of natural phenomena. Well, you say, "but, why don't he begin with his travels!" And so he will.

After the grateful but sad parting from class and college mates, there came a quiet hour of retrospection, while, under the glory of a full orbed moon, the swift steamer sailed through the beauty of your harbor.

East and West Rocks stood like sentinels guarding the sleeping city, and the spires showed where the churches rested lovingly amid protecting elms. Many thoughts of the two years spent at Yale come thronging. But this is wandering again. Excuse me, the home feeling is strong to-night. Three days of hasty preparation, a Sabbath under the "old roof tree," a tearful good-by, and we are on the heaving ocean. His marine majesty was very gracious at first, and treated us right courteously. He rocked us as gently as a mother would her first born's cradle, and lulled us to an open-eyed slumber, filled with day dreams. Many an hour of the first four days we spent laying on the deck looking at the deep blue sky. How deep it seemed by day! And at night the stars appeared like openings in the cerulean letting through the glory of a better world, while the tracery of the rigging and the white sails was as if some fairy had worked it. Thus went the first four or five days, among them a Sabbath. We arranged to have service on the main deck, with the capstan for a pulpit, and the ship's bell calling us together startled me, and for a moment sounded as if from the tower of the Lyceum. Did you ever, in your school days, meet with a master very gentle at first, but who when your confidence was won proved to be a strict believer in the birch doctrine? Well, the particular son of Uranus and Ge with whom we had to do, acted after a similar manner. On the sixth day of our acquaintance his breakfast did not agree with

him, and he determined that ours should not with us. I will not narrate the particulars farther than to quote the words of a fellow-passenger, who said, "I feel as though three Irishmen were fighting in my stomach." I advised him to quiet them with a little whiskey. The first gale continued four days, and our Captain called it a "good sized blow, rather large for this season of the year; might pass for a winter one."

As I escaped sea-sickness, the tempest suited me exactly. I dressed up in a storm suit, a conspicuous part of which was "that white overcoat and felt hat," and spent most of my time on deck or in the rigging enjoying the sublimity of the winds and waves.

Contrary to the common belief, the waves do not rise higher than thirty feet, (Olmsted's Philos., p. -,) but such waves will make a vessel pitch some fifty feet at the bow and stern, which gives some considerable motion, if you are standing on the chains of the bowsprit. First, up you go with a "rush," poise for a moment, and then the ship leaps into the yawning chasm, so swiftly that the chain appears to drop from under your feet, and you cling convulsively to the hand ropes; for a moment she stope as if stunned, and then recovered, rises again, shaking off the chinging spray in scorn. Oh! it was exhibarating, and quickened the pulse beat, yet the storm occasioned some inconvenience, particularly at meal time. It also broke up my French studies, and my Langdonie class. You would have laughed, venerable Maga, to have seen that class. drilled. The roll of the ship brought into play some muscles not thought of by Prof. Langdon when we tried the "Goat's Jump" and "Duck's march." On the 4th of July we had a jolly celebration. Oceanus being very quiet in consideration of the fact that Uncle Samuel is about to succeed Britannia in the rule of the waves, and might recent any interference with the celebration of his birthday. We had cannon fired, the Declaration read, an oration, a dinner, fireworks, and the other items of a genuine 4th of July jubilee. When extemporaneous toasts were in order, Yale was not forgotten. On the 20th day out we sighted land, and the next day part of the passengers went ashere at Portamouth in a pilot boot. The sail in was very pleasant. The lale of Wight was on the left, with its bold shore of verdant hills, and chalk clifts setting off each other, and the little town of Ventnet lay in a valley, and showed the embowered cottages, and graceful spines tipped with the golden glories of the departing sun.

We are sorry to leave thee, O sea! We have learned to love thee. We have seen thee radiant with the glance of morning and silvered by the Queen of night. Thou hast been peaceful as heaven, and anon



tossed like a troubled soul. We have heard thy waves soft as the whispers of love, and then playing a weird and fearful bass to the alto of the winds. Emblem of Eternity—fare thee well. England must be the subject of another letter.

E. L. A.

Peter the Bermit.

The history of the Crusades will always be one of the most interesting illustrations of the philosophy of human actions. Historians will never tire in tracing out the causes of those great combinations against the Moslem power, which, originating in the dreams of a half-crased hermit, soon gathered around the banner of the cross the noblest royal houses of Europe with the Roman pontiff at their head, which founded a new dynasty at Jerusalem and a new dynasty at Byzantium, which opened a new world in chivalry and poetry, and which after two centuries of great triumphs and great disasters, failing in its prime object of Asiatic empire, nevertheless exerted a wonderful influence upon taste, literature and commerce, and, by the overthrow of the feudal system, sowed the seeds of freedom and civilization throughout the world.

Not only in a philosophical, but also in an imaginative point of view, the history of the Crusades is deeply interesting. Their scene was laid in the land of mystery and of miracle. There it was, according to universal tradition, that the first human pair met in the embrace of love. Thither it was that God, by fire and cloud, had guided his chosen people. There at a period antecedent to profane history, the Sack of Troy had avenged the wrongs of Greece. Thence the millions of Darius and Xerxes had marched forth to signal overthrow,—and it was there that Alexander woke from his dream of a world's dominion. But above allathis land was the koly land,—a land whose air had been stirred by the words of prophets and the wings of angels, and whose meanest sod had been sanctified by the footsteps of the world's Redeemer.

As were the scenes, so were the actors in these great events, far removed from all vulgar comparisons. Not to speak of the seven kings

who sowed the red cross on their royal robes, thousands of perfect knights renowned for valor, courtesy, and every martial grace, went forth, to fight the Pagans in the name of God, St. George, and St. Michael the Archangel. A regiment of tender boys, armed with crossbows, took a brave part in the siege of Antioch. From the banks of the Rhine came a troop of Amazons in the attitude and armor of men, following a leader who, from her gilt spurs and buskins, was surnamed the Golden footed Dame. The subordinate hosts were remarkable for the variety of their languages and customs, for their wild enthusiasm which wrung victory even from despair, and for numbers, such as never even in oriental despotisms had been collected into a regular army. Beneath the golden banner of St. Peter were represented all the nations who acknowledged the Roman faith. From the extreme East, Tancred, the great hero of Tasso's epic, led on the armies of Tarentum. From the extreme West, the English yeomanry proudly shouted the war-cry of Richard the Lion-hearted, whose very name was a terror to Syrian mothers for many successive generations. From the intermediate forests of the North crowded hordes of terrible strangers, whom the Arabian chroniclers described as an iron race of gigantic stature, who darted fire from their eyes and spat blood like water upon the ground.

Not less romantic were the hopes by which the enthusiasm of the Crusaders was excited. Their armies were the hosts of God's elect. Their great war cry, translated into unnumbered languages, was, "Deus Vult," "Deus Vult." They were marching as the ancient Israelities had marched out to the destruction of God's enemies. They fondly hoped that they too should be guided by signs and wonders; that for them the rock should be rent and the manna fall from Heaven; that again the sun should stand still, to give them time for the destruction of the infidels. To the hopes of Divine interposition, were added those excited by dreams of Oriental fertility and magnificence. For many years the enthusiastic pilgrims had brought back wild stories of a land still flowing with milk and honey, of mountains gleaming with diamonds, of waters teeming with pearls, of sacred groves that wept odorous gums and balms, of mighty palaces and temples built of jasper, lined with cedar and paved with gold.

The causes of the Crusades are simple and obvious. Setting aside the influence of curiosity, avarice, and the love of freedom, their great efficient causes were superstition and chivalry. The century preceding the Crusades was the nadir of the human mind, The Roman dominion, while it had desolated Europe, had nevertheless conferred upon the conquered nations the blessing of the Roman arts. But the fierce Northern hordes, who for 200 years wrestled with the imperial giant, at last inherited the Roman power without her civilization. They were gradually baptized into the Roman faith. But though they changed the object, they changed not the spirit of their religious worship. The savage tribes, who amid the icebergs of Scandinavia, had sacrificed human victims to Zanesbrock, Thor and Woden, still thought that the sacrifice most acceptable to God, was the slaughter of heretics and the sack of Pagan cities.

The Papal policy assiduously fostered this error. The doctrines of Confession and Penance were the great secret of the Romish supremacy. But in that age of crime, the regular Penances, if faithfully carried out, would have multiplied into centuries of punishment. Bankrupt sinners supplied the deficit by large sums of money, and by vicarious flagellation and mortification. By a fantastic arithmetic, a year of Penance was taxed at 3000 lashes, and such was the skill and patience of a famous monk, St. Dominic of the Iron Cuirass, that in six days he could discharge an entire century by a whipping of 300,000 stripes.

At length an indulgence was granted to all who should undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. This easy method of salvation was eagerly accepted by great multitudes of transgressors, who hastened to kneel upon the brow of Calvary and wash away their sins in the waters of the Jordan. Then, at the close of the tenth century, came a wild and terrible superstition, whose influence can be partially realized by us, who have witnessed the effects of the Millerite fanaticism. It was believed that the thousand years spoken of in the Apocalypse were ended. The great dragon should be loosed for a season. The world should be destroyed by fire, and Christ descend to reward his saints upon the mountains of Jerusalem. Finally, when Pope Urban openly declared the first Crusade, Plenary Indulgence was granted to all who should enlist beneath the standard of the Blessed Virgin; and all who perished by the way, or fell in battle with the Saracens, were solemnly invested with the crowns of sainthood and martyrdom.

Intimately connected with these causes was the institution of chivalry. The characteristics of the true knight were valor, courtesy, and honor. Above all he was distinguished by a restless spirit of adventure. The feeble light of ancient learning was glimmering only in convents and monasteries. The mariner's compass was not yet invented, and com-



merce groped doubtfully along the shores of the Mediterranean like the sightless Polyphemus. All the channels in which the energies of man are most successfully directed were closed up. But every gentleman might become a knight. He might summon to his saintly banner, his faithful squire and band of archers, and go forth to win the smiles of beauty and the approbation of the Church, as the champion of Christ on earth. Before the introduction of artillery, personal prowess could often stay the adverse fate of battle, and in the records of the times, we often meet with deeds of heroic strength and valor, which call to mind the fabled achievements of Hercules and Ajax. To such spirits as these the wars of Palestine opened a splendid pathway. Therefore we need not wonder that the Templars, the knights of St. John, and kindred orders were the first to enter, and the last to leave the great battle-field of the Church.

Such was the state of society, when Peter the Hermit returned from his pilgrimage to the Holy city. The nations seemed like a vast host of warriors, panting for the signal of battle. Peter boldly grasped the trumpet, and its blast was answered by the voice of Europe.

Concerning the early history of Peter the Hermit little can now be definitely known. The few details which we possess sufficiently mark the enthusiasm of his character. He was a native of the province of Picardy in France, and had in his youth been bred to the profession of arms. But he soon renounced the sword for the crucifix, and repudiated a high born wife that he might woo the Church for his passionless bride. He at length withdrew to a hermitage, where he remained until his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Bodily modification produced its usual effects upon an excitable temperament. He saw visions of unearthly glory. Christ appeared to him in person. A letter from Heaven fell down at his feet. He held frequent converse with the holy Apostles, and the martyrs St. George and St. Maurice. He believed himself divinely commissioned to proclaim the wrongs which the Christian pilgrims received at the hands of the Turks. As soon as he told his burning story he was welcomed as a prophet. Vanity fanned the flame of fanaticism. and now he set about his mission with that fierce energy which is ever the herald of success. What that success was, we all know.

Let us, then, for a moment inquire into the nature of that eloquence which brought about such wonderful results. It is as an orator alone that the Hermit won his world-wide fame. In the military capacity upon which he afterwards ventured, he was without skill, without even the common merit of personal courage. In the first passage through



Hungary, he and his followers were routed almost without a struggle, and the inspired prophet fled from the field with as much fear and trembling as did the poet Horace upon a similar occasion. In his last appearance at the siege of Antioch he withdrew from the privations of the beleaguered city with a precipitancy which left his sanctity in very poor repute.

We will therefore speak of his peculiar character as an orator. The two secrets of his eloquence were, earnestness and adaptation. Whatever he felt he saw, and what he saw he spoke. He was assisted by none of the advantages of learning, of stately figure, or of graceful action. Although his eye was keen and lustrous, his stature was small and his appearance unprepossessing. But when he began his exhortation his whole frame was convulsed, tears streamed from his eyes, his want of art was compensated by sighs and ejaculations, and as he stood with uplifted crucifix, appealing to Heaven to attest the genuineness of his mission, he never failed to infuse into the rude multitudes around him, some portion of the enthusiasm which in his own bosom was flaming like sacrifical fire.

Equally donspicuous was the skill with which he adapted his oratory to his audience. He was preaching to men devoid of learning, and unused to thought. Therefore, he entertained them with no long disquisitions on theology and homiletics. He delivered them no hydra-headed sermons dry as the dry bones in the valley of Ezekiel, like those with which the monks were wont to put their audiences asleep. He depicted in simple but vivid language the scenes of persecution of which he had been an eye-witness and a sharer. He detailed the miseries endured by their brethren in the Holy Land—how the plains of Palestine were desolated by the outrageous heathen, who with the sword and firebrand carried wailing in the dwellings and flames into the possessions of the faithful how Christian wives and daughters were defiled by Pagan lust-how the alters of the true God were desecrated, and the relics of the saints trodden under foot. As he proceeded, every heart was melted, and when at length the orator concluded with a vehement appeal to rescue the true cross from the hands of the idolaters, the whole multitude shouted with a joyful noise, and stamping the sacred emblem upon their garments or on their naked breasts, they earnestly prayed for the deliverance of Mount Zion, and went forth singing the martial psalm,

"Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered."

Such were the chief traits of the prime actor in the great drama of the

Crusades. In his general character, Peter was a fanatic if not a monomaniac. As a soldier he was unworthy of the name. As an orator he touched the chords of sympathy and action, with a success equaled only by a few great masters. The glories and disasters of two eventful centuries were the witnesses of the Hermit's eloquence—of the mighty power with which God has endowed human speech—making it the arbiter of nations, and the truest earthly emblem of His own omnipotence.

J. M. H.

The Witches' Ride.

THOMAS JONES had been out courting. There was no great sin in that, or if there was, he shared it with a great number of his fellow men, as it is well known that there is no habit in which young men so universally indulge. I mention the fact that he had been engaged in this delightful occupation, in order to ward off any suspicions of his sobriety which the latter part of my story might awaken.

The night was bitter cold, and Tom hurried on his way home, but as he came in sight of the little red school-house, he perceived that it was brightly illuminated. "Bless me!" said Tom to himself, "what is the matter! It is altogether too late for decent people to be holding a meeting. I guess the old school house must be afire." Thereupon he immediately started upon a run for the building. As he passed the window he glanced in, and the sight he saw there, made his blood run cold and his hair rise with horror.

A queerer congregation than was assembled in that old school-house never greeted a mortal's vision. In the chair behind the old desk sat a duskey fiddler, playing on a sheet iron fiddle with metal strings. The bow was of brass, strung with fine copper wire; and, instead of rosin, a huge roll of brimstone lay by his side on the desk. There he sat and played while his foot beat time with an ominous clump, and behind the chair his tail waved gracefully to and fro. Tom needed only this glance to assure him that the fiddler was an individual not mentioned in polite society, playfully denominated Old Nick.

The music he played was such as never blessed Tom's ears before. It was wild, strange, weird like, now rising into strains of supernatural sweetness, then lapsing into discordant wailing and mourning like the imaginary cries of a lost soul. There came strains of demonial glee, and quicker and faster over the sheet iron fiddle went the brazen bow, and the dusky elbow of the player vibrated like a swiftly moving shadow.

In the center of the floor were the dancers. And what was Tom's astonishment as he glanced from the musician to the assembly, to recognize in the latter many familiar faces. There was old mother Sande, nearly double with age, dancing to the music as well as the best. There was that withered spinster, Aunt Polly, moving to the music and keeping time to the swiftest measures. But what astonished most our hero, was to see Betsey Haskins, the very girl he had left a half an hour before, in the midst of the crowd, handed to and fro in the dance, by a decidedly ill-looking old crone he had never before seen. "I don't wonder," thought Tom, "that Betsey said I must go, as she would not sit up after twelve o'clock. This is where she wanted to come."

All this, the scene and the following reflections, passed through his mind in a moment. The fear, which at first had overcome him, was dispelled and he determined to enter among the assembly. He was naturally a daring and reckless fellow, and, besides, the sight of Betsey made him resolve to find out the meaning of the gathering; and, as another reason, it was somewhat chilly outside, while there was a bright though rather blue fire burning within.

Accordingly he pushed open the door and entered, though with much the same feeling, as he had done years before, when he had been loitering along the way until he was tardy. No one, however, noticed his entrance. The music and dancing went on as before. He advanced to the fire and spread out his hands, but no genial warmth came from the blaze. He even passed his fingers through the lambent flame, but he felt no heat. As he drew them away he thought he heard a slight chuckle from the old fiddler, but when he looked at him his dark face was as impassive as ever. Tom was emboldened by this seeming indifference to his presence, and gazed with intense interest on the scene before him. As Beethoven, Tyrolea, and Cecilia, all combined, could not equal the music, so Terpsichore, Taglioni, Fanny Essler, or the veritable Jim Crow could not equal the dancing. As Tom stood there gazing, an irresistible desire to form in the dance came over him. So he shouted out.

"I say, old fellow, as your fire don't give any heat, won't you strike up some tune I know, and let me dance a little to keep warm."

vol. xxii.
9

No sooner said than done. Without a moment's cessation, the music changed to "Money Musk," and Betsey Haskins took Tom by the hand and away they went. Tom never did any such dancing before. The music seemed to him to burn its way through every vein, and thrill every muscle with a new life; he executed unheard of steps, and performed feats of agility which would have brought down the house at any saltatory exhibition. There was no time to talk to his partner, no time to ask her if she was enjoying herself, or say any of those complimentary nothings for which Tom was famous among the sex. It was only dancing, and nothing else, which could be done to such music. Faster and faster went the music, and faster and faster the feet of the dancers. Finally just as the music was at its height, it suddenly ceased, and a gruff voice came from the desk,

"Now for a ride."

"Now for a ride," answered they all in an echoing chorus.

Betsey whispered to Tom,

"Don't you want a ride ?"

"Yes," answered he, "but I haven't any horse."

" Oh never mind that," she replied, "I'll find you one."

They were out of doors, and there stood as many as thirty coal-black steeds, all foaming and fretting to go. All were soon mounted but Tom and Betsey, and there was but one horse left, which she took for herself.

"Where's my horse ?" asked Tom.

"Catch that calf yonder," she replied, pointing to a calf which was trying to keep warm by lying under the sheltered side of the school house. Tom caught it, and brought it to her. She muttered over it a few words, and it changed to a splendid black steed like the others.

"Now mount," said she, "and mind one thing! You are a little apt to profane. But if you say God or devil while you are riding, you will be sorry. Mark me, and beware!"

"Ready!" shouted the leader, and "Ready!" all replied.

Away they went at a rattling pace. Minding not for roads, they took a direct route toward the west. Fences, ditches, brooks, all were nothing. Over their horses went like the wind. Their speed began gradually to grow even more rapid, and vast strips of forest were over-leaped, while hills and villages seemed as if they were flying in the rushing air. But a few moments and Tom saw before him the wide Connecticut, seventeen miles from where he started.

"Are you going to leap that?" asked Tom of Betsey, who had kept close by his side.

- "Certainly," she answered.
- "I can't do it," exclaimed Tom.
- "Pooh!" she replied, "follow me," and over she went like a bird.

There was no help for it. He could not stop his steed, and was obliged to follow, and with a flying leap he found himself safe upon the other side. Astonished at the feat, Tom could not repress the habitual exclamation, which rose to his lips, and he muttered half aloud,

" What a Devil of a jump for a calf!"

No sooner was the fated word uttered than he found himself alone on the banks of the river, with a poor bleating calf by his side. He wandered about until morning, and then found himself in a village nearly twenty miles from his home. He hired a ferryman to take him across the river, and walked slowly home, pondering upon the strange vision. He determined to say nothing to anybody of what he had seen until he had visited Betsey once more and see if she confirmed his story.

Accordingly the next day he went up to call on Betsey. She was very glad to see him, as indeed she might be, since a handsomer or likelier young man was not in the country round. After the old folks had left them alone, they conversed awhile on indifferent subjects, until at last Tom said,

- "That was a pretty good dance we had the other night, wasn't it, Betsey?"
- "What do you mean?" she asked; "I havn't been to any dance with you."
- "I mean night before last, in the old red school house. Don't you know I came in, asked you to dance. What's his name with an iron fiddle—ride on a calf which you made a horse—don't you know?" said Tom, mixing up his story in his agitation.
- "Tom Jones," answered Betsey, "I begin to believe you're crazy." And she put up the corner of her apron to her eyes and began to cry.
- "Don't cry, Betsey," said Tom, "I'll take it all back. All I know is, that I walked twenty miles home the next morning." And he told her the whole story.

Betsey pondered upon it awhile, and then said,

"I tell you what, Tom, it's a warning to you to leave off swearing. You know father has said that was the only thing he didn't like in you."

And Thomas Jones never swore again. Though he always believed in his vision, and long after he had married Betsey Haskins, used to tell with infinite gusto the story of his jump across the Connecticut.

Progress of Civilization, as affecting the Imagination.

THE human mind dwells more or less in the ideal. A thousand fancies. interwoven with realities, make up our daily lives. We are all dreamers, and to that extent, often, that our dreams become our realities; our realities, our dreams. To this ideal tendency of mind must be traced much of human happiness and excellence. moulded by its controlling power and pervading influence. The grossest plodder cannot bury himself so deeply in the toils and cares of the life actual, but that he may have some time and inclination to indulge in the hopes and aspirations of the life ideal. Every human mind, then, has its ideals of life, of truth, of Heaven, of God, more or less exalted, according to its capacities, and these ideals constitute the motive power, the stimulants to action, of that mind. In seasons of difficulty and despondency, they constitute its joy, its hopes, its life, its In seasons of gladness and bright promise, they increase the brightness of its hopes and urge it on to long-continued, more vigorous exertion. The scholar has his ideal standard of knowledge; the artist, that of beauty; the orator, that of eloquence; the Christian, that of faith. The reformer has his ideal governmental system; the statesman, his ideal state. For the realization of these ideals, each and all labor with small approximations, with continual progress. For this each and all toil, hope, and suffer. The advancement of society and of the individual man, constitutes then the end and aim of all our theorizing, of all our imaginative efforts. This same advancement is the aim, essence, and end of life. This too is civilization. To a certain extent then, when considered with reference to its results, Imagination is the cause, Civilization, the effect. One is required to produce the other; one cannot exist without the other; with the decline of the one we naturally expect the decline of the other. And shall we in view of this existing relation between Civilization and Imagination, believe, contrary to all analogy, that this great active principle of the human mind is weakened in the production of its legitimate effect? That the Imaginative faculty decays with the advancement of Civilization? That it is injured and paralyzed by the growth of its own offspring? No. It is far more rational, on the contrary, to believe that this motor to human action should exist unimpaired, with even the highest type of Civilization; that it should continually picture to man ideals more and more exalted, and continually urge him onward towards infinite perfection.

But the character of the influence which Civilization exerts over Imagination may be made more apparent by investigating the nature of the imaginative faculty itself. It is a complex faculty. The name is applied to a union of simple apprehension, conception, abstraction and taste. In strict language it cannot be called a creative faculty, for it is not the province of the human mind to create. All our imaginative efforts are but new combinations and new arrangements of old forms and familiar scenes, or they are new truths, drawn out, expressed, and rendered intelligible by means of these. These truths, however, are new only in the sense that the human mind hitherto has failed to detect them. They have remained buried in the bosom of nature for ages; they shine forth only as the touchstone is applied to them, when they bloom out in splendor like some centennial cactus plant, after a century of waiting. There are other truths of no less importance still resting there; weighty secrets, pregnant with good to men, but they will remain concealed till some brilliant imagination shall catch a glimpse of them in the future. Once in a while an original mind arises and perceives new relations among men; new, not because they had no previous existence there, but because the fact of their existence had been overlooked. All these new truths and relations we express and convey to others by means of what we have read, or heard, or seen. All efforts of the Imagination, then, depend, either directly or indirectly, for their brilliancy and power, upon the extent and character of our past knowledge. In such efforts we invariably "call upon the burial-places of memory to give up their dead." The more varied and comprehensive then our knowldge, the more abundant the materials for the imaginative faculty to work upon, and the more elevated their character, the more sublime will be the conceptions which the human mind is capable of forming.

In its progress, Civilization furnishes this knowledge, these materials, to the philosopher, the poet and the artist. In the youth of the nation, as in the youth of the individual, all its powers of mind are simple, unexpanded. It has no literature, no art, no science, no precedents of any kind. Like the mechanic without his tools, the earliest brilliant minds of a nation must, empty-handed, encounter the great unknown. They can receive no aid except from their own intellects, no encouragement to labor except their own ardent desire to discover truth, no sympathy but in their own great hearts. The most brilliant philosophical intellect in such an age can hope to make but small advances, during a lifetime, into the vast realm of mystery. But as the results of these labors

are constantly accumulating in the progress of a nation from barbarism to civilization; as these truths are constantly increasing, both in number and grandeur, they constitute an ever-enlarging nucleus, around which succeeding minds will cling; from which, they can derive aid and inspiration. These truths expand the mind; give it far more comprehensive notions than are ever entertained by the uneducated; unfold to the imagination a field for its dwelling place, incomparably superior, both in magnitude and majesty, to that occupied by the untutored mind. They disclose to the ardent Imagination glimpees of that great truth, which comprehends all others; whose dim outlines can scarce be recognized by the most fervid fancy, that this universe is an infinite one; that however vast the field of human knowledge may become, there is still a vaster unknown beyond, and that this knowledge is the only means by which Imagination may be enabled to penetrate successfully into that unknown. The truths, then, which are thus constantly accumulating, in the progress of a nation, constitute the energy and life of its succeeding great minds; they form an eminence, from whose top the great philosopher catches the first glimmerings of new truths, as they rise, sunlike, from the bosom of the Infinite.

It is true that in a state of barbarism, as in childhood, the Imagination exercises a greater influence and moves the mind by a more mysterious power than in the advanced stages of Civilization. Superstition, in its various forms, overshadows all things, renders all notions vague and obscure in such an age. This is not, however, because the Imaginative faculty is stronger in the uneducated mind, but because Reason is weaker. Imagination is developed earlier than Reason in the childhood of the nation, as in the childhood of the man. As the reasoning faculties are unfolded, Imagination becomes, in a greater or less degree, subjected to them. But while it loses its awe-inspiring power, it gains strength in reality. For, if we judge of the strength of the imagination by the beauty and sublimity of its conceptions,—and we have no other standard,—we invariably find the conceptions of the educated mind, in spite of this subjection, far beyond the comprehension of the barbarian. Nor is their superiority owing to the truth which Reason may find in them. The philosopher, under the exciting and ennobling influence of truths that have been demonstrated in past ages, looking into the future and perceiving, through the twilight of his Imagination, glimmerings of new truths, may call up a train of prophecies wilder than ever teemed in a poet's brain; he may give loose reins to his fancy and discern in the great undiscovered secrets more weighty than the Eleusinia; may

utter predictions more startling than Apollo's oracles. And what though Reason sanctions these ideals! What though she suggests that they may be right! What though revolving centuries demonstrate them to be true! Does the fact that they are true detract one tittle from their sublimity? Does it not rather add grandeur? Bacon, in his description of "The House of Solomon," in his "New Atlantis," has penned a list of the wildest fictions that were ever catalogued by the human mind. The years, in their progress, have verified them all. As truths, they are sublime. As efforts of the Imagination, they are still sublime. This element of truth, then, and the utility growing out of it, in modern philosophy, does not detract from the sublimity of its conceptions. The imaginative, or poetic, and reasoning faculties may coexist and grow together towards indefinite perfection. Old Ocean is no less sublime, no less an infinity of beauty, to day, when wasting the commerce of the world, than he was when peopled with myriads of nymphs. The lightning has been subjected to the bidding of man, but the thunder proclaims, as majestically as of old, "I am the Lord thy God." The heavens have been mapped out, but there is still poetry in their boundless blue, notwithstanding that fine extravagance of Hazlitt, that, since Jacob's dream, they have gone farther off and become astronomical.

If now we look to the field of Poetry and consider it separately, we find that Imagination, which Coleridge calls the soul of poetry, gains strength from the poems of former ages. It has been said that the true poet of to-day must begin where Homer began. Nothing can be more truthful. Of what avail to him, then, are the works of dead poets? is in the spirit of Homer that he must be like him. Homer was truthful to nature. So must the modern poet be, for by his truthfulness to nature we judge him. He can hope to acquire this only by a life-time of study. The Iliad was not written in the youth of its author. needed a large experience for the accomplishment of the work. The results of his labors the true poet of to-day may avail himself of in youth, and then, in the same spirit, penetrate into Nature farther than what Homer saw. Accordingly we find that all our great imaginative poets were men of wide experience, educated men, men who could read the human heart in all its emotions, who knew the wealth and fervor of affection, the keenness and subtlety of intellect. Hence their power to mould the fiery elements of humanity into their living creations of character; hence their secret influence over the souls of men.

So too the artist derives his inspiration chiefly from past knowledge. fhe is successful beyond his predecessors, his success must be attributed

in a great measure, to the training he receives from them. His ideals of beaaty are made up of actual piece-meal beauties, arranged according as taste may dictate, so as to form one harmonious whole. His conceptions are based upon the nobleness which he has seem developed, from time to time, in the human form and face divine. Like the poet, he must assume truthfulness to nature as his highest object of ambition. If he succeeds in this, it must be by a deep and earnest study of nature, not only at the original fountain, but also, as she is embodied in the works of the great dead masters. By this aid alone can he hope to acquire the marvelous power of waking the mute marble and canvas into life.

In a word then, if the Imaginative faculty, as developed in philosophy, in poetry and art, does not depend upon the materials collected by preceding minds for the beauty and sublimity of its conceptions, we should expect to find the most splendid trophies of literature, the sublimest triumphs of art in the history of barbarism. The world would not be startled at the appearance of a Newton among Hottentots, a Shakspeare among New Zealanders, a Powers among Ethiopians, or a Bacon among the Camanches. But such phenomena have not yet occurred. On the contrary, we find that great Imaginative minds and great Imaginative words make their appearance, invariably, in the advanced stages of Civilization.

Again, the Christian element, which forms so important a part of Civilization, is favorable to the growth of the Imaginative faculty. The religious element is the most noble one in man, for it embodies the hopes and aspirations of his purely spiritual nature. It is that which prompts those infinite longings of his, in all the stages of his being, to penetrate the dark veil of mystery which shrouds the future life. That mystery always contains something grand, awe inspiring, supernatural. exerts a tremendous power over the mind. It calls forth, alike from the uneducated heathen and from the enlightened Christian, the grandest imaginative efforts which each is capable of making. The ideas of a Deity, a Heaven, a future state, then, which the mind forms, in the different stages of its development, become signs of the strength of the Imagination in different eras, and, by a comparison of these ideas, we may ascertain how much Christianity has contributed to its growth.

The religious notions of the savage are simple, vulgar, not distinguishing the Creator from the creature. As the mind develops, these notions become more fixed in their character, are elevated into ideas, growing and expanding, until, at length, they grasp infinity, eternity, and attain to the sublimity of the Christian's conceptions of eternal truth. Yet truth is not the cause of this sublimity, for the Greek and Indian conceptions of the Deity are alike untrue, but all are willing to admit the immense superiority of the Greek. Indeed, there is a strong tendency among us moderns to regard all religious ideas, except the Christian, in the light of mere fancies. It is this tendency which has given to the Greek Theogony much of its renown as a product of the Imagination. We gaze at it with that deep interest, with which antiquity invests all things, and it seems a splendid maze of fictions. We do not sufficiently remember, however, that it was truth to the Greek mind; that it was built up step by step with all the earnestness and inspiration growing out of belief. Suppose a nation should arise a thousand years in the future and pronounce all our conceptions of the Deity false, efforts of the imagination merely, if such a supposition be not impossible. Their great superiority would, under these circumstances, at once, be evident to all. But this would be viewing them in the same light as we now view the Greek Theogony. We by no means wish to deny that this Theogony contains many beautiful thoughts, nay, many that may be called sublime. But it has nothing comparable to that grand old Hebrew poetry of the Bible, to read and study which is inspiration itself. It may be characterized as pretty, and is to be regarded as an effort of the fancy, of involuntary Imagination, rather than of Imagination directed by the will. In fact, the conceptions formed by the Greek mind of its Gods appear to be, to a great extent, either a mere overflow of animal spirits, or the result of some mental misery. Thus the winebibber had his Bacchus, the debauchee his Venus, as impersonations of ideas growing directly out of the enjoyment which each felt while temporarily reveling in his lubber-land of Happiness. So too the murderer had his Fury, the warrior his Mars. Not so, however, with the Christian mind. In that Imagination is voluntary. It has a purpose. It refers all its ideas, in all states of the mind, to one immutable. omnipresent, eternal Cause, and this is one great reason of its more elevated character.

We have tried the Imagination by all these proofs, and have found it not wanting. On the contrary, we find that it invariably grows and brightens by use. Nor is this strange; for it is a chief source of human happiness, a mighty engine of human progress. It will never die out till the race has attained to its destined perfection, till the plans of God in regard to man are all fulfilled. A. M. W.

What Students Do.

"Are students wholly given up to flirting and having what they call good times? I never hear them talk of anything else."

So said Miss Cynthia Griggs, a sarcastic young lady in spectacles, after we had finished the recital of a college joke. And, as this inquiry of the strong minded Griggs is often propounded, we take this opportunity to say a few words upon the phases of college life.

These are almost innumerable, varying with the disposition and habits of the individual. In the regular round of college duty, there is no incident of special interest. It is always the same monotonous succession of recitation, study, and prayers, prayers, study, and recitation. Now, let any one enter college, and give his attention to these, and only these, what novelty or attraction for the outside observer will the recital of his student life possess? One day's record will answer for all.

For instance, take our young friend Jonathan Digge. We respect and honor Digge, and believe if he carries into life the same principles of action which mark him in college, he will become a useful and distinguished member of society. But what variety or charm will the rehearsal of Digge's daily life have for any person except those at home, who think their Jonathan the very pink of perfection? Suppose we take a verbatim extract from his Diary:

"TUESDAY, Oct. 16th.

"This morning rose and attended prayers. After prayers went to recitation. Was not called up. Went to breakfast. Had hash and fried potatoes. Must leave off drinking coffee, as it makes me aleepy in the forencen. Walked to the Post-Office after breakfast. Studied till 11 o'clock. Went into recitation and made a rush. Practiced Langdonics at 12. I believe I am gradually growing straighter under Prof. Langdon's instruction. Went to dinner. After dinner studied till half past 4. Fizzled on the location of a German river. Must cram up Ancient Geography. Went to prayers and supper, and have been studying and writing dispute all the evening. It is half past ten, and I must go to bed."

This is a real report of Digge's daily life. On Wednesday's and Saturday's he may vary it with a little recreation, but, as he takes his exercise as he would medicine, not because it is palatable, but because it is needful, even his leisure is marked with an unvarying monotony.

Miss Griggs herself, the seeker after earnest and aspiring young

men, will not be fascinated by Digge, but will rather seek the society of young Beaumonde, who occupies all his spare moments,—and they are many,—in dressing, dancing, flirting, visiting, and novel reading. Beaumonde has taken a composition prize, and considers himself a genius. He is endowed with any amount of self-possession, and can talk on any subject, from Noah's Ark to the whereabouts of the Pennsylvannia Quakers. He astonishes the simple-minded with his knowledge, captivates the weak-headed with his dancing, wins Miss Griggs' admiration by flattery, and this automaton made up of kid gloves and small talk, is pronounced a most charming young man!

Digge can outdo him in the recitation-room, but in the parlor Beaumonde puts Digge completely into the shade, and the poor fellow wishes he could be like Beaumonde, the favored recipent of ladies' smiles, the leader of college fashion.

If therefore a writer wishes to delight and amuse the major part of society, he takes for his hero not Digge, but Beaumonde. All the dancing, dressing, flirting portion of community, whose name is Legion, feel a lively interest in Beaumonde's adventurss, and read with relish anything pertaining to his college life.

Then again there is Bricke, the hero of students, who has broken more tutor's windows, fought more townies, can drink more liquor, and play billiards better than any other man. His life is more entertaining than what he donominates the milk-and-water existence of Digge. It certainly is not liable to the imputation of monotony.

Even the sober and discreet persons who shake their heads reprovingly at Bricke's follies laugh at the narration of them, and oftentimes excuse them with the old apothegm, "Boys will be boys." Among students Bricke is frequently held in greater estimation than Digger. They term the latter a sneak, and decry his really good qualities; while Bricke is pointed out as a "noble-hearted fellow, who could take a mighty good stand if he would only apply himself!"

But are there no other classes save those of which Digge, Beaumonde and Bricke are examples? Are there no aspirants after something higher and nobler, no searchers after the real good of college life? Certainly there are, but their aspirations and hopes do not form a prominent feature of their existence. Their outer life, while it may be more varied than that of Digge, yet presents no adventures like those of Beaumonde and Bricke. But they live an inner life, marked with more thought, aspiration, and hope than those latter gentlemen ever dream of peacessing. To picture this mental action is impossible.

Digge will have his day. His student-life is but a type of his after existence. He will plod on through the world obtaining, it may be, a fair share of what is deemed success, yet after all missing the noblest joys of being. Striving after the things of earth, he yields not his soul to the genial influences of nature or the kind companionship of loving hearts. In the world, as in college, he recognizes no higher pleasure than dully groping after honors and emoluments; he knows not the depth of sacred friendship, and ends his days honored, perchance, yet with his whole social nature dwarfed and dormant.

To Beaumonde also there comes a lesson in after years. He learns that in the Battle of Life fine clothes, fair smiles, nimble dancing and superfluity of superciliousness avail but little. Neither will Bricke gain glory by any collection of empty bottles or virtue of pugilism. Fortunate for these latter will it be, if they resolve no more to trifle or dally, but earnestly to labor.

E. T.

Literary Notices.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS. By Dr. KANE. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. For sale by T. H. Pease.

We do not know of any book of travel for a long time which has so interested us as this. It is a narrative of a kind of life so removed from our ideas of daily duty and employment, that we seem transported to another world, and then viewing the phases of another existence. Amid a long night, in the midst of perpetual frost and snow, with cold as severe that it has the effect of intensest heat, Dr. Kane and his heroic crew lived for months. These volumes are a journal of that life, and though seemingly it must be devoid of incident, yet there is so much charm in the graceful narrative of little things, that we are fascinated by the book. We become one of the crew, and learn to know each man by name. We sit with them around their flaming lamps, and eat with them the strips of walrus. We seem to hear the crackling of icebergs which threaten to crush the brig. And we look off upon that iceless polar sea whose waves are never vexed by man.

This is the great charm of the book. It takes you along with the narrator, to the midst of these frozen regions, and all the while you sit

by your fire, and feel how very comfortable you are, thus adding a sest to your enjoyment.

We cannot close the notice without alluding to the splendid typographical execution of the work. Its illustrations are excellent, and it is every way a credit to the American press.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND WESTWARD DESERTS; OR, INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN COLONEL FREMONT'S LAST EXPEDITION. By F. A. CARVALHO. New York: Derby & Jackson. For sale by T. H. Pease.

KANSAS: ITS INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR LIFE. By Mrs. SARAH L. T. ROBINSON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. For sale by T. H. Pease.

We shall be obliged to have a separate niche to accommodate the Fremont and Kansas literature. The public mind has been so occupied upon these topics that they have craved everything which could be printed about them. This was the reason, we presume, why these two books were written. But independently of the immediate circumstances these two books are quite worthy of perusal, more especially the last by Mrs. Robinson, wife of Governor Robinson. It is a clear and succinct account of those troubles in Kansas, which it was her lot to experience, and which fell under her immediate observation. There is nothing passionate or exaggerated about it, and thus it impresses one with a sense of its truth, even while it speaks of outrages we are not willing to believe. We recommend it as the best book we have seen on the troubles in Kansas.

Memorabilia Palensia.

THE Regatta for the prize offered by the Class of '56, an elegant boat-lantern, was contended for on Saturday, October 25th. The day was fine, and there were many spectators to witness the sport. Four boats were entered: Nautilus, Nereid, Transit and Wa-wa. Distance, three miles. The time made was as follows:

Transit,	12s.
Nereid,	
Nautilus,	55s.
W 98m	20s.

And the Transit was declared the winner.

At the Society Elections, held on Wednesday Evening, October 22d, the following Officers were chosen:

	Linonia.	1 5 0 • • •	BROTHERS.						
	A. Hand,	' President,	J. P. Buckland.						
		Vice-President,							
•	A. F. Beard,	•	J. C. Jackson.						
		Secretary,							
	J. M. Davis,		E. C. Porter.						
		Vice-Secretary,							
	C. F. Robertson,		E. Schuyler.						

Editor's Cable.

Electron day is over. The streets are no longer nightly illuminated with torchlight processions, bearing transparencies and banners. No longer are we saluted with the sound of the drum and fife. All is quiet. It is true that our candidate was defeated, but it is one consolation to know that the board of Editors, in a body, voted the right ticket.

We stand on the banks of Salt River, and taste its briny waters with much less sorrow than we anticipated. The region round about is delightful, and we are refreshed by the society of many good and venerable men who came here years ago. They have been waiting here ever since, expecting that the next boat would take them down, but, as yet, there has come for them no craft whose swelling sails should bear them with stately splendor from these shores. Like them, we hope for brighter days in the future; and we believe that in 1860, we shall descend this briny stream, amid the booming of cannon, the strains of martial music, and the welcoming shouts of a rejoicing people. We bide our time; and, until it comes, we hang our harps on the trees which grow on the verdurous banks of Salt River.

The Battle of the Portraits is at an end. Like all great questions it has been settled by a Compromise. The present Senoir Class will not be photographed into ugliness, but handed down to posterity decently engraved upon stone or steel. Before this desirable result was obtained there were propositions number-less, a few of which we subjoin:

- 1. That the Class should be preserved in alcohol. In this way the likeness would be preserved with spirit.
- 2. That they should have plaster casts. This would give each one's appear ance when on a "bust."
- 3. That they should have portraits in oil. This would have been carried if the Class had been thoroughly conversed.

The above were only a few of the horrible puns which were perpetrated at the Class Meeting, greatly to the discomfiture of Mishkan, whose elequent protest against the practice these pages have recorded. A large majority of the Class have concluded to have their portraits engraved on steel. So mote it be.

The following poetical effusion, which has been handed to us, explains itself. We suppress the remarks on the L. O. of D. F., which accompanied it. We call particular attention to the metre, which is C. M.—Orabbed Metre.

And the first thing which struck his eye,

A Freshman came to New Haven,

Was the multitude of ladies Passing by ! Pretty ladies, passing by. And he asked of a Senior student, Who chanced to come in his way, Who are these handsome young ladies All so gay f Beauteous damsels, all so gay. And the Freshman is shortly answered, By his friend so grave and tall, "Young man, they are feminine students, From Grove Hall." "Student-Misses, from Grove Hall." "And where shall I find the palace, Which holdeth these ladies fair!" And the Senior solemnly answers, " Beware !"

"Its doors can be opened only
By means of a magical key,
With the letters Phi Beta Kappa,
Which you see."
And he showed him the magical key.
And the Freshman is studying nightly,
To win that magical key,
That for him those Paradise portals
Open may be.
How jollily sold he will be.

"Rash Freshman, beware!"

We suppose the Foot-ball game is dead. Though a galvanic attempt was made this present year to bring it to life, it had no effect whatever except to kill it more thoroughly. We are sorry, for it was one of those old institutions, which, we believe, added a great deal to the harmless sport of College, and gave that zest to the first few months of College life, which nothing else could do. Don't we all remember those first foot-ball meetings of Freehman year? They eultivated a spirit of Class unity which has never left the men of '57. And the

speeches then made are pleasant to look back upon; how we cheered on to battle by the mighty eloquence of those who were then strangers, though now we have grown to know them almost as brothers. The Macedonian wedge, and the cavalry of that immortal action come freshly to our minds, as well as the various lays brought forth by the valiant fight.

We believe that a Class will the more like to look back upon their College course, the greater number of such occurrences there are among them. It will not be one dead level of monotonous study, but will be diversified by the pleasant remembrance of such scenes as this. So we pity the Classes which have no foot-ball game to talk of, no heroes of Freshman year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those pieces which our space will not permit us to use, are returned to their Authors on the publication of the present Number. They will be found at the Post Office, addressed to their signature, whether real or fletitious.

THE AWARD.

The Editors having elected Prof. James Hadley, and Prof. George P. Fisher as graduate members of the Committee to award the Medal, have received the following report:—

"To THE EDITORS:

"The undersigned, having been appointed a Committee to adjudge the Yale Literary Prize, would report that they have decided the Essay on 'REFORM IN THE REFORMER,' to be most worthy of the prize.

JAMES HADLRY, GEORGE P. FISHER, JNO. M. HOLMES."

Upon opening the accompanying envelope it was found to contain the name of

AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG,

and to him accordingly the Medal is awarded.

VOL. XXII.

No. 111.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses Cantabunt Sosoles, unanimique Patres."

DECEMBER, 1856.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.
PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

MDOCCLVI.

CONTENTS.

Secret Societies among us,		•		-		•		-		-		-		-	85
A Connecticut Thanksgiving															91
Letter-Writing,		-		-		-		-		-		-		-	96
PRIZE POEM:															
Sir John Franklin,	-		•		-		-		-		-		-		102
The Political Economy of a	C	olle	ge	,		-		-		-		-		-	105
Essay on Pumpkin Pie,	-		-		•		-		-		-		-		112
Lauriger Horatius, -		-		•		•		-		-		-		-	115
A Pen of Steel, (Poem,)	-		•		-		-		-		-		•		116
LITERARY NOTICES, -		-		-		-		-		-		-		-	117
Memorabilia Yalensia,	-		-		-		-		-		-		-		118
Frittor's Table		_		_		_		_		-		_		_	120

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1856.

No. III.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '57.

F. E. BUTLER,

H. S. HUNTINGTON,

J. M. HOLMES,

N. C. PERKINS,

G. PRATT.

Secret Societies Among Us.

WE read among the Legends of ancient Spain, that the Lybian Hercules, when he had set up his pillars at the ocean strait, built a "Marvellous and Portentous Tower" near the city of Toledo. Within it he hid a mighty secret, and closed up the entrance by a great iron door, with a lock of steel, and each successive King, for many centuries, added a new lock, that no one might break in to discover the secret of Hercules. But at length, when Don Roderick came to the throne, he desired to penetrate the necromantic Tower and learn the mystery; so he thrust an hundred keys into the rusty locks, and finally pulled open the creaking door, when there issued such sounds as mortal ear had never heard,—the venerable guardians of the Tower were struck dead at the portal, and from that moment there was let loose upon Spains a fearful train of calamities which never once ceased till the Spanish heroes were slain in battle, and the Arabs had conquered all the fair dominions of Don Roderick.

Be not alarmed, timid reader, for we have not the least intention of applying the pick-ax and crow-bar to anybody's "Marvellous and Portentous Tower," for, in the first place, we have not a curiosity in regard to hidden secrets quite equal to that of the renowned Don, and in the

VOL. XXII.

10

second place, we do not believe the mysteries are of sufficient importance to warrant the trouble of any such exploration, even if it could be made without danger; and still further, we do not believe there would in such an event anything issue forth *quite* so terrible as the "great dragons" that lived in the Tower of Toledo.

We propose simply to consider some of the aspects of Secret Society life among us, not to defend the system, nor yet to wage an indiscriminate war upon it; but to point out, so far as we are able, certain tendencies to evil which seem to us inherent in the nature of these institutions. We have well nigh a baker's dozen of such associations, extending through the entire course, and, though differing widely in scope and purpose, preserving certain unmistakable family resemblances through them all.

So long as the principal object of Secret Societies is intellectual improvement without the admixture of narrow, clannish feeling or ungenerous rivalry, we apprehend very little can be urged against their utility or propriety. There can be no doubt that the culture received in them is oftentimes of the most useful kind, while it is a pleasing fact that the connections and friendships formed in some of these gatherings, especially during the latter part of our stay, constitute one of the most valuable acquisitions of the College course. That there are many good things pertaining to Secret Societies, we have no disposition to deny; but that there are some bad things, too, appears to us just as indisputable. It is not our purpose to eulogize the former,—we prefer to enter upon the more extensive domain of the latter.

The leading feature of our Secret Societies is their political maneuvering, by which they manage to control the action of Classes, and, not unfrequently, of the whole College! They do not all make political jugglery their leading idea, but there is not one among them wholly unaffected by it, and it is well nigh impossible, in the nature of things, that there should be. This capacity for political power, in most instances, occasions their formation, measures their value, insures their continuance, and, in a word, gives them almost their entire significance among us. If there is to be an election, forthwith half a score of eager little corporations lay their wise heads together to devise candidates and coalitions, with all the paraphernalia of a College campaign. No office "in the gift of the people," whether important or trivial, can by any possibility be filled acceptably without a long course of dabbling by five or six enterprising Societies. Even when the matter is confined to a single Class, where everybody certainly has a chance to know just what ought

to be done, and that, too, without any instructions from behind iron doors, these restless nests of discord can find no quiet until some mighty bargain is entered into for mutual support; and all this, oftentimes, when neither party has the remotest idea as to the persons they will be called upon to vote for. Now the nominations in such a case may be the best possible, or the worst possible; but whether they are the one or the other, or neither, it makes not the slightest difference with the principle involved in the case. The whole plan is an utter abomination, and any one who considers it without reference to his own emolument or that of his particular friends, cannot fail to see it so. By its working the decision is taken out of the hands where it truly and of right belongs, personal merit is thrown entirely out of the account, and the whole matter settled on the ground of Society interest alone, when one would naturally suppose that a candidate's brains ought to have quite as much influence in deciding the question as the pin which decorates his vest collar. In most instances, no doubt, Societies may, and for aught we know, do, put forward their best men; but that does not alter the case in the least. The simple fact is, that the whole operation is wrong from beginning to end, and the sooner such fiddle-faddle can be thrown aside the better.

Secret Societies must of necessity have a horribly mysterious way of doing everything, so their "conclaves" become wonderfully "nocturnal." We are not very devout believers in the old-granny maxim, that

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

still we are inclined to believe that it is well enough for people to go to bed sometime before cock-crowing, if consistent with their other duties. No one can think it particularly conducive to a man's well-being, to keep awake three, four, or five hours beyond his usual time once a week, especially when, as it often happens, the exercises of the evening are interspersed with various gastronomic, potatory and fumigatory processes. We have seen a dignified company regularly straggling into Morning Prayers together, directly from their hebdomadal gathering, looking dull and sleepy, and, as a matter of course, totally unfitted for the duties of the day. They had a perfect right to torture themselves by trying to sleep in chairs and on the floor all the latter portion of the night, merely for the sake of making a "show" in the morning; and so every Society has an undoubted right, so far as we are concerned, to conduct its own business to suit itself; and we assume no right to dictate what they shall or shall not do. But the Secret Society system has



become a constituent part of our student life, entering into the very structure of College society, and permeating the whole mass of College feeling; and as such, offers a legitimate subject of discussion to all those who have any interest whatever in College affairs.

Those seasons of refreshment yelept "convivial entertainments" ranging from a three cent "bust" on pea-nuts to a full-grown champagne supper with every man under the table-enter more or less into the habits of all these associations. They may, in most cases, be very harmless in their character, but in some they are certainly very danger-A supper at midnight, followed by a drunken spree, is not especially beneficial in its influence upon a young man's mind or morals in College. These things are not common, it is true, still they are not by any means unknown. There are those here who will recollect seeing the members of a Society come into prayers in a body, the morning after initiation, with hardly a sober man among them; on which occasion one of the "initiated," instead of giving his Latin exercise to the Tutor at recitation, very innocently handed out a Bill of Fare with the Wine List wonderfully underscored. No man will pretend to uphold such things, nevertheless they exist here, and must be reckoned as one phase of our Secret Society experiences.

Some of these Societies are "made up" without giving any of the new-fledged the least inkling as to who their future associates are to be. This method of being bottled up, strikes us as most emphatically horrible. As well might musicians try to get up a concert by selecting players who are unknown to each other, and allowing each to tune his own fiddle to suit himself. They might fiddle together, no doubt, and might all play well enough, but we should expect precious little harmony in the result. Harmony in Society fiddling requires something more than that they should be packed into a Hall without previous practice, and then have the tune given out for the first time. They, no doubt, in most cases, think themselves a famously "homogeneous mass" after the operation, and no wonder. They are usually so thoroughly squeezed together by outside pressure that they can't help being "homogeneous."

There are some persons in this world who have such an overwhelming amount of curiosity that they can hardly live. If there is a room in town which they can not enter at will, that room becomes a sort of Blue Beard's Chamber, and they find no rest night or day until the ponderous key is applied, and the whole magical combination of two old settees, a table, three broken chairs and a cylinder coal-stove, bursts

with all its splendor upon their astonished vision! We do not say that any "Society Hall" is provided with just these articles and nothing else; but we very much doubt whether any one of them possesses anything more remarkable or mysterious, though if it happens to have a skeleton or two and an old coffin, or some similar apparatus, the effect is of course greatly heightened. We read the story of a poor man, in whose house a covered dish was placed, with the promise that all his wants should be supplied freely, so long as he would not lift the cover. But human curiosity never could stand that, so up went the cover, and out went the mouse, and the horrible secret was solved. He most likely felt relieved, and no doubt the mouse did; still, a little less knowledge on the subject would not have been any particular disadvantage to him, under the circumstances.

More aspiring youth sometimes fancy there is a stupendous amount * of "honor" in wearing a certain pin or associating with a particular "crowd;" and, after the fearful ordeal of Initiation, such gentlemen put on a wondrously knowing look, seize their co-operators by the button at every opportunity, go into some dark corner to whisper for a moment, then glance around suspiciously, and thus with a mysterious air parade their solemn anxiety as though the fate of forty empires rested upon them, when in all human probability the difficulty simply is that some old nigger wants his pay for nailing down a two shilling carpet. Such men devote their time chiefly to the contemplation of their new found "honor," and become more "fussy" over it than a hen with one chicken. They wax patronizing, and rarely associate with anybody short of one of their "Society men" or a Professor. Well, this "honor" is a great thing, no doubt, and a very capital garment to hide under, especially when one's natural capacities render a "lion's skin" of some sort an indispensable covering.

But even when persons are not particularly pleased with the connection they have fallen into, they are in no great danger of saying much about it. When a man is "sold" he naturally becomes "mum." A certain old farmer once put a woodchuck into a bag, and tempted his curious neighbors to find out what the mysterious receptacle contained. So one after another thrust in his hand, but withdrew it rather hastily and declared he could not tell. Thus each received a bite, but kept marvelously "shady," in order that others might make the same trial. There are a great many "woodchucks" bagged up in this community, which men do not tell of, for the simple reason that they have "got their hand in," and wish others to do likewise. A year or two

ago one of the Societies in College elected an entire Class indiscriminately, and then told each innocent outsider that there was "just one vacancy left" and they wished him to join "on grounds of personal friendship." After initiation the "woodchuck" appeared in the shape of a big supper bill, unpaid room-rent ad libitum, and various other "incidental expenses."

Now if all these little juntos in College are such divinely appointed contrivances as we are urged to believe, let us have something from them of a higher order than petty ambition, foolish conceit and ungenerous feeling. If their existence is to become a blessing, let us have them built up into something nobler and more fitted to exert a healthy influence upon our College life. Let not the humbug of mystery, nor the humbug of silence, nor any senseless mummery, take the place of that positive power for good which such organizations ought to possess. If two-penny political scheming in College is a shameful sacrifice of time and decency, let us have something better in its place. If Society bonds tend to narrow down the sympathies of a man's soul, and to check his generous impulses towards others, away with them; men are selfish enough without any such help. If, in short, we are to have Secret Societies among us at all, as it seems destined we shall have, let us make them something more than mere machinery-something loftier than an embodiment of conceits and jealousies-something more real than mystery, and more efficient than dumbness; let us make them a living means of good, and a constant promoter of kindly feeling; let us fashion a system which shall be elevating and ennobling in its entire aim; -not a dark index of our College life, but worthy of ourselves and of those who shall come after us. N. C. P.

A Connecticut Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING eve in the pleasant town of L.—. Old hickory flaming up the chimney with a forge-like glow, that puts quite out the mild-eyed waxen tapers. Just in from an up-and-down unending ride over the hills with their sharp faces crimped yet more by frost,—in from the cold and dark, from vain robes of buffalo and sad witticisms on the boreal air. Frozen fingers feel after the fire, eyes dwindle and sparkle as they greet the blaze. Once more around the family hearth, and in the hospitable chairs of the New England homestead! Cheery welcomings and kindly reunitings of the broken household! Once more at home and all again together!

How many scenes like this are acted out to-night in all these six old States! Simon, the Jehu of our lumbering stage, curses the long-lingering train. Remember, Simon, that the iron horse drags on to-night ten cars instead of two, filled every one with sad and merry souls, coming once more to youthful haunts, to sit again around the old Thanksgiving board. Think, Simon, how many hearts are warm and glad to-night, with buried love revived and frozen spirits flowing!

For the supperless, what more ecstatic than hot oysters! We spurn with all contempt the man whose taste can classify the mollusc as the lowest type of animal existence. With Reid, we take the innate dignity of the whole oyster tribe as a first principle in all our reasoning. The man that can deny it has many lessons yet to learn in gastronomic science as applied to dreary winter nights on the hill-tops of Connecticut. The "argumentum ad hominem," will soon bring him to his senses. So, with a blessing on all bivalves, we settle quietly at midnight into soft arm-chairs, sitting late about the fire, telling old college jokes, and imaging around us De Quincey's Elysian retreat among the mountains, thick-carpeted, heavy-curtained, populous with books, all glowing with the cheerful fire and with the golden light of love.

Before all slumber, a pleasant and a sad reconnoitering. Pleasant glances and still footsteps into the old pantry and a mental enumeration of the thanksgiving pies. Sad and earnest peering through the panes, out into the starry darkness, in among the elms that circle the house across the way. It has a strange and dusky whiteness in the night, amid the trees,—the light in one little upper window is out long ago, but the glittering stars watch over her, and I can only breathe a blessing on her dreaming. Give me the calm belief of those wandering

eastern tribes, that the stars above are torches in the hands of the beloved dead, lighting with soft rays of love the pathway of the living over the desert hills of life.

A fair Thanksgiving morn after a real rest.

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul!"

How many "Ancient Mariners," tossed on far other seas, can feel the beauty of that song! Thanksgivings rise thus early with the curtains of the dawn. "Te Deum laudamus," and out into the bracing air. The ground, it is true, does not wear its full thanksgiving raiment, the ermine marriage garment of the earth and skies,—one cannot fancy it to-day a vast round wedding-cake with frosted top, but in all other points, it does full honor to the day. It is quite up to the standard of the New Hampshire Governor, whose proclamation went forth only "along after punkins was ripe." Clear and cold, with a promising warm sun a rising, the children of the Pilgrims have not seen a finer since the first Thanksgiving of New England. How changed since then! Those ancient men, whose spirit has informed the spirit of the land, first fasted at Delft Haven, and kneeling on the shore there of the untried ocean, "sought of the Lord a right way for themselves and for their children." They felt then first "that they were pilgrims, and lifted up their eyes to heaven and quieted their spirits." When that "right way" was found and followed, when in 1637 the Indian yielded to their arms what he had refused to their friendship, when peace smiled on the scattered hamlets, the churches all united in the first Thanksgiving. It was not a day of great festivity. The puritans remembered too well the mince-pies of the English Christmas, and their condemnation as a heathenish vanity. They knew too well the profanity and malignancy that lurked between the covers of the King's Book of Sports, and they had seen it burned at Charing Cross in public by the hangman. But for all their old memories, fasting and thanksgiving were first, last, and always an ill-matched pair, and the children of the Pilgrims have mercifully divorced them.

A walk through the old town brings up the stirring scenes of revolutionary times. Old faces seem to glimmer from old windows. The benignant smile of Washington seems still to linger about his old headquarters, and the leaden statue of George Third, brought hither from the New York Green, seems still to stamp with indignation as the ladies

of L—run him out into Continental bullets. From old Lyman Beecher's study seems still to strike the ear the twang of his eternal fiddle; so Luther played to drive away the devil—two men in fact somewhat alike in devil-daring and love of glorious music! Calhoun and Kent, too, still seem to wander beneath the gnarled, ice-broken elms, under whose shade they meditated great truths of government and law. Besides the site of the old law-school, we gaze with intensest interest on the relics of the old boarding school, where the young girls laughed and studied more than now, who were the noble mothers of our greatest men. We hear the ringing music of their laughter yet!

We waked up by our own uproarious laughter a glorious Echo there. "Peak answered unto peak," like the cliffs of Jura. We called on his Majesty to "get up and come out," but he feebly answered only the words "get out!" We waxed warm at this insult and our laughing together ended in angry vituperations, his final and oft-repeated answer being simply: "I won't!" He loves fine music better, and a clear French horn wakes him to an ecstasy of imitation. He lives a hermit amid glorious scenery, and at his feet lies like a silver thread among the hills, a narrow lake that will remind you of Italian Como or Maggiore—provided always your "guide" forbears to whisper in your ear its euphonious and suggestive appellation of "Lake Bantam."

The sermon next, of course—the queer old church with pulpit near the ceiling—the same from which Beecher thundered out the first Philppic against the drunkard and the drunkard maker—filled now by another and a younger. Here are the "crumbly old women," hopeful and rejoicing in the light of their last Thanksgiving. Here is the maiden lady with the "congregation side of her bonnet" towards us, and the quick, angular glance at all new-comers. Here is the stout New England farmer, well-descended from the Mayflower stock—he looks for all the world like his ancestor the English squire, who fought against kingship and popedom, and believed in God. "He wore his Bible-doctrine about him like a shot-belt, and went about, nothing doubting."

What words can match a genuine Thanksgiving dinner! Like our English brethren we are proverbially good livers, but our tastes are by no means as simple. We must be well-fed. The British tar was right, who on seeing the beef destined for an American man-of-war, exclaimed: "Hang'em, no wonder they fight so!" Give us the dinners of today as a test of our New England civilization. There is quite an analogy between them, each in its substantial excellence discarding what is

ornamental, yet each recognizing the beauty of utility and of generous abundance. We seem to be more temperate on such occasions than our transatlantic cousins. Admirable change even since the old Puritan times, when the first barrel of rum was brought to Plymouth and forty pilgrims were imprisoned for gettting drunk! We may well linger at the festive scene and its rare reunions. The little ones with big expectant eyes, who have just learned from the First Reader that stirring couplet:—

"When I was young and very gay,
Oh, how I loved Thanksgiving day!"—

the wanderers, home again once more, greeting with reverent affection the old and feeble,—the mother of the household presiding with omniscient dignity and quiet grace, all together make up a picture which lacks only the sentiment of Whittier to make it perfect:—

"Ah!—on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West, From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest, When the grey haired New Englander sees round his board The old broken links of affection restored, When the care wearied man seeks his mother once more, And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before, What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye? What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie!"

A romantic after-dinner ramble prepares us for the evening fire-side circle. We march in double file down the road, under the spreading trees, until a branching footpath leads us far down into a half-valley, half ravine, flanked on all sides by steep-rising hills. Broken seats of rustic work, under the trees that overhang the flowing brook, tell of pleasant summer-times, and pic-nic merriment. O paradise of pic-nic-ers! Wild-circling hills, a nook cut off from all the world, flowing water that gives life to every landscape painting, but a sense of quiet and a slumberous sound to every real scene, low-branching trees with sylvan seats beneath, and a whole village full of Eve's bright-glancing daughters—what more could one desire? Speaking of Eve, Buxtorf in his Hebrew Lexicon finds our first mother's name from a root signifying "to talk." We claim for her what she would fain deny, what is not enough valued in her, the soothing, cheering, rousing influence of a merry, spiritual, softly earnest voice,—aye, in its best sense, the high command of "talk."

. Thence to the old graveyard of colony times, with brown rounded stones. Inscriptions scarce legible tell of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" resting here from their labors. Sleeping all silent amid the

natural beauty which long years ago enchanted them, the hill-sides of New England, first seen by their eyes and cultivated by their hands, cover reverently and with the warm embrace of old and sacred friendship, the ashes of the pilgrims!

"Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."

The long evening brought its Thanksgiving carols. Endless stories for little folks before the fireside, merry-making for young men and maidens, and sober, happy talk for old and young as well. Nowhere do you see the New England family to such advantage. Grave features of paternal faces are transfigured at the sound of childish laughter, and young days with all their immortal memories come back to illume the soul with their vanished light.

"Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore!"

The Scotchman, Sir Walter tells us of, who said "there were many lands that had all the ills of Scotland, but never a one that had all the good," felt the common ties of country which bind the heart to home all round the globe. It was this same love, which the Greek islander felt, when shown the vale of Tempe. "The Sea," he cried, "where is the sea?" More powerful than these among us, one of the noblest customs of our people and the most sacred of all its holidays, worthy of all regard as both an index and an offering, is our New England Thanksgiving. Burns said truly of his Cotter's Saturday Night, its pure devotion, its simple festivity and its halcyon repose from labor:—

"From scenes like these, auld Scotia's grandeur springs, That makes her loved at home, revered abroad!"

But we have here a rarer celebration, strengthening all family ties, purifying household affection, reuniting broken links in the fireside circle, giving a love for home and a contentment with home scenes and joys, which is one of the truest and finest elements in our American character.

A. H. S.

Letter-Writing.

"Heaven first taught Letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover or some captive maid;
They live, they breathe, they speak what love inspires,
Warm from the heart and faithful to its fires."—Pops.

THERE are as many recipes for writing letters as there are for promoting the growth of whiskers. The summum bonum in each department is commonly supposed to be the "Complete Letter-Writer" and Graham's magical "Onguent." But this process of manufacturing Letters and Whiskers appears to our mind somewhat precocious and unnatural. The two should go together. The Complete Letter-Writer's "child at school," who begins his first scrawl to his mother with "Honored Madam," ought to be annointed with the "Onguent" from top to toe, till the young Esau is as hairy as a small comet or a cub of a grizzly bear.

The models in the Complete Letter-Writer remind one forcibly of the auctioneer's suspenders; warranted long enough for any man and short enough for any boy. They are the dullest, dreariest simulacra of human correspondence that ever haunted a dead-letter office. When all the ten hundred millions who inhabit this mundane sphere shall be cut out after one pattern; wear the same sized hats and boots; all walk upon stilts; call for bread and butter in hexameters, like Antipater the Sidonian, and ask a man's pardon in penitential psalms—then we think there will be a large and rapidly increasing sale of the "Complete Letter-Writer." Meanwhile we would recommend our friends to the epistle of Horatius "ad Pisones," or even the stone letter of Themistocles to the Ionians, in preference to any such aforesaid trash whatsoever.

What is a letter? Nothing more than talk upon paper. What is real talk? Simply thinking aloud. A letter should telegraph the writer's thoughts "grave, gay, lively, or severe," just as they bid us good morrow or good by according to the laws of association. A good letter will be a transcript of the heart's different moods. Every heart has its own treasure. If a person will but write just what is in him of good, bad or indifferent, he will indite, scientifically speaking, a good letter. In letters, as in pictures, the man must be painted as he is. If he has a nose like a turn-up bedstead and a mouth like an iguanodon or a sawmill, a good picture will likewise possess these little peculiarities.



"Paint me as I am; scar or no scar," said Cromwell to Kneller. And that is the way he painted himself in his letters. Horace Walpole wrote some three thousand letters, and they were good ones, for they show what a vain, mean hypocrite he was. Burns wrote letters, some of them, or parts of them, rollicking and devilish as the "Holy Fair," or on the other hand, tender and ennobling as the "Cotter's Saturday Night." But his correspondents doubtless thought them all good letters, for out of every word looked the "rattlin' rovin' Robin," who indited them. The gentle Cowper and the learned Gray, who are generally called the best letter-writers in all English, stamped their letters with the seal of their individuality. And the short, fiery, blotted notes which Napoleon dispatched to Josephine, from the lingering smoke and roar of battle, are perfect miniatures of the "little Corporal," who had such a Cæsarean way of doing things and writing about them.

But some people's letters remind us of a friend who was suddenly called upon to hand into the Prof. of Modern Languages an epistle in the French tongue. Knowing but little more of that particular langue than he did of "Bopp's grammar and Nalus," he copied on to a sheet of Parisian note-paper a foot-note from Massillon's sermons, headed it "Mon chere ami," signed it "Le votre jusqu'au mort," and, somewhere near the middle, tendered in murdered French, his "love to all the children."

With regard to the history of Letter-writing, we can not now stop to inquire whether, as is commonly supposed, Atossa, the mother of Xerxes, invented the gentle art, or whether the Homeric Proetus did have the impudence to get the start of a lady by a number of centuries, and send Bellerophon with his deadly epistle to Jo. Bates, king of Lycia.

Gallantry would incline us to assert that the lady was the author of an art which so peculiarly belongs to her sex. But truth compels us to say that a near and dear classmate of ours, while reciting in Wheeler's Sweighæuser's Herodotus made a fearful fizzle about a certain letter which the revengeful Harpagus sent to Cyrus inviting him to come and kill his grandfather. And here en passant we would suggest an original note. Harpagus probably put his invitation into the belly of a hare on account of its fleetness; thus acting with the foresight of the Patlander who went on board the ferry-boat on horseback, because he was in a great hurry to cross.

However this may be, it is certain that Atossa was the daughter of Cyrus, and therefore that Mrs. Atossa Darius had no right to say that she wrote the first letter in the world, merely because somebody else



had written one to her father some years before she was born. On the whole, we think that Mr. Pope has taken a safe view of the origin of letters in the lines which we have quoted at the head of this article.

Letter-writing is a pretty dangerous business. That which is spoken may be denied or explained away as a Pickwickian use of language. But litera scripta manet. It may remain to plague the inventor. There are numerous instances on record of cases of breach of promise where the evidence all hung upon a few moonshiny letters, written with indelible ink.

Not only in love, but in war, this danger exists. Wherefore we admire that device of Histiæus, tyrant of Miletus, who was not to be caught with sheepskin, but shaved a man's head, and engraved a message on his skull, then let the hair grow, and sent him to his destination to be shaved and read.

In later times we find the danger of this cacoethes scribendi illustrated in Politics. When Gen. Harrison was running for President of the model republic, he was denied all power of correspondence. A cordon of hard-cider sentries guarded him as if he had been in Spielburg or Olmutz. Ink was more awful than prussic acid. Steel pens were kept from him as if they had been the styles with which the Roman knights skewered one another. Even quills were tabooed. They were sagely thought to be the pinions by which the political aspirant would modernize the fate of Icarus, and leave his "cold corpus" in the depths of Salt River. An adjective too many might be an electoral vote too few. An unguarded curlymycue might be the death of Pennsylvania. He minded his pot hooks and hangers, and became chief magistrate of the United States of America. Reader! go thou and do likewise.

But if any one is so insane as to imitate Horace Walpole, instead of the immortal hero of Tippecanoe, we would fain tell him what Walpole used to do. We are told by his biographer that when within a few miles of his particular friend, Lady Ossory, he would never visit her if he had anything to say which might be worked up into an agreeable letter. To all such persons we would give the advice of the great Witherspoon, "Never begin till you have something to say, and always leave off when you are done."

Letters are of various kinks. There are letters on Demonology and Witchcraft; letters from the seat of war; letters on love, courtship, and marriage; news-letters, letters of credit, letters patent, letters of marque, and letters requesting the correspondent to give the bearer a thrashing, which last species, were we not afraid of impairing the purity of

our style by the insertion of French phrases, we should decidedly call "lettres de catch-it." But lest some one may snarl out in the language of Tully, "Hoc non est dividere sed frangere rem," we will state that our division is more natural. Like the stately shield of the great Lord of Luna it is fourfold. And first of the News-letter.

This should be interesting and pointed, and the view taken of matters and things should be cursory, though not blasphemous. To substantiate our proposition we might draw at sight on all history. The palm of brevity is usually awarded to the ancients. And Cæsar's veni vidi vici is indeed a conspicuous example. But we are of the firm belief that no good thing was ever done by a Roman which a Saxon has not done better. An English commander, whose name this moment escapes us, was intrusted with the reduction of the city of Scinde. He did reduce it, took possession, and sent to the East India Company a despatch which erammed the entire history of his gallantry and success into one word—peccavi. I have Scinde.

If, however, a fellow-creature "in any part of the world" being short of cash wishes to write news for "liberal pay" and the N. Y. Herald, then we would have him understand that Philosophy has her limitations. Let our unfortunate brother be as prolix as the Duke of Wellington's dispatches, and with giddy maze and amorous delay, let him announce in Blarney inextinguishable that the Dutch have taken Holland.

The best model of a news-letter, which we have lately seen, was written by Israel Pompey to a "gemman ob color," who, while on his travels, had left his dear grocery and family in charge of his partner "Dandy Jim."

"Sambo:—Your Cuff am got de Kollary. Your store am burnt up to Distruckshion. Your wife am goin to slope wid dat ar Dandy Jim.

Your Respective,
ISRUL POMP.

Part Seckunt, she's sloped."

Israel here says, in just two words and a half, what Cicero would have spun out into "abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit."

Our second head is Love-letters. Two heads are better than one, saith the proverb. In this kind of correspondence it is not best to rush in medias res, as did Gregory Thaumaturgus in his famous letter to the devil. Begin with a formula something like the following:—

" DEAR SALLY,

I now take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well, and hope that these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing."

Next remember that you can wield the elements, and arm your letter with the force of all their regions. In other words, you can write about the weather. Napoleon used to. The weather is so changeable at New Haven that you may easily gain a great reputation for versatility of talent. Study Center Church steeple. If you get stuck, blot your paper accidentally, then make some remaks about your pen. Ask Sally if she has read "The Hills of the Shatemuc," by the author of the "Wide, Wide World." If you still lack "sedes epistolarum" bring in somehow or other the story of the Irish lass who received a billet-doux, which she could not read, so she took it to the coachman to have him read it aloud. and plugged up his ears with cotton batting to prevent him from-hearing "the soft spaches of her darlin' Pat." A death would come in well here by way of contrast. The marriages, of course, will be recorded in connection with an innocent wonder as to whose will come next. terlard well with colloquial interrogations, angels, and loving adjectives, and, if you choose, you can wind up your peroration with those beautiful lines by the Bishop of Calcutta,

> 'My pen is poor, my ink is pale, My love to you shall never fail.'"

Fourthly, Dunning Letters. These are well known to most of our readers. It will hardly pay to mention them. Here, if ever, Cicero's rule for epistolary writing should be followed, viz, Use common expressions. No figurative language should be tolerated. This is a common fault of such vulgar fractions of humanity as tailors, cobblers, washerwomen, and others connected with the off-scourings of the community. Such persons should never undertake to write dunning letters. Ne sutor ultra crepidam. Occasionally, however, these epistles are indited by men who have risen to the very pinnacle of social respectability and intellectual greatness. We subjoin a specimen apparently penned in desperation, like the scrawls of maniacs on madhouse walls:—

SANC. YALE LIT. MAG.

Our last head is that of Letters home. These are of four classes, to wit, the Freshman, the Sophomore, the Junior and the Senior. For the



composition or transmission of these letters we wish to give no directions whatever. They carry wailing and desolation from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great lakes to the gulf of Mexico. Also to the Bermudas and the Sandwich Islands. From the corner of the envelopes the father of his country frowns with indignation upon the incendiary document within. By the kindness of friends we have seen several of these tragical effusions. But we shall give no specimen.

There is, indeed, a kind of Letter home which is more interesting than any which the mail bags carry. To this we turn with thankfulness and hope. It is such as Hieronomus Jobs wrote to his father and mother in Schildeburg town. The Literary world translates it from the original German. We conclude with a few verses which at the close of the term are particularly suggestive:—

"DEAR AND HONORED PARENTS.

I lately Have suffered from want of money greatly,

Have the goodness therefore to send without fail A trifle or two by return of mail.

I want about 20 or 30 ducats,
For I have not at present a cent in my pockets;
Things are so tight with us this way,
Send me the money at once I pray.

And everything is growing higher, Lodging and washing, and lights and fire, And incidental expenses every day, Send me the ducats without delay.

You can hardly conceive the enormous expenses
The College imposes on all pretences,
For text-books and lectures so much to pay,
I wish the ducats were on their way."

J. M. H.

VOL XX.-IL

PRIZE POEM.*

Bir John Franklin.

BY ISAAC RILEY, MONTROSE, PA.

Lost! lost! Where fearful gloom and silence reign
O'er glacier, peak and frozen plain,
O'er snowy waste and billows tossed
By gales that sweep the Arctic main.

Lost! lost! a manly form,
A stalwart arm, a flashing eye,
A forehead, broad and lifted high,
A heart to brave the rising storm,
And wind, and wave, and low'ring sky.

Lost! lost! no narrow bed

That loving tears can e'er bedew,—
No sodded mound beneath the yew
Whose "fibres knit the dreamless head,"
Can e'er entomb a heart more true.

The sails are set, the capstan manned, The anchor lifted from the sand; The wayward winds the banners toss That crimson with Saint George's cross; They curl the waves and lift the spray, And bear the vessel down the bay: And shoreward from the billows blue The cannon sends its last adieu. From deck, and shroud, and taper mast The look of fond regret is east Toward cliffs and towers, that quickly fall Beneath the far horizon wall; While shaded brow and bosoms' swell Of sad but hopeful partings tell. With bending yard and tightening chain, Like steed along the desert plain, Like feathered shaft, or eagles' flight, Or meteor hurled athwart the night, The bark leaps o'er the rolling seas, And longs to brave the Arctic breeze.

[•]This Poem, on one of the Subjects proposed to the Class of 1858, received a Prize in June last, but its publication has been unavoidably delayed till the present Number. [Eds.

From out the fog and twilight gloom The cliffs of frozen Greenland loom, With granite mail and icy helm, Grim wardens of the winter's realm. On, still on! by cape and peak It rends the wave with iron beak: Till barred by ice and lost in night, It folds its wing and rests from flight. Around the cheerful cabin fire Brave hearts that soorn the winter's ire, With song and tale and merry jest Beguile the flagging hours of rest,-Bright tales of far off, sunny waves, Of spicy gales and coral caves, Of singing palms along the Nile, Of pyramid and ruined pile, Of Sphinxes with eternal eyes, Of Memnons and of cloudless skies, Of Parian cliffs, 'neath which the Greek By moonlight guides his light caïque, Of reef and rock, of calm and gale, Of corsair fierce and phantom sail. Thus months roll on, when o'er the gloom The Summer rears her flaming plume; She storms each los embattled hight, And sunders wide the walls of night With gleaming mace, and shaft of light. On! still on, the vessel flies Toward colder seas and darker skies; Where southward surging o'er the main, The lordly iceberg leads its train Of pale fantastic shapes of ice, O'erwrought with many a quaint device. White tombs and statues grim and stark, And arches spanning caverns dark, Proud domes, and towers, and parapets, And sheaves of silver minarets. And pillared fanes, like that which crowned The rocky hight of classic ground; And grand cathedral roofs that rise On airy columns toward the skies. 'Neath which eternal anthems swell And surges boom with echoing knell. Along these Polar wastes by day The low sun hurls his level ray; At night across the crimson sky Auroral splendors swiftly fly.

While o'er the starry fields of space Pale phantoms flit with wavering pace: Gay dancers wind with streaming hair Their mases through the midnight air; And ranks with ailver mail bedight Hold tourney through the silent night, With curling flag, and tent, and lance, Far gleaming o'er the blue expanse. Lo! in the west the storm cloud looms-The tempest waves his sable plumes, The lightnings dart, the thunders roll Their volleying peals from pole to pole, The clouds are rent, the billows curled, The foam-wreaths to the aky are hurled, While berg and floe with sullen roar Are dashed upon the loy shore. With swifter flight than falcon's sweep The bark, before the howling gale, Is driven madly o'er the deep With flying rope and tattered sail, While spars are snapped and timbers reel And bend from taper mast to keel. Yet still it bides the billows' shock, Safe piloted o'er shoal and rock. At last the fleeting days that twined New garlands for all conquering mind, And gathered trophies from the night, Have spread their golden wings for flight. While southward glimmering faint and far The fleeing Summer wheels her car. Again o'er Polar seas and plains The cheerless gloom of midnight reigns, And silence, save of billows' blow, Of wailing wind and crashing flos. The slumbering waves by mystic bands Are bound with crystal bars and bands, And icy arms the vessel clasp Uplifting it with giant grasp: There safe it lies till wandering tides With circling ice beset its sides, And pierce the oak, with fearful crash That long has braved the billows' dash. With sinking heart and quivering lip The crew desert the sinking ship, And trace across the heaving pack With sledge and boat their cheerless track.

One lingering hope alone remains,

It hovers near on radiant wings, It beckons on toward southern plains, And songs of far off Albion sings. Through wind and storm, o'er many a league, By famine pressed and sore fatigue, O'er hill and plain and frozen bay, For life they urge their weary way. Soon manly hearts begin to fail And ruddy cheeks grow thin and pale, Unwonted lustre fires each eye, And tells of wasting famine nigh. Strange visions fill each wildered brain Of eottage hours, and loving smiles, Of cliffs, high towering o'er the main Whose waves encircle sunny isles. Then dumb despair and tearless woe With bitter waves each heart o'erflow, And whistling winds and driving storms, Chant solemn requiems o'er their forms; And glimmering auroras wave Funereal torches o'er their grave.

The Political Gconomy of a College.

It is not that a Valedictorian has a stand of 3.50 quadrennially, but that fifty lower-appointment men have each a stand of 2.50, that is true college wealth and well-being.—Bowen on Laing altered.

What in the world does that mean! Can it be a proposition to reconstruct the College system of finance, to remodel the plan of endowment, to push forward the University scheme! Or is it designed to retrench a student's expenses and show him how—like the Irishman with two rotary stoves—he can save all his fuel and even lay up money in his "course"! Or is there lurking in that word political, a cabalistic meaning bearing upon First Presidencies and Junior Coalitions! No, gentle Reader, nothing of the sort. But Dr. Chalmers wrote the "Political Economy of a famine," (we never read it,) and why shouldn't we attempt the Political Economy of a College, particularly as a philosophical title, like a philosophical oration, gives a man an air, a stand, so to speak, without entailing the necessity in either case of being philosophical; only serving in both cases like the Judges' stand at a horse-race, as a good place to start from. If then, kind Reader, you are in-

clined to mount with us on condition of getting down whenever you are tired, you shall see what you shall see, and we shall be glad of your company.

Our country has been stigmatized by foreigners (in effect if not in words) as a dollar hunting-ground. But sharp sentences must always be taken like round numbers, as only an approximation to the truth. In this case, to be sure, we cannot deny that there is some justice in the charge; we cannot deny that money-making and moneyworshiping are prominent features in our national character. We do not, however, propose to reproduce the ordinary commonplaces on this topic, but to inquire why it is that this deference to wealth, so prevalent in the nation, apparently finds no place in College? Why it is that, though we have here men of every variety of fortune, from the gentleman, flashing with jewelry and patent leather, to the ploughboy, all whose flashing is in his eye,—why it is that no one takes the trouble to ask whether his classmate's father is a millionaire or a mendicant; whether he is a member of the senate or a woodsawyer! Why it is that if the property-question is raised at all, it is not to do homage to the property holder, but to know where to borrow in case of need—a case, by the way, that like the "ablative of means," cannot be regarded as an unusual occurrence in one's college experience. We have intimated that deference to wealth apparently finds no lodgment in college, and we hope in the sequel to make the pertinency of the adverb appear.

Wealth, say Political Economists, is of two kinds, material and immaterial; and we intend no play upon the word where we affirm that the wealth of College is eminently of the latter kind. The College world is an exceedingly complex idea, but we shall try to analyze it, and by (a metaphysical, of course, not an actual) abstraction, get at its wealth. Setting the real and personal estate of College, its funds, stocks, investments, its good will and the Faculty, out of the account, as not coming into the question, and looking only at the students, we may define the wealth of College to consist, 1st, in the scholarship, 2d, the social qualities, and 3d, the official position of its undergraduates. These are the elements of its wealth and they are genuine and legitimate. The world outside may not be able to estimate them all. Neither can a savage correctly apprehend the advantages of civilization. What then? The



^{*} It is perhaps a fair question for grammarians, whether the existing finan. cial condition of students does not demand a vocative of "means."

advantages exist notwithstanding—we know their value and influence, and it is of this we propose to speak, but first let us expand a little our cerberal definition.

The most obvious element of College wealth is scholarship. This is a kind of property that the Faculty and even the world at large recognize; it is a sort of universal circulating medium, and is current everywhere. It is the only exchange that the Faculty accept for their ribbons and sheepskins. It is, in short, the bullion of the realm, hard, heavy, got by digging and not easily counterfeited. It appears under various forms; sometimes as mere dry roots, having no outward beauty. albeit concealing within the germs of exquisite blossoms and delicious Again, as bare formulæ, capable, however, of expanding into an infinite series of geometric crystals, spheroids and ellipses, and now tracking a sunbeam, or measuring a snow-flake, and now reaching on to the stars and compassing the universe Then, as a tissue of innumerable hair-like lines, making scarcely any impression on the retina, yet all converging to some invisible, unattainable point, and bearing the marks of all the metaphysical coin-clippers, and money-sweaters from Porphyry down to that great light,—and, as students think, greater bore— Sir Wm. Hamilton. Confessing our inability to proceed in expressing metaphorically the wealth represented by oratory and composition, we here beg the imaginative reader to carry out the figure to suit himself.

Social qualities constitute another grand division of our wealth, which, though not peculiar to College, manifests itself here under a modification. It appears in a student's sympathy, his conversational powers, his address and manners—a joint product of natural endowment and cultivation his ability and readiness to use time (and money if he has it) to please others; it includes, too, a proclivity to football, singing, boating, and wicket, and sometimes, must we add, to pitching cents, to cards and billiards, and, perhaps, "rushing"—we mean, of course, "chapel rushing." The third class in our schedule relates to political position, a species of property that the Faculty affect, at least, to ignore, and have made some attempts to confiscate, (vide Coll. Laws, Chap. viii, Sec. xxiv,) It, however, still exists, and though subject to considerable fluctuation, maintains upon the whole, and within College, its par value; ranging at times (election times particularly) much above it. We say within College, because its value is chiefly local, and, like that of land about a city, decreases as it recedes from the centre of trade and population. Some descriptions of this property, too, have depreciated, till, like the continental money, it is now only valuable as a curiosity, a relic of the past; such is the ever famous and once powerful office of Class Bully, whose emblem of authority was the Bully-club; but both the Bully and his club have now passed away, or live only in tradition. Under this class may be rated all society offices of trust and non-emolument, the "Lit." Editorship, (and we are not without precedent for "magnifying our office,") the class poet and oratorship, the leadership of parties, and that undefinable but not indefinite power of influence, which sound judgment, talents, or a kind heart give their possessors.

Such, then, meagerly, are the grand elements of College wealth; and are they not real wealth, do they not answer the uses, and possess all the attributes of wealth? Are they not eagerly sought after? Do they not confer comfort and advantages? Are they not very unequally distributed and subject to rapid consumption and decay? May they not be legitimately earned and economically appropriated, or surreptitiously obtained and foolishly squandered? And is there not a deference paid to the possessor of this wealth as great, or even greater than to the dollar holder of the country at large? Let us see. We cannot glance, even, at all these points, but let us examine a few of them.

No one doubts that College wealth is very unequally distributed, or that by the nature of the case it must ever continue so. It is quite as certain that each of these three kinds of wealth, though occasionally overlapping and blending with each other, still forms a distinct class by itself, offering inducements to every variety of talents, and at the same time precluding the possibility of any one's attaining eminent opulence in all. Few, indeed, make the attempt, but selecting the kind to which their talents, habits, or tastes incline them, bend their energies—or, as the case may be, give way to their propensities—to attain it. Let us admit that the wealth itself is good and desirable, and even the love of it (root of all evil though it be) if not for its own sake, and duly moderated, is lawful and proper. Now, what are some of the means resorted to, for obtaining it, and what the spirit and sentiment it creates!

To get the solid bullion, the wealth of scholarship, we have said a man must dig—for labor is the price of wealth—dig, too, in a mine where the rock is hard, where the dykes often put him at fault, and where the changing character of the strata frequently renders all his previous skill and habits of mining unavailable, as well as his tools useless, where, if his pick turns up a beautiful crystal, he may not stop to admire it, but must push on for the ore itself, where fresh air, blue skies, daylight recreation, social joys, health and elasticity of spirits are almost unknown, but where, nevertheless, he gets the ore, and having amassed his wealth,



like many another merchant prince, retires from business to become a

prey to ennui or dyspepsia.

Here, too, we have the middling classes and gentry—the well-to-do people, equally removed from .poverty and riches, but finding sufficient honor and contentment in an honest competency. Such are the "dispute," "dissertation," and "oration" men, neither attaining nor seeking to attain the giddy and glittering peaks of the philosophicals above them,—splendid, slippery, and cold as an iceberg. It is well enough for those whose lungs can breathe the "attenuated air of those far heights" to go up, but, on the whole, we prefer the lower slopes; there is less danger of falling, and it is every way more comfortable. Ye gentlemen above, don't look down and cry "sour grapes."

Then, too, there are the colloquy and sub-colloquy men. They are not poor—some of them have been rich—and would be again if they would only work; but they are not poor, they have large wealth many of them, though of a different kind (rated under the 2d and 3d heads of our inventory.) They take the "spoons," which elsewhere, at least, if not in College, is the synonym of riches; and in College is the synonym of good-fellowship. Now it requires no little steadiness of purpose, no mean mental equilibrium to get the "Spoon." The candidate must, on the one hand, occasionally sacrifice large sums of the real bullion—familiarly known as flunking—and on the other, he must take care that his literary exchequer run not too low, for if the "scale vary but in the estimation of one poor scruple he" spoonfully "dies."

To attain opulence in the second kind, the social wealth of College, peculiar talents are requisite. And let there be no mistake here. This is far from a despicable kind of property. In its proper place and degree it is the best of all; to which, indeed, the others are, ought, and were intended to be subservient, but the evil lies in excessive accumulation, and the use of improper appliances, in its absorption of the time and labor due elsewhere, in its creation of an unhealthy public sentiment, especially in its destruction of a manly independence. It leads a man in giving way before public pressure, to rush in chapel, thereby rendering himself so obnoxious to the great "Board of Brokers" over us, that as the Italians say, his "bench is broken," he is declared bankrupt, or at least must suffer the inconveniences of a temporary suspension.

Nowhere more than in College does poor Richard's maxim hold, that "time is money." Yet what vast sums of it are squandered by this class of our community. They lavish it upon their friends with the profusion, though not the temper of Timon of Athens, and not unfrequently are reduc-

ed to a like embarrassment. So that when the Central government calls in its loans, as is its wont thrice a year, there is such a "shinning round" to raise money, such a scraping together of the last scrap of available capital, as would do honor to the marsupial agility of a Wall Street speculator just before bank closes. Time warns us to pass many topics on this point unnoticed and hasten to the next division.

But who shall point out the means by which political position is attained? Who shall describe the coalitions and counter coalitions, the schemes, the plots, the campaigns even, undertaken, the feelers thrown out, the wire pulling, the material aid sometimes and the diplomacy and stratagem always employed, the care and conduct of our great presidential contests, and the intrigue for lesser offices ! This is a dazzling, fascinating form of wealth, too often more than a match for the integrity of even our most incorruptible politicians. Few, indeed, can resist its seductions. Occasionally we find one who is a proof against them, but such a star seldom ascends our political firmament; and one might pass through his whole College career, and lament at its close (like Copernicus over Mercury) that it never once greeted his vision. Some men hunt honor even to the cannon's mouth, and some have honor thrust upon them; it is one thing to run after popularity, and another to have it follow us. College shows examples of each. And let it be known, we have among us some who in the witty words of Voltaire, "are as honest as perhaps a leader of a party can be."

Such then are the elements of College wealth, and such the means used to gain it. And to run out the parallel with the commercial world a little further, we may add that much of all these kinds of property is heavily mortgaged, and in case of sudden foreclosure, such as occurs Biennally and at other crises, the holder is frequently found insolvent, and (to mix the metaphor) precipitation ensues. It is astonishing to see how large a business some men do on a very small capital; it is curious to watch with what skill a precarious existence is eked out on a very limited income, how every nerve is strained to make both ends meet on quarter day. It is sad to see some, rich by inheritance but indolent by nature, satisfied with just money enough to keep soul and body together, (the individual and the College representing those two functionaries respectively,) and finally settling down into College pauperism, to subsist upon the skins and charities of their more industrious neighbors-If we have no Bulls and Bears we have our Stock Jobbers, the "Pony" breeders, dealing in public funds for the sake of gain; our Peter Funks, the publishers of scurrilous papers, palming off a meretricious article upon the credulity of the unwary, and making no indemnity for the damages they occasion. We have also our gigantic and petty lottery schemes, ranging from the De Forest Medal down to the third prize in Linonia, where among numerous competitors one or two win and the rest draw blanks. The mystical characters, too, in the catalogues of the Secret Societies, and the plainer symbols in those of the Literary Societies, indicating the offices and honors enjoyed by each member thereof, are so many items of credit passed to his account, and reckoned among the assets of the Institution of which he is a partner. These Societies may be regarded as the moneyed corporations, the banking houses, where College wealth is deposited and accumulates interest, which though it can never be withdrawn by the stockholders, entitles them nevertheless to certain rights and privileges, somewhat difficult perhaps to define, and on the whole, like posthumous fame, not very available. Now, do not all these indicate the existence, the importance, and the uses of College wealth, the desire for, the deference paid to it? And are we not in all this a mere counterpart of the great world outside! Have we not the same strife and struggle for social and political position-mixed and alleviated indeed with a great deal of friendly and generous rivalry, but still the same tone and temper !

Tis even so. Within our "cloistered stillness and seclusion" the Spirit of Gain presides, and we, like the world, fall down and worship her. Certainly she wears here a different garb, her features are nobler, her figure statelier, and her whole air more elegant, but at heart she is the same. She can tolerate no rival, and would fain bar out the train of gentler spirits that of right belong here, but in spite of her they come trooping through a thousand chinks and crannies of the rampart, and make our old castle walls ring at times with merry laughter or shine with soberer joy. Still she serves a good and noble purpose; she is the mainspring of our prosperity. In her service let us divide our time between the head and the heart—let us put off all trick and artifice—let us remember that whatever temporary success may attend deception and fraud, justice in the end will vindicate her rights, and that in the long run, "honesty is the best policy."

We seldom threaten, but the subject is not exhausted, though perhaps, dear reader, your patience is, nor is our promise quite fulfilled, and so possibly hereafter we may attempt to set forth the influence of College wealth upon our sentiments, conduct, and character,—a subject which perhaps belongs rather to Morals than to Political Economy.

F. E. B.

A Prize Composition, (Probably.)*

PUMPKIN PIE,

As a Type of New England Civilization.

ANALYSIS.

Pumpkin Pie. (a) Pumpkin Ideal, (1250 lbs. Fah.) Baron Munchausen. Connecticut State Fair. (b) Pumpkin Actual (small,) A. Elements. (a) Milk. Consanguinity between pump (1) Chalk, and pump-kin-pie. (2) HO, (Vide Sill. Chem.), (b) Saccharine matter. (1) Trace of Sugar, . Psychologically ascertained in (2) Excess of Sand, an impissated condition. (c) Nutmeg Connecticutensis. (1) White oak, Quotation,-" Variety is the (2) Bass wood, spice of life." (d) Crustaceous Epoch. (1) Short crust, Essence of Pork. Infrangibility; Illustration, In-(2) Long crust, dia-rubber. Traces of Liquidescence and of (8) Under crust, the Carboniferous age. (e) " Some Punkin." B. Æsthetical Relations. (a) Comestibility—a modern discov-Objective and Subjective in. fluence. (b) Chrysolicity and Sphericity,

THE objective life of a nation is a luminous exposition of its subjective existence. The spiritual depends upon the temporal and the corporeal upon the incorporeal. Mind necessitates matter, since we cannot conceive of the individuality of that which is altogether intangible and evanescent. There may be an ontological unity, but, parallel with this, is a necessitous triplicity, viz:—The Ingurgitation of Potables, the Intromis-

^{*} As the time for writing Prize Compositions is drawing nigh, we thought it proper to give a specimen of a model essay in that line. The subscriber is prepared to furnish a limited number at the customary rates.

SHANG.

sion of Comestibles, and the Intercalation of Somnolence. A particular of the second general invites our cogitation in the present lucubration: to wit, the typical significance and topical relations of the Cucurbits Pepo* when made into pie.

This pie is an invention of the pilgrim fathers.† Diving into the abyssess of their cognitions they found there an idea-image to which nothing tangible corresponded. They therefore proceeded to adumbrate this preëxisting abstraction into a permanent concretion. The reflective apperception became a necessary conception, and this by a spontaneity of application, a sensible result manifested in the pulpy delicacy we are considering.†

Glorious result! The objective actual transcended for the subjective logical. The idea-image became not only the pie actual but the pie typical. To make this recognizable, I subjoin the following table:—

TABLE I.

The parts of pumpkin pie are:

- 1. Under Crust.—A thin substratum, slack and half-baked often.
- 2. MIDDLE.—The great body of the pie.
- 8. Upper Caust manifesting itself in a rim short and stuck up.

The classes of New England Society

- PAUPERS, a thin substratum slack and half baked.
- 2. MIDDLE.—The great body of the people.
- 8. "UPPER TEM."—Crusty in manner, and stuck-up generally.

Now when they exceed in greatness they are called *pepones*, i. e. melon or pompons.—*Pliny*, *Book* 19, *chap*. 5.

We'll use this green watery pumpion, and teach him to know turtles from jays.—Shakespeare.

† Perhaps I should rather say our pilgrim mothers. Since the first pumpkin pie was undoubtedly made by Mrs. Morton, wife of Morton of the Merry Mount in Weymouth, Massachusetts. By some accident a pumpkin seed had sprung up in the fertile soil in the door-yard. Mrs. Morton's little boy watched the growing plant with great interest, and when the golden fruit made its appearance, his mother asked him what should be done with it. The little fellow, whose fondness for pastry was inordinately great, lisped out "Pie! pie."

Now Mrs. Morton had never heard of a pumpkin pie, but as she did not wish to disappoint the boy, she went to work and produced the famous dish called pumpkin pie. The fame of it immediately spread through all New England. And it was because they feasted so much on pumpkin pie that caused Governor Endicott to cut down the pole, and disperse the inhabitants of Merry Mount.

This story is not found in Peters' History of Connecticut.

‡ Holbrook is wrong when he thinks the pilgrims were called Pi-et-ists, on this account.

Pumpkin, Old Eng. Pompion; Fr. Pompon; It. Pepone; Sp. Pepon. Lat.
 Pepo.

Also the following indubitable fact presents itself. Pumpkin-pie is naturally segregated into six portions, and new England was also separated into six States.*

Thus have we shown the typical significance of Pumpkin pie, and we must now pender upon its sesthetic use as an Emblem. Our cognizance of the emblematical and hieroglyphical rests upon primitive psychological consciousness. We trace a similitude between the indefinite and the definite. Consequently,——(here the composition which before was exceedingly lucid, grows so metaphysical that we spare our readers the final ten pages, and only add a poem extracted from the final note.)

The following short poem in doggerel verse, was found in the pocket of a pair of cast off breeches, which formerly belonged to an Australian miner:

PUMPKIN PIE.

When streams roll down the aureal flood,
On Australasian shores,
Where every swamp has golden mud,
And every stone its ores;
A youth from fair New England's clime,
Was often heard to sigh,
"I'd give my pile of golden dust,
For one good pumpkin pie."

In vain to pray, where men can prey
On long-legged kangaroos;
And where he chews his bit of game
No pumpkin will he choose.
So all in vain did he implore,
Vain was his heartfelt cry;
"I will give o'er my golden ore
For one good pumpkin pie."

But still he dug for paltry pelf,
And saw his gold dust shine,
Till he could say unto himself,
"A mine of gold is mine."

[•] We are aware that a great many objections will be raised by those who contend that pumpkin pie should be quartered, or else divided into eight parts. We have not space to state the arguments pro and con, but simply state that we consider six the happy medium, especially when these parts can be doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, as at the Shanghai Club, with no fear of the frown of a boarding-house mistress.

But as the rapid year moved on,
Thanksgiving day drew nigh,
And then he wished, oh! how he wished
For one good pumpkin pie.

And as that festive day drew nigh,
That day he kept in youth,
With pious care he made a pie,
In form, if not in truth.
For, mixing all his golden dust,
While tears bedewed his eye,
He formed upon a silver crust,
A golden pumpkin pie.

Lauriger Horatius.

A GERMAN STUDENT SONG.

WITH A TRANSLATION BY L. W. FITCH.

Lauriger Horatius, Quam dixisti verum! Fugit Euro citius Tempus edax rerum.

Ubi sunt, O, pocula Dulciora melle, Rixe, pax et oscula Rubentis puelle ?

Crescit uva molliter,
Et puella crescit;
Sed poeta turpiter
Sitiens canescit.
Ubi sunt, &c.

Quid juvat æternitas Nominis, amare Nisi terræ filias Licet, et potare f Ubi sunt, &c. Post of the laurel wreath,
Horace, true thy saying;
"Time outstrips the tempest's breath,
For no mortal staying!"
Bring me cups that Bacchus crowns,
Cups on mirth attending;
Give me blushing maidens' frowns,
Frowns in kisses ending.

Sweetly grows the grape, the maid,
Each in beauty peerless;
But to me, bereft and sad,
Wintry age comes cheerless.
Bring me, &c.

Though enduring fame be mine,
This will yield no pleasure;
Let me then in love and wine
Find exhaustless treasure.
Bring me, &c.

A Pen of Steel.

GIVE me a pen of steel!

Away with the gray goose quill!

I will grave the thoughts I feel
With a fiery heat and will:

I will grave with the stubborn pen
On the tablet of the heart,

Words never to fade again,
And thoughts that shall ne'er depart.

Give me a pen of steel!

Hardened, and bright, and keen,—
To run like the chariot's wheel

When the battle flame is seen:—
And give me the warrior's heart,
To struggle through night and day,
And to write with this thing of art

Words clear as the lightning's play.

Give me a pen of steel!

The softer age is done,
And the thoughts that lover's feel
Have long been sought and won:

No more of the gray goose quill—
No more of the lover's lay—
I have done with the minetrel's skill,
And I change my path today.

Give me a pen of steel!

I will tell to after times

How nerve and iron will

Are poured to the world in rhymes:—

How the soul is changed to power,

And the heart is changed to fiame,

In the space of a passing hour

By poverty and shame!

Give me a pen of steel!—
But even this shall rust,
The touch of time shall feel,
And crumble away to dust;—
So perishes my heart,
Corroding day by day,—
And laid, like the pen, apart,
Worn out and cast away!

Literary Notices.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: or Things and Thoughts in America and Europe. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

Those who have read Margaret Fuller's sprightly volume entitled "Summer on the Lakes," which was published about a dozen years ago; or who recollect her "Letters from Europe," which appeared in the New York Tribune during the years 1846-1849, extending over the period of the Italian Revolution, need not be urged to procure the book. It includes "Summer on the Lakes," the Tribune Letters, now for the first time collected, and a third part containing her private letters home down to the time of her leaving Europe, and an account of her melancholy death by shipwreck, on the voyage home. It is one of the most readable books out. For sale by Pease.

FAUST: A TRAGEDY. Translated from the German of Goethe. By CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In this translation of the greatest work of the greatest German Poet, Mr. Brooks has done English readers a good service by preserving the exact meter of the original, line for line, and, at the same time, giving a rendering which is almost perfectly literal. We commend this book to the attention of those who wish to gain the best possible idea of Goethe without reading the original text. This is, no doubt, the best translation extant, as it is the only one which gives us any notion of the structure of Goethe's verse. To be found at Pease's.

CONVERSATION: Its Faults and its Graces; or the Best Mauner of Speaking, Writing, and Pronouncing the English Language. By the Rev. A. P. Phanedy. Boston: James Monroe & Co. For sale by T. H. Pease.

In this manual of Conversation, the Author has given very many valuable hints to those who, by inattention or carelessness, have fallen into bad habits of speaking or writing. While we cannot accede to some of the minor corrections in the book, we can yet commend it upon the whole as worthy of careful study. We hope that it may meet with the extensive circulation it so richly deserves.

Lays of Angulay Rome. By T. B. Macaulay. Boston: James Monroe & Co. For sale by T. H. Pease.

This is a new and beautiful edition of those wonderful Lays which stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet." As Professor Felton vol. XXII.

observes in the Introduction to the volume before us, they have, "ever since their first appearance, held one of the highest places in popular estimation: and their position in English Literature may be considered permanently fixed." The thanks of the public are due to the publishers for this neat little volume. It is prefixed by a well-executed likeness of Macaulay.

COLLEGE MUSIC.—We are glad to learn that Messrs. Skinner and Sperry will soon publish our beloved "Lauriger Horatius," in splendid shape. It is arranged as a solo with piano accompaniment, and again as a quartette. It gives the good old Latin words for those who choose them, and a fine translation for those who do not. Buy it, by all means, and if you have a musical sister or pretty "cousin," send her a copy too.

Memorabilia Palensia.

Somery elections and such momentous occurrences have not transpired among us since our last issue, consequently we respectfully ask to be excused from making any Memorabilia on that head. There are some other matters, however, which may be of interest.

THE YALE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

In 1884 several students, with a few other persons in town, who had given their attention to different branches of Natural History, formed an association for mutual assistance and improvement in these studies. "The Yale Natural History Society" met with encouraging success, for among its founders were such men as Professors B. Silliman, Sen., Olmsted, Dana, E. C. Henrrick, Esq., Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., and many others who have since contributed largely to the advancement of Natural Science, some of whom, we believe, first appeared before the public in the published papers of this society. By the year 1842 the Society was possessed of a very good cabinet of specimens and a small library, with a fund for its increase, yet, owing to the different engagements of the most active members in this year an adjournment sine die was made. Since then the Cabinet -in one of the rooms of the Medical College-has been entirely neglected, and probably much injured. We are glad to say, however, that the institution seems likely to be revived. On Saturday, the 6th inst., a meeting was held at the house of Dr. Eli Ives, who is President of the society, on which occasion about thirty members were elected, who promise to restore the society its former usefulness. This is a good move, and we trust it will meet with all success.

PROFE. SALESURY and WHYNET, with their families, left for a tour in Europe, about two months ago. Many good wishes go with them.



PORTRAIT OF PROF. GIBBS.—A portrait of Prof. Gibbs by F. B. Carpenter of New York, has been recently placed in Trumbull Gallery. It was paid for chiefly by those who have been Prof. G.'s pupils in the Theological School. It is considered a very fine picture, and is a worthy tribute to a worthy man.

Prof. Dana's course of Lectures on Geology before the Senior Class is now completed. They have been listened to with the greatest interest throughout, and his pupils may well congratulate themselves on being able to hear the subject treated by one who is recognized as among the very first scientific men of the world.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the prospectus for a new edition of Prof. Dana's "Geology of the Pacific and other regions visited by the U. S. Exploring Expedition, in the years 1836-1842." Only 200 copies of this Government Report have hitherto been printed, and the work has become so scarce as to sell for \$40.00. The new edition, to be issued on condition 250 copies or more are subscribed for, will be furnished for ten or twelve dollars. Those who wish to provide themselves with the work now that it is possible so do so, can leave their names at the College Library.

On the evening before Thanksgiving the youth Yalensian had a goodly tempus. Both Societies met in the Brothers' Hall, when, according to custom, the smallest man in the Freshman Class was appointed Chairman, and the largest man in the Class, Secretary. After laying various diminutive aspirants on the table and measuring them with a string and yard-stick, Master George Chalmers was declared the lucky "indiwidual." There were several rivals for the Secretaryship, but owing to difficulties of measurement in the directions of altitude and azimuth, it was impossible to come to any decision in the case. The Charades, Model Splurges, Phrenological Lectures, Legal Arguments, Songs, Nigger Concerts and "Giasticutus" exhibitions which followed, will not be forgotten. Also, along in the small hours people danced "a few," and got along as well as anybody could—under the circumstances.

PHI! AI! AI! PHI BETA KAPPA!

This immortal body held their annual meeting in the President's Lecture Room on Thursday evening, Dec. 4th. The following officers were elected for the year:—

President,—Prof. James D. Dana. Vice.President,—Daniel C. Gilman. Cor. Sec.,—Rev. Wm. T. Eustis. Treasurer,—Prof. Hubert A. Newton.

Various other business was also transacted, which we must not tell of, for you must be aware, dear reader, Phi Beta Kappa is secret, and besides we know no more about it than you do.



Editor's Cable.

To those of our readers who have survived Thanksgiving Dinner, and such other gastronomic trials as the flesh is heir to in this eating community, we make our grand Editorial salesm, in this position;

To those who have paid their subscription, we offer our hand, thus;



To those who buy the Lrr. and read it, we extend our hand, thus;

To those who neither buy nor read it, we point the finger of scorn, thus;

To those who promise to pay "next week," but don't do it, we say, Look out for your heads! for we intend to heap a fire coal-on, thus;

To those, generally and finally, who have any regard for us and ours, we say, Hang out the latch string of your pocket, good people! (just see how our treasury is vanishing into the rat-hole above, and that "\$25 Gold Medal" lying on the table, too, all unpaid for!) patronize Maga. and her "five poor orfice," or we shall in a body, and in the body, betake ourselves to the indiscriminate use of the following daggers: + + + + + , and bring our feeble existence to a final period, like this;

It "occurred," once on a time, that one of the members of our Sanctum "plied the calling" of a pedagogue away out on the Western "pra-i-ries." As a matter of course, he initiated the "young learners" into the unfathomable mysteries of "Composition," and as a specimen of his success in that line, we give the following production of one of his pupils,—a tall wood-chopper of two and twenty. It is a bona fide copy from the original document in our archives.

"ON DETH

stensy 1

How mity art thou o deth
To the All nations deliver there breth
nor dare any person say as thou cummeth along
Begone o Deth Begone Begone Begone

stanzy 2

Thou can Enter into a famely wheneve thou pleas and take the one thou wantst with Eas And bare him away To relms up on high Where the grate creaters forever nigh

stenzy third

Can we not stop the as thou cummeth along
And keep the away from the shrinkin throng
Can thou not be perswaded to rest a weak or a single day
Or bribe the with gold to stay Away

stanzy four

you cant me from my dooty with hold You cant bribe me with shining gold But i with arder to My laber hast Nor dare i go to sleep & my preshus time to wast

stanzy 5

my chariot wheels is on the wings of timb & i the great Gehovah mind My prey is on the childern of men Nor do i to there Bitteres crys attend

6 stanzy last

i kin enter into a fammely whenere i pleas & hirry them into one common seppilkir & you cant with hold From me Them that the grate creater wants in eternety"

The Nine Muses evidently nabbed that young man at his birth,—"or thereabouta"

Great curiosity has been expressed throughout the "College world" to obtain a glimpee of those mysterious beings who, under the names of "The Corporal," "Meerschaum," "The Doctor," "Mishkan" and "Shanghai," are supposed to preside over the destinies of the Yale Lit. We are at length, owing to the steps which have been taken by the Class for procuring steel engravings, enabled to present our readers with accurate Portraits of the Editorial Board, together with fac-similies of their hand writing. We assure our patrons that the like-

nesses are true to the life, and the autographs actually superior to the originals. The accompanying Biographical Sketches were penned from authentic documents by a distinguished member of the legal persuasion.



The Corporal.

THE CORPORAL was ushered into existence at an early period of his life. His pugnacious disposition manifested itself by flogging his nurse and kicking over a tea cup when he was three days old, for which transgression he was visited by extreme corporal punishment. Under the stern discipline of his father he gradually waxed fat, but was always fond of "playing soldier" and "training" generally. The great

event of his life was the daring expedition against Cuba, from the effects of which that beautiful Island has hardly yet recovered. With a horse pistol in his hands he scaled the walls of the great Moro Castle, spiked all the guns, stole three large jack-knives and proclaimed himself Captain-General. He, however, soon abdicated at the point of the bayonet, but sweetened the memory of his brief and unfortunate reign by a sugar speculation, from which he realized a competence sufficient to set up his Ebenezer here.



MERRICHAUM sprang, like Venus, from the foam of the sea. At the earliest period of his existence he was found floating up the waters of the Mississippi. Youth was a stage unknown to him, as his faculties flourished in full vigor from the hour of his birth.

Endowed with a princely fortune, which was bequeathed to him by the Wandering Jew, whom he met on the banks of the Burrampooter, he has been enabled to visit the greater part of the Western Continent; and finally, wearied of these exciting scenes, he has settled down into the quiet irregularities of college life.



The Doctor

THE DOCTOR is a descendent of a celebrated Objibway Medicine man, named Na-ki-bo-kaw-gzpq-si-hob-jog, or "Magical-Pain-Extractor." He early became well grounded in the science of roots, and well rooted in the grounds of science. His yell is perfectly terrific, and "Shanghai" now possesses a tomahawk as a token of his undying affection. Having fortunately discovered "Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla" he obtained sufficient pelf to enter the sub-Freshman Class of Yale College.

MIBHEAN is a Hebrew Rabbi of the tribe of Jessie. His father was Bar-Jonah, and his mother was a female Hittite. With some slight variations he was brought up in the Jewish faith. His venerable beard, low-descending, sweeps his aged breast, and he reads the Talmud. Like most Jews, he has a great passion for old clothes, and rarely wears any Moreover, he is always asking for monish, for, unlike most of his race, he is more willing to borrow than to



lend. He considers himself at present a scattered people, but proposes one day to re-conquer Jerusalem. By the exercise of his profession he obtained ten shekels of fine gold and three changes of goodly raiment, on which, and in which, he at present abides among the Philistines.

SHANGHAI was born in China at the time of the full moon. Hence his face is remarkably full, and reddish rays proceed from its circumference. His father was a Mandarin with seventeen titles and eighteen wives, and a knowledge of half the letters of the Chinese alphabet. His mother was remarkable for her small feet; being only two inches and an eighth from the longest part of her heel to Shanghai. the extremity of her toe-nail.



Shanghai's early years were distinguished by a devotion to small-footed girls, green tea, and general literature. He emigrated to this country in the celebrated Chinese Junk. Escaping from that vessel, he cut off his queue, learned the English language, and by the benevolence of an antiquated maiden, in whose breast his beauty and judgment of tea had awakened sentiments of love, he was sent to College, where he now flourishes. Long may he wave!

Sometime since "Dr Wyckoff of Pittsburg, Pa., who will send a cure for Stammering to any part of the World on the receipt of \$10," favored us with his Advertisement, accompanied by a printed letter, which we give verbatim et literatim et punctatim et spellatim et italicatim :-

" Pittsburg, September 5th, 1856

DEAR SIR:-

On opposite page, please find manuscript of my Professional Card, which I wish you to publish in your Weeklg Paper for one year, at customary terms for old and large advertisers. Being well acquainted with most of the papers personally, (and many others by reputation.) throughout the world, and being an adept in the art of advertising, I have selected your worthy sheet as being one of honor, and highly prised (as none other do I recognise,) by the moral and civil of our land, one whose light is never obscured by a bushel, and deeds its sworthy deeds, have rendered it immortal, to be my guardian angel in a cause so glorious as this of which you humble servant is now a missionary. Dear Friend:—You know it would be impossible to corrispond with 11,000 persons monthly, (independent of professional corrispondents,) unless I monotonise, and therefore am obliged to pursue the method of having my communications printed. My connection with the press for over nine years, has dictated sufficiently, and I only address my manuscript to the moral and concientious. According to rule, I shall expect you to send me your paper regularly each week, so long as my advertisement is there inserted, and make no charge of the same:

Draw on me for the amount of your bill (quarterly) in three months, and please give me an editorial notice. Refer to my endorsers as to my promptness in

paying, and honor as a gentleman.

Dr WYCKOFF."

Perhaps this will satisfy the Dr. so far as the "editorial notice" is concerned. As no one in this region has either "stammering" or "\$10," the "manuscript of his Professional Card" is omitted. The "guardian angel" recommends Brother Wyckoff to hold his peace—also his money, if anybody is fool enough to send him any.

Some people besides Dr. W. write queer things when they advertise. Witness the following from the Tribune:—

A YOUNG married Woman wishes to ADOPT a BABY. Is one month old. The husband is dead four months, having no home. Would be willing to give it to a kind lady that it would treat it as her own. Is a strong and healthy child, with light hair, blue eyes. Call at No. 808 Mgttst, between Houston and Bloccher-st.

Ah, well! a baby is a "erying evil" the best way you can fix it. Most likely the "anxious parient" has found accommodations for her "little innecent" ere this. We advise her not to get married again, however.

While we are about it, just hear Phineas advertise:

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—
The GREAT SNAKES are now in their new den, one of them has just swallowed EighT Live Pids and THREE LIVING RABBITS for a meal. THE OTHER MONSTER IS HOURLY EXPECTED TO FEED! Admittance 25 cents.

It must be a hard-hearted man that would not give a quarter to see "the other monster feed,"—especially when he is so sery sure. We shall go to see that anake eat the next time we visit Gotham! So set your house in order, Mr. Barnum.

Speaking of "shows" reminds us of some funny exhibitions which "hung out their shingle" a month or two since on the State Fair grounds, between this goodly city and that blessed cyster-village which formerly bore the euphonious name of "Dragon," but which, in these degenerate days, men call "Fair Haven." The pictures upon the outside of the tent, and the fiddling and growling and swearing inside, were of the tallest kind. The "Bill of Fare," in big capitals, offered the following attractions:

"TO BE SEEN FOR TWELVE & CENS,

A 2 LEGED HOG!

THE GREATEST NATURAL CURIOSITY IN THE WORLD
OR NO PAX P

Immediately beneath this startling announcement, there was a portrait of the "great animil," which looked like a mighty hen's egg lying horizontally, with two shoe-pegs stuck in towards the smaller end to represent the "2 leged" operation, a large daub of blue paint, just at the extremity, by way of a head, while from that portion which corresponded to the big end of the egg, there shot forth a caudal appendage which resembled the tail of a porcine comet wiggling and twisting and flaming its "devious way" through the indefinite regions of space. That "2 leged Hog" must have been a great swine.

Those who have read the Knickerbocker for December (and who has not!) will remember some ridiculously ludicrous quotations which jolly "Old Knick" made from a little book that appeared in this city a few years ago, entitled "The Enemy Conquered; or, Love Triumphant. By S. WATSON ROYSTON, Author of 'An Address,' &c., delivered at Cumming, Georgia, and Member of the Yale Law School." Now "we wish to have it distinctly understood," in the first place, that the immortal work above mentioned was "uttered" by Mr. T. H. Pease "whoso" in these latter days publisheth the great YALE LIT. MAG.; in the second place, that the Publisher aforesaid has still on hand a few copies of "The Enemy Conquered," at the low price of 124 cents, with a liberal discount to families; and, in the third place, that we chance to have in our own hands at these present advices, positively the only surviving copy of "The Address, &c., delivered at Cumming Georgia," from which, as the renowned Author's greatest work, and one of whose beauties the public ought not longer to remain in ignorance, we shall proceed to make a few brief extracts. In the Preface he says: "After many solicitations, the Author has at length consented to the publication of an Address delivered in Cumming, Georgia, Feb. 1844, before a large and respectable assembly, upon the Rise and Progress of Society, and the Formation of Government; and should it contribute to the instruction or prosperity of any portion of the American people, he feels that it will soothe the last moments of his life with the pleasing reflection that he has not lived wholly in vain." O, no, "Mr. Royston of Cumming, Georgia" did not live wholly in vain,-"not by no meana." Just listen:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—How beautiful are the clouds of the morning, which seem like ruby gems set around with the most precious diamonds; the lark mounts towards them, and sings as if they were at heaven's pearly gates. How bright and lofty are the clouds at mid-day; high in the sky they hang to boast of their far-famed whiteness. At evening tide they again adorn the vaults of Immanuel, and beautify the far west with towers, and castles, high thrones and sublime palaces, which show forth like the topmost topaz of an ancient tower. At night when the moon shines upon them, when not a single breeze fans the mountain tops, they take all hues, and forms, and look white and pure, and when all is hushed to stillness, they move gently on, and seem like a little flock of lambs calmly sleeping."

Baa-a-a-a! Where is the "gentle shepherdess!" Have courage, good reader, and let us take another pull.

"What new scene now takes place; what is that beginning to dawn in the east; what new sun is that skipping over the hills and leaping over the mountains, and spreading her light from the northern to the southern pole? It is the sublime invention and immortal gift of printing, that furnishes means of propagating intelligence, and conveying at one and the same instant, tidings to

millions of the human race, and giving it that durability and pre-eminence which all the power of tyrants, and the combined forces of persecuting despots, has neither been able to suspend, supercede or abolish."

Now behold him lead out "the great American Eagle" once more, and we are done with "Mr. Watson Royston, Author of an Address, &c."

"In every child there is a principle of an endless history. Let us compare the annals of the present, and the battles of the proudest nations, with that of one non ending existence. Assyria stretched out her colossal limbs and fell graphs on the property of the vaunting champion upon the plains of Elah; Egypt came boldly with temple and pyramid, shield and buckler, but fell, sunk, rose, declined, and at last withered at the feet of the Turk. Of Greece, immortal name, so long the light of the world, towered upon the pinions of fame; deserted by oratora, statesmen, lords, and philosophers, who fled mangled from the same brutal hand. Rome scorched, lightened, thundered and fell; she fainted, struggled, and indeed was centuries in dying. Troy, at whose name the world bows with adoration, hath decayed, her brightest planets have fled, and time the unfeigned conqueror, o'er the ruins smile. The story of her dominions fill many pages. The youth reads them with great satisfaction and is weeried."

Je-ru-sa-lem! Didn't old Egypt die hard, though! But then, Rome was "game" to the last. We must not "continuer these few lines," however, for by this time, no doubt, the reader is filled with "great satisfaction and is wearied." We advise the "great original" to lie down and die now, for he has, beyond all question, "contributed to the instruction or prosperity of any portion of the American people."

Has "Beethoven" hung its fiddle on the willows of Babylon for ever and aye? We sigh for the good old days when we had music at Evening Prayers, and bright eyes in the Gallery. To be sure, the old organ used to wax rather frisky sometimes, but are we never to hear any more singing because somebody played too many "extrums" two or three years ago? A little music mollifies the feelings amazingly sometimes, and after a man has "flunked" three times during the day, nothing else will soften his heart half so well at night. Can't some plan be devised for reviving the old institution?

"Speaking of singing," our "Pilgrim Fathers" used to execute some great "Pomes" for their meetings. Cotton Mather tells us that "about the year 1639 the new English Reformers resolving upon a new translation (of the Psalms) the shief divines of the country took each of them a portion to be translated; among whom were Mr. Welde and Mr. Eliot of Roxbury, and Mr. Mather of Dorchester. The Psalms thus turned into metre were printed at Cambridge in the year 1640." The first thing printed in America was the Freeman's oath; the second, an Almanac; and the third was this volume, called "The Bay Psalm Book." In the preface the translators say: — * * "Neither let any think, that for the metre sake we have taken liberty or poetical licence to depart from the true and proper sense of David's words in the Hebrew verses, noe: but it hath been one part of our religious care and faithful endeavour, to keepe close to the original text." This book was afterwards revised by President Dunster, of

Harvard College, under whose care the versification was somewhat improved. Our sanctum happens to contain a copy of the twenty-fifth edition, which was printed in 1742. On the title-page this version is declared to be "For the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints in Publick and Private, especially in New England." We give a few specimens from this "revised edition." How the "Psalms" sounded before revision "can better be imagined than described."

PRAIME OXXXIII.

A Song of Degrees of DAVID.

- How good and sweet, O see, For brethren 'tis to dwell As one in unity!
- 2. It's like choice oyl that fell
 The head upon That down did flow the beard unto Beard of Aaron:

That further downward went His garments skirts upon.
3. Like Hermon's dews descent Sion's mountains upon; For there to stay The Lord his bliss commanded is, Ev'n life for aye.

The following is from the "Song of DEBORAH AND BARAK."

- 24. Jael the Kenite, Heber's wife, 'Bove women blest shall be: Above the women in the tent, A blessed one is she.
- 25. He water ask'd; she gave him milk, Him butter forth she fetch'd 26. In lordly dish: then to the nail
- She forth her left hand stretch'd;

Her right the workman's hammer held, And Lisers struck dead: She piere'd and struck his temples through,

And then smote off his head. 27. He at her feet bow'd, fell, lay down,
He at her feet bow'd, where He fell: ev'n where he bowed down, He fell destroyed there.

The above strikes us as an exceedingly literal translation, but not particularly liable to the charge of being poetical.

Somewhat later "in the course of human events" appeared "The New England Psalm Singer, or the American Chorister, by William Billings, a native of Boston, in New England." The following stanza sounds quite loyal-"considerin':"

> "O, praise the Lord with one assent, And in this grand design, Let Britain and the colonies Unanimously join."

This reminds us of the way we used to hear people sing "Lenox," commencing the words in this wise :--

"Ye ter-ribes of Ah-dam ji-i-ine,"

which was almost equal to the old mode of singing "Let us bow before the Lord," thus:

"Let us bow-wow-wow before the Lord."

While we are on this topic, let us have one more "Psal-lum," "to wit namely," the well known "Missionary Hymn" of Bishop Heber, "done into verse" in the native dialect of the Sandwich Islanders. It is taken from a Missionary Hymn Book, published at Honolulu in 1847, which bears the euphonious title of "HIMENI HOOLEA."

> " MALAMA HOU. Aloha ko na mauna, I pas mau i ka hau,

A me ko Aitiopa, Ko Inia me Makao, Na muliwai kahiko, Na moku na papu; Kii mai kolaila pio, I ola no lakou."

Musical reader, just sing that to the tune of "From Greenland's Loy Mountains," and hear how melodiously the vowel sounds roll off. To our ear, in the last line especially, there is music in the very words, The embodiment into a written language of this sweet-sounding tongue of the "Ocean Isles," is but one of those "labors of love" which the Missionaries (God bless them!) have wrought in the far Pacific.

EXCHANGES.

Who knows what a quantity of Student Literature there is in the land? The following is our own list of Exchanges, which probably is far from including all of the kind.

Georgia University Magasine, Athens, Ga., Nassau Literary Magasine, Princeton, N. J., The Stylus, Bethany College, Va., North Carolina University Magasine, Raleigh, N. C., Collegiate Magazine, Amherst, Mass., Beloit College Monthly, Beloit, Wis., Knoziana and the Oak Leaf, Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., Williams Quarterly, Williamstown, Mass., Murietta Collegiate and the Philomathean Magasine, Waukeeha, Wis., Carroll College Student, Harvard Magazine, Ciceronian Magazine, University Literary Magazine, Charlotteville, Va., Oakland College Magazine, Oakland College Magazine, Oakland College Magazine, Oakland College Recorder, Due West, S. C.

Now, the fact is, it is every way desirable that we should in our College publications establish a complete interchange with each other, and why will not our friends in other Colleges just publish their Exchange List, in order that we may all learn of the existence and whereabouts of every Student Periodical in the country? Please think of this, fellow worms of Editordom, and give us your "pheelinks" on the subject.

The Knoziana and Oak Leaf, being published by rival societies of the same institution, get up some sharp firing at each other. Well, go on, good friends.

keep up your "sperrits" and spare not.

Harvard Mag. proposes a General Convention of College Editors. Suppose, cousin Maga., you just invite the whole crowd to meet at Cambridge, and you pay all expenses? Yale Lit. will be highly tickled to send her family up. P. S.—If our receipts are sufficient for the purpose we will invite everybody to come here, and will send for them a golden chariot "with a dog under the wagon."

By the way, why don't the "Corps Editorial" of "Fair Harvard" just hang out their names? We want to know who gets up such good things. Won't you enlighten us? Come, please do. And now, fraternal quill-drivers throughout this "ger-reat and gel-orious ked'ntry," we conclude "these few desultory remarks," and say to you in the immortal language of Mr. Shandy:—"Rub your hands thrice across your foreheads,—blow your noses,—sneeze, my good people;—God bless you!"

VOL. XXII.

No. IV.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique Patres."

JANUARY, 1857.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

MDCCCLTII.

CONTENTS.

Splurging, -	1	3	- 3		-							12
"Our Foreign	Corres	pone	lene	0,"								Ta
Desdemons,												18
The Use of Me	dern I	fietic	m,							-		14
Legend of Can	opus I	Holle	W.		7-							16
Skepticism, -				-								10
The Snow-Clad	Grave	4										11
A Monologue o	n Hoc	ps,										11
LITERARY NOT												11
MEMORABRIA '	YALEN	SIA.										16
Entroit's Table												100

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXII.

JANUARY, 1857.

No. IV.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '57.

F. E. BUTLER,

H. S. HUNTINGTON,

J. M. HOLMES,

N. C. PERKINS,

G. PRATT.

Splurging.

WE could hardly have placed at the head of this page a word more familiar to the minds and ears of college readers. Though not strictly a college word, its much more frequent use here than elsewhere has domesticated it among us. While in the world at large it is so seldom spoken as to be unintelligible to many, among students,—or at least Yalensians,—the commonness and variableness of its use has made its meaning somewhat vague and uncertain. It is not merely when highsounding nothings are got off in a bombastic or mystical style, that the stigms of "splurge" is affixed. The student is in danger of being charged with splurging, who, in a generally successful use of figurative or poetic language, commits one or two blunders against good taste, who in the creditable discussion of a difficult subject, steps once or twice beyoud his depth, or who expresses his admiration of a generous or lofty moral quality in language as strong a man of appreciative soul ought to feel. You will be very likely to hear the word "splurge" after a sermon which has contained even a few sentences of refined ornament or imagery,—or after a lecture which contains some splendid description, or some enthusiastic expressions of pleasure in homely virtues or simple YOL. XXII.

beauties of nature. Our readers will all agree, we know, that there is room for much improvement in the care and appropriateness with which this word is applied.

But easy as it is to find fault, it may be hard to give a definition in. which all will agree. A genuine, unmitigated splurge must convey no valuable ideas, kindle no imagination, rouse no noble feelings. That which accomplishes either of these ends, however great its faults, deserves a better name. The words of a splurge have a certain smack of intensity and concealed philosophy. Many of them must be long, and some compounds. No real splurge was ever composed of short Saxon words. It must be loud and confident, both in style and delivery. Modesty would be a most incongruous element: it would only call attention to the real merits of the production, which of all things should be overlooked. A splurge is at the farthest possible remove from ordinary conversation: it aims at some unutterably lofty object,-generally no one knows what. It makes the reader feel that the great thoughts of Webster,—the warmth and eloquence of Fox,—are surely there; yet it somehow gives him no new ideas, and warms him with no glorious inspiration. Selecting a strong and beautiful citadel, it seems to cannonade it heavily; but though there is plenty of powder, there are no balls. This seems to be the essential idea of a splurge, though of course it is carried out in every degree of perfection.

How shall we speak of the places and occasions of splurging which the college world affords? It is true that to a man of strong splurgistic (!) tendencies, every place and time is opportune. Yet we are irresistibly led back to Freshman Societies, and the remembrance of certain familiar voices convinces us that these are rich fields for the practice of the art. And even in the mysterious councils of Junior Societies, we blush to own some similar recollections. Well,—if all splurging were productive of as little misery as that to which we refer, we would not complain. approaching election is perhaps the most prolific cause of splurging in societies. We include both the intellectual efforts of those who anticipate a nomination, and after nomination the enthusiastic expressions of devotion to lesser societies, and the long convincing processes of logic by which a coalition with Pi Eta, is shown to be inconceivably better than one with Eta Beta Pi. Recitations, too, offer occasional opportunity for plurging; as one feels on hearing an atom of knowledge beaten out as thin as gold leaf, or even nothing at all indefinitely extended. We need not mention the Foot-ball Game, Pow Wow, and Statement of Facts, as unrivaled seasons for a peculiar kind of splurging. Even the lofty style

of Prize Compositions, and Junior Exhibition speeches, is sometimes tinetured with this element.

The subjects of splurges are such as one would naturally expect. In a harmless little society speech, they are usually such as the burning love of the orator to the society,—its golden and roseate prospects,—the reason it has for congratulation in the character of its members,—or the abominable imperfections of all its rivals. But to characterize the subjects of splurging in general, it should be said that they are often above the grasp of the writer or speaker. Thinking some grand and lofty subject desirable, he takes one beyond his present knowledge or capacity for thought, and deeming those more common ideas which he really has unworthy of the theme, he tries to atone by using words and forms of expression commensurate with its dignity. He is certainly thus in danger of bringing himself to suppose he is thinking profoundly when it is quite otherwise. The splurger is apt, too, to choose a subject in which he feels really little interest. A man cannot talk of any theme with honest solicitude, without expressing some ideas; but where something must be said on one entirely uninteresting, he will very probably use words without thoughts. Political subjects are common, for they are a numerous class, and probably there is no other on which in America we so soon feel ourselves able to talk profoundly. There is much splurging founded on a meaning less use of the words truth, and truth-seeking. Doubtless this is often prompted by a really noble, though indefinite, longing of the mind for something vast; but it certainly does not always land the reader in anything better than a "vast wilderness-a boundless contiguity of shade." Other similar subjects might be mentioned, and in fact for some splurgers anything will do.

The objects of splurging are manifold,—some immediate and others more remote. One very commendable motive is to entertain the company addressed, and a splurge with this design, well carried out, is at the right time a capital thing. Sometimes the object in view is to convince men of a point, or bring them to a certain course of action. This is necessary when there is a gap between the speaker's argument and conclusion, and will often superadd power to real arguments. But it requires sophomoric ease and assurance, and even then there is danger of losing as many votes as are gained. A man who splurges merely to make a display, will be likely to excite either the risibilities or the indignation of his hearers. A few splurge from desire by the practice to improve in speaking. Lacking either time or inclination to make thorough preparation, and unwilling to express common thoughts plainly, they make up in



words and action. Such practice will doubtless give a man volubility and self possession, but its tendency is to make him both a shallow and insincere speaker. But the motive which perhaps more than any of these prompts the genuine splurger, is the pure love of splurging.

The condition of such a man's mind must be singular, and since mental philosophy is now engrossing the attention of some of our readers, it will be well for a moment to take a profoundly metaphysical view of this condition, and of the qualities of mind which splurging cultivates. A man who is getting off a splurge cannot, from the nature of the case, be experiencing the sense of power over his audience, the desire for the success of his cause, or the pleasure which springs from intense intellectual activity. He is conscious only of a constant effort after language,—though it is sometimes true of words as well as ideas, that they seem to come by inspiration, and a splurge can be continued endlessly. Boldness and selfreliance are qualities evidently cultivated in the splurger. They naturally result from speaking confidently,-often without preparation-in lofty language; and it is well if self-conceit does not follow. Quickness is gained, but with the accompaniment of superficiality. Command of language is acquired, but also a careless use of it, for where a man makes his ideas a matter of secondary importance, he need not be particular to express every shade of thought by the most appropriate term. guage of such speakers and writers is often beautiful, but it is like a painting in which, though the colors are rich and soft, the design is inferior, or the characters without interest or expression.

The effects produced upon the mind by hearing a splurge are various. Sometimes the result is simple amusement. This often happens when the hearers are in a good humored, easy mood, disposed to rest after a day of labor, and where the splurger has himself only a benevolent design. In another place a splurge produces wonder, and profound respect;—we need hardly state the circumstances under which this is most likely to be the case. Often the effect of a splurge upon the hearers is excessive weariness. It is as in the ceremonies of the Romish Church, where graceful bowing, pretty painting, and ejuculations in a foreign language grow unendurably tedious to a man whose soul craves something adapted to its nature. The weariness of the hearer will be accompanied, too, by indignation, or if he is in a philanthropic state of mind, by regret at the waste of talent. Yet he will sometimes find it hard to avoid a dissatisfied feeling with himself for not understanding what seems so full of meaning. Whatever pleasure a hearer of good sense derives from a beautiful splurge, is like that from listening to the rising and falling tones of a waterfall in a little



brook,—a soothing, soporiferous influence. It is evident from all this, that in some cases splurging may be contagious, and in others drive to the opposite extreme.

General opinion among us is strongly opposed to splurging. may be plenty of it here, but there is also a sensitiveness which usually detects and condemns it, and often falsely suspects a tendency toward it. Perhaps this is due in great measure to the good common sense of most of the examples placed before us, by which all are unavoidably influenced. The effects of this opinion are both good and bad. Sometimes it makes us harsh and incorrect in our estimate of speakers or writers. If a man is to be condemned merely because his style is flowery or ornate, then many a luxuriant natural scene must be pronounced gaudy. More familiarity with nature might improve our notions of refinement in style. This general opinion may also be sometimes an undesirable restraint on warm imagination, and the free expression of strong feeling, tending to reduce everything to mere cool propriety of style. But such are not its legitimate tendencies. So far as it restrains, it generally restrains to chasteness and real beauty. It promotes strength, good sense, and honesty in our own writing, and cultivates discernment in estimating the writing of others. And there is need enough now of the ability to see whether a smooth chiming expression contains real meaning, or is only an expression. same general opposition to splurging shows itself in conversation, dress, and other matters which concern taste and good sense.

And now it might be more becoming, if instead of indulging our propensity to grow didactic, we should close with a confession that we may have illustrated practically the evils which have been pointed out. But certain principles recommend themselves to us all—however often we violate them—as worth the attention of one who would avoid splurging, and yet cultivate what power of beauty and sublimity he possesses. Good taste and good judgment are of course needful to him; and on their cultivation the authors he reads will exert much influence. But especially; he ought to be perfectly honest, not trying to make himself or any one else think he has ideas or feelings which he has not. He should moreover think of his subject, and not of himself. To us, who find it so difficult for a few minutes to completely banish self, this seems almost impracticable, and probably difficult experience alone will bring any of us to it in a good degree. Still we can see that the men whose words have been most powerful, are those who spoke and wrote not for fame or selfish pleasure, but from real love and devotion to a cause. Solid attainments, too, are necessary. It seems to be true that even men of high natural talents, without



either hard study or severe discipline of life, are likely to become superficial. Nor can it be too often remembered that words are but the medium of ideas, and that we should be sure to have the ideas before using the words,—letting thought form style, and not style thought. These things are easier said than done. In this, as in everything else, we err constantly on one side or the other. But honesty, at least, is within the reach of all; and while a dishonest affectation of profound thoughts or unreal feelings will sap the power of very respectable talents, honesty will often give to the plain words of a plain man the force of real genius-

H. S. H.

"Our Foreign Correspondence."

VENICE, Oct., 1856.

DEAR MAG: - Don't be misled by my date. I shall say nothing of Venice, but confine myself to England. An American may learn at least one useful lesson from the English, viz, not to attempt to accomplish overmuch in a given time; Johnny Bull goes slow, and does his work without wearing himself out; young America is faster, but for the increased speed expends a disproportionate amount of power, and has exhausted his strength when it should be greatest. "doing" of London was after the national manner, and although we did "do" it quite thoroughly, in the two weeks spent there, we drew largely upon the strength accumulated on the voyage, and our exhausted system craved the quiet and rest of the country. The first day's journey brought us to Oxford, via Windsor and Eton. The Castle at Windsor we found very interesting, and passed an hour agreeably in observing the Eton boys practice athletic games, particularly cricket. Although they were much engaged with an important examination, (a written one,) they found time to practice, not merely as a pastime, but under private teachers for the acquiring of skill. Some who had the air of first class scholars, were especially marked by stalwart frames, and appeared to possess "mens sana in corpore sano."

Eton corresponds to an American College, rather than Oxford, where there are many separate institutions for students who desire to study after their graduation from Eton or similar schools, and the time spent



on the grass of the play ground, under a venerable oak, with the dingy red-brick hall in full view, brought my loved Alma Mater (prospective in '58) to mind. Despite some things which might be improved, she is a good mother, and her sons cherish the memories of days spent under her care.

Almost all the students were absent from Oxford for the summer vacation, but we obtained access to a suite of rooms in Queen's College. They consisted of bed-room, study, and parlor; were neatly, somewhat luxuriously furnished, and would take the palm from the best rooms at Yale. The Janitor who showed the rooms was communicative, and told some stories which showed that a disposition to break rules (not windows) is not confined to the unbridled Western Continent. In the one, an aversion to be rung up at 6 A. M., and in the other, to be rung in at 8 P. M., is very marked. Blenheim Park and Palace, seen the next day, I will not describe, but will give some account of Chatsworth, as a specimen of English magnificence, in its proper order. On the third day from London, we rode from Leamington to Warwick, and after an examination of the remains of the Roman Bridge, were conducted through Warwick Castle and the Park. The nobility are very accommodating, and permit the public to inspect their houses and grounds under the guidance of a domestic, to whom a fee is given. In some places, one servant takes visitors through a certain part of the premises, and then hands them over to another, and he to a third, and the third even to a fourth, so that the total expense may amount to some two dollars, which makes sight-seeing rather expensive. Most Englishmen, to say nothing of foreigners, complain of the universal practice of demanding fees, and consider it a national disgrace. You have to pay the chambermaid, the waiter, the "boots" at your hotel, the driver of your private vehicle, the "whip" and guard of a public stage, even the sextons of Churches, and an indefinite number of servants when you inspect a mansion; you can't take a step but some extra fee is demanded. In Warwick Castle are many objects of historic interest, as suits of mail, various weapons, among them a revolving pistol, centuries old, and portraits of noted men and women. These are arranged to ornament some rooms, and in others are paintings by masters, and articles of virtu; one inlaid table cost \$30,000 in Venice, although only three feet in diameter. The porridge-pot of Guy of Warwick, held three of our party, and his armor was correspondingly huge; the other suits were smaller. Indeed, I was assured by an English gentleman, that an ordinary sized man could not get them on, which does not agree

with the prevalent talk of modern degeneracy. The famed Warwick Vase is large, and ornamented with bold bas-reliefs, but, according to my taste, is wanting in symmetry; it lacks heighth corresponding to its horizontal diameter, which gives it a Dutch-butter-bowl look. In the Park were some fine cedars of Lebanon, and the view across the Owan was beautiful.

Leaving Warwick, a dreary drive in the rain brought us to Stratfordon-Avon, an uninteresting looking place, and yet one of Earth's Meccas. It is not a place for mirth, but reverent pensiveness, and a lassitude from over work, and the melancholy which a rain invariably entails upon me, produced a proper temper to muse at Shakespeare's tomb, except that they rather deadened feeling. A plain slab near the altar, with his self-composed epitaph forbidding the removal of his bones, those of his family adjoining, and a bust, strikingly unlike the Chandois portrait, but said to have been made after a cast taken of him when dead, mark where he rests. The home where he was born is a rickety building, and shows signs of past or present neglect; the upper chamber, in which he first saw light, is all written over with names and effusions, and the woman in charge said that we might write ours with a pencil, but not in ink, but I desired publicity in neither way. Returning to Leamington, the road passed the King's mountain, an uninteresting hill. The modern smartness, and the gayety of Leamington, an English Saratoga, jarred upon the feelings following a visit to such a place, and we hastened away to Kenilworth Castle, or rather its ruins. Having walked around there, and looked down upon them from a neighboring hillock, we applied at the ancient keeper's lodge, which has been repaired for the farmer who rents the grounds, and obtained admittance, and, of course, a guide. The rays of the setting sun kissed the crumbling towers a reverent good-night, and now darkness came with a soft-robe, and covered their decay from peering eyes. Ivy ran wantonly over the walls, grass grew in the crevices, swallows flitted in and out at the open windows, sheep were feeding in the court-yard, the lake was drained, the garden ruined, all conspired to make an image of desolation—a perfect ruin, and we groped in dark vaults, climbed crumbling stairways, stood in Queen Elizabeth's room, and the great dining hall, recalling our history, and the romance of the Northern Wizard, until night came and drove us out. The mighty are fallen, and darkness has their mansion, and we were but intruders to be driven away. After passing Farnsworth, the country seat of the late Sir Robert Peel, and Derby, we soon entered the beautiful Derwent Valley, with its romantic

scenery. After leaving the cars, a stage-coach went, part of the way, through the Chatsworth Park to Edenson, a hamlet, with an inn within a stone's throw of the principal entrance to the same. After dinner, in company with a pleasant old English gentleman, who wondered that we, being Americans, could speak so good English, we strolled in the Park, and finally found our way to the hunting lodge, a high tower from which the ladies of the family may view the hunts. It stands on high ground, and, we concluded, must command an extensive view. But the trouble was to get the benefit of this, the door being locked, and no servant to open it, if it was to be open for strangers, which we had good reasons for doubting. Now, all ye who do not subscribe to the new Gymnasium, attend and learn the benefit of gymnastic exercise. building was undergoing repairs and was surrounded by three tiers of scaffolding, the last being even with some windows. A good jump gave a hold upon the horizontal timber of the lower tier, and a use of the muscles of the arms, and a cotemporaneous elevation of the pedal extremities, placed feet as well as hands upon it, and the first story was gained; a similar operation at the other two brought us to a level with the windows, and a short walk on a plank gave us an entrance, which was commemorated by three cheers for Prof. Langdon. The view from the roof amply repaid for the labor of attaining to it. Around the tower were roads, descending by a slope to a meadow, made verdant by the winding Derwent, and on the other side of the valley hills arose, behind which the sun was hastening to rest his wearied coursers.

On the left, in the valley, were the house and gardens of Chatsworth, with the huge conservatory, the germ of the Crystal Palace, glistening like silver in the sun-light. On the right was the vegetable garden, with the house of the Duke of Devonshire's gardener, Sir Joseph Paxton, in the midst. From such a look-out, darkness alone induced us to descend, and wind our way back through the woods and valley. At the inn, during our absence, had arrived "an American party," which included two pretty New York girls, and the sight of their delicate beauty, after the surfeit we had had of English robustness, so affected our susceptible natures that we made a profuse demand upon our wardrobes—that is, such was our desire, but confound it! for the first, and, you may be sure, the last time, we had "expressed" it ahead, and were forced to appear in traveling suits. The future proved that they had a very discreet papa and a prudish mamma, who kept strict watch over them and allowed no rambles by "Derwent's sweet waters," so we became reconciled to the hardship of having no dress coats. The next morning, when taking



breakfast, "a la Anglais," i. e. pouring out our own tea, it was under the mischievous glance of four black eyes, which did not at all help my awkwardness, (I am the "grandmother" of our party, and by virtue of my office preside over the tea-pot,) and I vowed never to travel in England again until a pretty little helpmeet is provided for such emergencies. After breakfast we visited the vegetable gardens, so called, but which include hot-houses, filled with flowers, among them the Victoria Regia, and others inclosing tropical fruits, pine-apples, bananas, oranges, &c. On the sunny side of the garden-walls peach and apricot trees were trained, other situations being too cold. Paxton's home, a building equal to the best American mansions, is in the midst of these gardens. Next, we crossed the Park to the Duke's Palace, but found that we could not be admitted until after 2 P. M., as an excursion party from Birmingham was expected. grounds, however, were to be seen under the guidance of a servant. They are adorned with statues, water works, as a fountain, nearly three hundred feet high, another where the water falls like an umbrella, artificial cascades of varied beauty, and a metal willow tree, which, while you are admiring as a genuine article, emits streams in all directions, and lakelets, grottoes, trees of every kind with paths winding through them, and gorgeous flowers, velvet turf, with graveled walks, arranged after the manner of Italian and French gardens. Art has done her utmost to make a paradise, and the surrounding Park of two thousand acres in wood and meadow, thick with browsing deer and the noble Devonshire cattle cooling themselves in the gentle river, was a rich setting for the jewel. After seeing tropical plants and full grown trees, as the Banyan, Palm, and Brazil Pine, in the conservatory, which covers an acre, intoxicated with beauty, I cried to the listening hills--

> "O earth! thy splendor and thy beauty, how amazing, Where'er, anew, I turn to thee intensely gazing, With rapture I exclaim, how beautiful thou art! How beautiful!"

Near the house is an ancient tower, surrounded with a deep moat, where Mary of Scotland pined for thirteen weary years. What must have been her feelings, shut in from the surrounding grounds, so inviting in their loveliness? After rambling along the river's bank, we endeavored to secure a conveyance to take us to Sheffield in the afternoon, but the landlord liked our company so well that he could supply none, so we held a council of war, and determined to walk with our carpet-bags

two miles to Boslow, engage places on the stage-coach, and return to see the Palace. When we came down stairs with our bags, and Boniface saw he could not keep us, by some very unexpected return of a carriage, he was able to furnish a vehicle, which marked kindness, with a Caudle lecture on endeavors to practice imposition, we emphatically declined. On returning to the Castle at two, the porter again denied admission, as, owing to some delay, the excursion party were just entering.

I appealed to his sense of justice, bringing up the announcement of the morning, no use; touched him with the interest Americans felt in Chatsworth; and growing eloquent upon the disappointment, won the victory. The crowd were pressing in with their tickets; "go on," said he in an under tone, "only say nothing." A pretty chambermaid was acting as cicerone to our squad, and with merry winks at the open mouths and wondering stare of the others, gave us private explanations of the gorgeous rooms, magnificent paintings, and speaking statues. Among these was one of Edward Everett, which lost nothing by comparison with those of other distinguished men. But the great feature was the "unwashed;" to whose credit be it said, that they were very orderly.

A pleasant walk back to Boslow, and a ride on top of an old fashion English stage-coach brought us to Sheffield, and an end to the day.

E. L. H.

Desdemona.

1st Student. "Where's my lady?"
2d Student. "Gone, my lord!"—College Tragedy.

Well earned would have been the immortal fame of Shakspeare as the most wonderful reader of human nature and delineator of human character that ever breathed the breath of life, had he left the world no other legacy than 'Othello.'

If this decision, which the ages have pronounced just, be so, it would be natural to suppose that were such an one to picture from his imagination what he considered the summation of perfection in any character, that ideal would be worthy of the concurrence and confidence of all, instead of the unfavorable criticism and misconstruction with which it is so frequently handled.

As we consider it the greatest merit and peculiarity in this delineation of female excellence is, that while she is of surpassing loveliness of mind as well as of form, and every way presenting a combination of attractions probably never attained, it seems perfectly natural, and by no means wonderful. There is a great deal of the angel, but there is just as much of the woman, constituting a harmony of character, which, according to George W. Curtis, neither Dickens, Thackeray, nor any English novelists, from that day to this, have succeeded in drawing. The perfection of the conception of her external beauty is never called in question: but the success of Shakspeare is often denied in establishing a character worthy of imitation, or qualities of mind and heart which we can approve.

It may be interesting to see what was Shakspeare's ideal of a lady, and if that ideal, now exceeding two centuries in age, would come up to the standard or satisfy the test of what is required at the present day.

To establish the commendable character of Desdemona, it is likewise necessary to defend that of Othello—since if he was not every way worthy of the hand that gave her heart away, and worthy of that heart's affections, then she could not be defended in her judgment in choosing or taste for admiring such a character! If, on the other hand, the character was praiseworthy, and no sufficient reasons existed to forbid her admiration, we have immediately a strong argument in our lady's favor!

We cannot deny that of all biped animals in existence, a full-blooded negro is in appearance the most ridiculous. The man who can suppress a smile at the inconsistency of a black grinning African, dressed and jeweled according to the dictates of his own gaudy taste, with lips so thick that it is difficult to see over them, between which are on constant exhibition a set of grinders, involuntarily reminding one of a graveyard in a dark night; and to crown all, with his short woolly tuft above, has certainly one prominent recommendation for a deaconship.

If then Desdemona could such love an one—of another race than her own—and to such a degree, that even in his jealous frenzy, after she had suffered the rudest treatment and severity that his very 'stubbornness and frowns' to her eye had grace and favor in them, we must allow that she exhibited a depraved taste—an unnatural and indelicate character, unworthy of commendation. Nor have we occupied our time in constructing a suppositious objection, inasmuch as it is not an ignorant belief that Othello was such an image in respect to personal appearance

as we have described. The most famous artists have always held this conception, and thus invariably represent him on canvas and in frontispiece. And famous reasoners, too, have spent their time and strength to argue this conception true; so that the name of Othello is associated in our minds with that of Ethiopian, and we justly wonder how such a woman could forsake so many noble matches—her father—country friends-for one so repulsive. But Othello was not a negro. Critics forget that he was styled the Moor of Venice, and that as a great difference exists between the Moorish race and that of the Negro, as exists between the Yankee people and the Ethiopian. The Moors were, and are at this day, an intellectual, handsome people, bearing a strong resemblance to the European. They led then, as they do now, a settled life in the capacity of merchants, mechanics and agriculturists, but were then more enterprising and warlike, and consequently better fitted to produce just such a character as Othello. Venitians, on the other hand, had no connection with Negroes, who were as degraded as they have ever been, and were in no way calculated to furnish a hero who could be either intelligent or fascinating. There is no doubt but that he was of dark complexion, and in his modesty, when he defends himself before his 'seniors,' as he compares his sunburnt face with the delicate countenance of Desdemona, declares himself 'black.' Rude in speech, also, he says he is, while in the same 'round, unvarnished tale,' he proceeds to prove by his language and discourse that he is neither uneducated or African.

It is, therefore, no disparagement to Desdemona that she fell in love with the straight-haired, valiant Moor, because he bore the complexion of a Spaniard. We have living examples of ladies, whose taste and refinement could not be called in question, who find in such an objection no sufficient cause to forbid the same tender and passionate emotions, such as possessed Desdemona when she gazed upon and learned of Othello his story—if wealth and position are to be gained thereby.

The character of Othello was well calculated to draw forth the love of such a maiden. His open and magnanimous disposition—his trusting and artless manner—his ardent affection—his great heart—his every word and action during their courtship, were such that no woman with a soul could have resisted. He loved what was excellent and just; he possessed a soul to appreciate such a character in others. Friends and envious enemies alike could but testify to his worth. That little hidden, fiendish foe, Iago, even while plotting against him, bore witness that the Moor is of a free and noble nature; "is constant, loving, generous,

and I dare think, will prove to Desdemona a most dear husband." That was what she wanted. The Senate thought him "all in all sufficient, a noble nature, whom passion could not shake, whose solid virtue the shot of accident nor dart of chance could neither graze nor pierce." Is it not then a strong commendation to Desdemona that when such a lover came in collision with the sleepy dandy suitors of her own nation, that she proved faithful to her womanhood, and did not barter her heart for fashion and for gold? The fact is, constructed as she was, she could not have helped loving Othello, if she had desired otherwise, which would have been just as impossible. When such an one-"a maid of that paragoned description and wild fame, one that excelled the quirks blazoning pens," and who was as beautiful in mind as she was exquisitely fair in person, came in contact with such as we see Othello to have been, it would have been contrary to nature that there should not have a general "smash up" ensued. She was as accomplished as he was renowned—as "delicate with the needle" as he was skillful with the spear-and if he could talk so fascinatingly that she "gave him for his pains a world of sighs;" she, on the other hand, "could sing the savageness out of a bear." "A maiden never bold, right modest, and at the same time of high and plenteous wit and invention." No timorous girl-or pretty doll-faced plaything, with only a face and form; these are comparatively numerous; but the "gentle-minded, yet self-reliant woman, who "with a spirit so still and quiet that she blushed at herself," had an eye that could flash as well as weep, who could command as well as beseech-whose passion was only equaled by her unbounded devotion: this is not, we are constrained to say, an every day occurrence.

Love seeks equality, or rather each wishes to think each superior, that each may deify each. Here each found their counterpart, and when mortals are paired like this, love loses its sickish and ridiculous character, and has grandeur in it. Here was entireness; a total trust; a mutual worship. They mingled together their looks and feelings, and became, as it were, heart of one heart and soul of one soul. No inquiries here concerning "age, feasibility and future prospects"—no hindrance found in a sunburnt complexion, but the one was in love with the great heart and the great thoughts, and the other with Desdemona herself, for what she was, and both of them for the simple reason, because they could not help it.

They met, and as the mind of Desdemona was filled with the lustre of Othello's noble greatness, so it is a proof of Desdemona's worth and elevated character, to be wooed and won by such as Othello!



But objectors find points to show, in their whole course of life, that from their setting out there were deviations, both unnatural and reprehensible. We say their course of life, as they are connected so closely in all their words and deeds, that one cannot be discussed independently of the other. The first objection is their elopement, and the deception of her father, which rightly considered, so far from depreciating her character, affords one of the best opportunities for establishing it.

It shows that she possessed the unlimited confidence of her father, and was so worthy of it that he called to witness all the things of sense. "whether a maid so tender, fair and happy" was not bewitched by magic The old gentleman very naturally desired her to marry some of the wealthy dandies of her own nation. He doubtless had enjoyed fine dreams of the way Desdemona's mansion would look when she was "settled down" at home, and where he could drop in handily and bring presents to the grandchildren. And while he bears testimony to her worth, he shows himself most lamentably ignorant of human nature. not to have known that this would never have done for such a maid as Desdemona. Othello's own defense would excuse any elopement under any circumstances. "The story of my life," he says, "I ran it through from boyish days until the moment she bad me tell it," and proceeding with his interesting and checkered course, the coldest nature is stirred with sympathy for him. Where lovers get a-talking this way, let old Governor's beware. These thrilling accidents and hairbreadth escapes and heroic deeds are dangerous things. There is nothing like sympathy as a foundation for love. We admire the love of Desdemona, because it was genuine, and built on such noble foundations. And though she was so lovely that the proudest beauties of our day would be honored by a comparison, Othello did not believe or fall into the error of love at first sight. She respected Othello as he began his story, for he was a famous captain, and worthy of respect. She learned more, and esteemed-that esteem founded upon a personal knowledge of his worth of character begat in her a friendship which ripened into such a love as only a Desdemona could experience. Othello, in the meantime, was neither idle nor asleep. Glances were exchanged—they advanced to little acts of courtesy, of gallantry.

And oft did I beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered.
He swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful—'twas wondrous pitiful.
She wished she had not heard it—yet she wished

That Heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me, And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her, I should but teach him how to tell my story, And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.

It was Edgar A. Poe who said that "the wish of Desdemona 'that Heaven had made her such a man,' was the sweetest touch in Shakspeare." Not that she desired herself in his place—that would be unnatural, but it is natural to wish to be like those whom we reverence and highly esteem.

And it was this maiden of "spirit, so still and gentle, that she blushed at herself" that gave Othello the first hint that she loved him. But from this we argue no indelicacy for Desdemona: only the power of love. And here we see another beauty of her character. With all her graces, acquirements and accomplishments, she was a simple-minded woman. Had she been a genius, she would have been more guarded; she would have hinted less boldly but not less innocently. She too might have dazzled Othello, and won his admiration, but never his love. It is not the "strong-minded women" of lofty intellects that captivate anybody, much less a man who is himself possessed of high genius and intellectual power, as Othello evidently was. They pass by these brilliant roses, and take to their bosom some beautiful wayside lily, and cherish them. It was thus with Othello and Desdemona. Their love lay long smothered, mouldering in silence, then kindling, burning, blazing and purifying in its growth the souls of each, it proved itself an affection that from the very heart ate every passion save its sole self. 'The father frowned upon it—with no mother to counsel them there was but one step—that was elopement. She gave up all girlish fear, her father's love, the happiness of her home, and fled with the other half of her soul. A most commendable step—we approve of it heartily. Desdemona could have loved no other than Othello; and how could she have suffered a life connection during all the jogs and ups and downs of her earthly existence with one of those whose presence was not congenial for a moment even. Call it deviation, if you will, but "yet the light that led astray was light from heaven."

The brightest feature, however, in her character was her constancy. Othello, frenzied with jealousy and insane with rage, became a wretch, whom it would be flattery to call a brute. All that the cruelty of a fiend could inflict is heaped upon her who was an only daughter—the child of wealth and luxury—who had forsaken home and friends to be

with him; and, like a true woman, no sooner is the blow struck than it is forgiven. With "a kiss for a blow," she retorts—"Unkindness may do much, and thy unkindness may defeat my life, but never taint my love." So complete as a whole, so perfect and Christian-like in every particular of character, in every shade of feeling, and in every manifestation of disposition does she prove herself to be, that were we to sum up in one brief word all that we considered pure, lovely, and of good report in female character, it should be—Desdemona.

A. F. B.

The Use of Modern Fiction.

Every faculty of our nature has an office and a growth peculiarly its own. We do wrong to neglect either of them in the process of self-culture. The perfect man, after whose ideal excellence we all, in our own blind ways, are striving, is a soul whose full development in symmetry and strength "gives ample room and verge enough" for every faculty to grow and ripen. Among the rest, imagination, without which we have no high enjoyment and no rational life, puts up its claim for special culture. We all know well its forming influence in childhood and its power in the youth of nations. No child but lives in its ideal world! No boy that does not Midas-like, transmute all common things into the golden fabric of his dreams!

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy."

"The child is father of the man." He will never grow into an earnest enthusiasm for the duties of his long life-struggle, if his imagination be bricked up to death by its stern, narrow-minded, utilitarian reality. The childhood of a great people, too, is the spring-time of all fervid and poetic imagery;—and the nation that would be supreme, must master first of all the realms of the ideal—through them it marches, if it march at all, to mental and moral greatness.

This culture ought not to stop with childhood. The man needs it. He must and will have it. He finds it in art, in the charm of poetry, in the creations of fiction. We find it in a noble fruit and image of

15

Digitized by Google

our age, which ancient times could never put together. The Novel is the Epic of our social and domestic life. The old republics had no materials from which to build it. The empire of Woman had never risen in the world. The incident and beauty of domestic life, which springs alone from her matured influence, was all unknown. No middle class, whose life was a mean between the two extremes of society, furnished a common ground of interest for both; above all, the purity and dignity of elevated passion, the love that lightens the fireside and lives in all the relations of the sexes, all this had never varied and consecrated the social life of Greece and Rome. The feudal baron caught it in his faint glimpses at the spirit of Christianity, long after the life of those old states was buried in the tomb. The fiction which lived then and fed men's thoughts, cannot answer the demands of our new time. Every successive change in the great historic plan, demands a new stimulant for the imagination. It seeks it as the vine painfully and slowly digs away beneath the earth, till it finds and twines about the buried bone which is to give it nutriment. Old fiction will not do for The ancient growth of vegetation, the epic and tragic oaks and pines, are falling all around, and up from among their roots rise not a new growth of the old trees, but by the law of nature, the poplars, the raspberries and their purple flowers.

The novel, then, is a new thing in the world. We have no extensive data from which to determine its influence. We have yet seen only its earliest and roughest fruits. Vast capabilities yet hidden, whole mines of human thought yet unexplored, lie in the slandered, abused, ill-appreciated novel. It has, indeed, the faults of a new art and of imperfect artists. But in its total influence and promise, we claim for it all praise. Let us meet fairly the charges commonly brought against its aims and character.

Novels are too often charged with all evils arising from the exclusive devotion shown them by a morbid imagination. The imagination certainly needs to grow with equal pace and in just proportion with the other faculties, but this is directly the reverse of its exclusive or predominant cultivation. Feed a man on mathematics and on nothing else, and you will make of him a soulless prodigy. Develop the animal instincts within him, and let his moral nature grow wild, and you will make a brute of him. Cultivate to excess any part of his nature to the exclusion of the rest, and his growth will be unnatural and monstrous. Imagination, like the rest, must have its due place in the training of the mind. Shall we then cram it with every delicacy and omit all mental

exercise, till we bring on an imaginative dyspepsia to people our lives with mysteries and gorgeous phantasms, and our dreams with wandering ghosts? Novels were meant to have their proper place in mental training. They are not more answerable for the effects of their improper use than was the Old Testament for Dred's hallucinations. Exclusive devotion to even religious novel reading, would soon show itself in a mind not cast originally in an iron mould, in too great excitement of the imagination, too much living in an ideal world, and in a sickly religious sentimentality. With this, fiction itself is not chargeable. The evil lies at the door of the morbid mind.

This being premised, we may possibly see in a somewhat truer light the objections commonly and narrowly brought against it. Does it give false ideas of life? They tell us that the plot of the novel is at best an image of a very small segment of our life-circle; that successful love is made the great end and motive-power of existence; that the novel takes for granted either that love ends with marriage, or that married life possesses no variety or interest. Love does, indeed, seem to be an essential to the highest interest in fiction. It illustrates the universality of the principle, that the raggedest love-story, once begun, creates in everybody's mind an anxiety for the catastrophe; we must know whether the course of true love has for once run smoothly; we must know whether the mild young lover at last finds pluck enough to kill off his ferocious rival. Robinson Crusoe alone is a novel, if it be a novel, that owes not, in some measure, its interest to love. Does therefore the novel, in proper quantity, have a false and blinding effect upon the mind? The answer is, that the novel does not pretend to be a microcosm; that it selects some plot of human nature to build on and enlighten. For the hard duties of the world we live in, we find sufficient training in our actual life. For its dread realities, we have to prepare us, the memories of trial and suffering and heart-breaking sorrow. For the acts of to-day, we render up account, and we all know it. If the novel brightens up only a corner of human nature, it casts a sunny light into dark nooks of our heart history, that else would be neglected and sadly need it.

We are told that the characters of the novel are apt to be possible in all their parts, yet impossible when put together; that they are natural, yet not real. Phidias carved his Venus from the collective beauty of the Grecian cities. Here he took an arm, there a brow, there a foot, yet no woman ever lived who was the image of his Venus. And thus the novelist, they say, has his heroes made up of all separate excellen-

cies of all human kind. Grant it. They are useful as the Venus of Phidias was useful. They show the author's conception of a perfect character. They are all works of art and must be judged by art's high standard. But is this fancied reproach one generally true? We think not. The author's conception is itself liable to defects, and besides, there can be no interest in a mere catalogue of virtues. Such have not been nor will be the characters of the great novelists. Human life, with its errors and failures, its quiet household scenes and its heart-battles, the conflict of passion and the infirmity of all things human, these, as long as the world endures, must be the themes of all interesting fiction.

They tell us, too, that the novelist, even though he narrate real scenes, may still pervert the taste and morals; that the whole truth of life will not bear telling,—vile, blighting things, at which the true soul shudders,—and that these the novelist lays bare. But the same objection lies equally against all history, and the more complete the history, the more strict the analogy between them. Spread out before a youth the detailed life of Alexander; it would be worse than any novel. The tendency of the novel, too, like that of all art, is to perfect and purify itself. As it rises, it selects its scenes from dark places, it may be, but it shades them with their own moral blackness. Tom Jones was a work of genius, a real picture of the age, applauded by the clergy of the time. Yet Tom Jones would not be tolerated in the family now. Refinement and morals have taken a long upward stride since then, and the novel has risen with them.

But the great argument against us is that fictitious sorrows necessarily harden the heart to real ones. It is a shallow old calumny, and what truth is in it amounts to just this, that a passive absorption, continual and complete, in the distress of fiction, without any corresponding action in daily life, is hardening to the heart. Who denies it? Dugald Stewart tells us that experience diminishes the influence of passive impressions, but strengthens our active principles. The constant perusal of fiction diminishes our sympathy with its heroes, but strengthens our desire for that kind of mental excitement. It gives no corresponding exercise to the active habits to counteract its tendencies. But use by no means implies abuse, and Stewart himself acknowledges that when corrected by habits of real business, they may be profitable and elevating. We contend only for the proper use of fiction. And in every man's daily life, there is surely enough of real care and of hard duty to give the lie to all poetic fancie: of the world-battle we are fighting.

What then are the real uses of these novels? They stand, first of all, as works of art, as specimens of character-painting for the study of mankind. Where one man has opportunity to admire the Transfiguration of Raphael, or to learn the lesson which the Greek slave teaches, ten thousand can find in Dickens or in Scott, nobler forms than artist ever painted,—souls of patient self-denial and of radiant love to all mankind, that are worth more to the world as examples, than a thousand Madonnas of the oldest painters.

Nor does any one doubt their possible and actual influence in morals. Our own female writers, imperfect and imitative as are many of their productions, have shown a capacity as yet unfathomed, of illustrating the highest principles of morals in their application to daily life. They have shown what is worth much to our literature, that a healthy moral tone, even a high religious spirit, is compatible with the intensest interest of fiction.

The novel holds a place, too, among the methods of inculcating truth not at all to be despised in this utilitarian age. Somebody says, it is folly to talk of diluting a great truth with a lot of love-trash for the instruction of sentimental girls. The spirit of the age contradicts the lie. Education is for all—education of all the faculties—education of the one by means of the other. It despises no helps which God has planted in the human soul.

How invaluable is it to the scholar and philosopher as a picture of national manners! Had we but a single novel by Plato, how much more should we know of Greece! What mean indeed those classical novels, those imagined scenes in Greek and Roman history, which scholars send out now as the surest text-books of the life of those old days, weaving stray threads of habit and of custom into the web of interesting fiction—filling out the dry skeleton of history with the ruddy glow of real flesh, giving a sparkle to the eye and a reality and power to her ancient presence!

Besides, the novel is a necessity of our American character. Our acciety in its variety and complexity, furnishes full materials of incident and interest. All the great ideas of all the ages are working out here at last their full development. They are living subjects for the pen of fiction. Then, too, what better relaxation for our practical, moneymaking life, than glimpses by the cottage fire, away from the beaten, dusty, business-track, into a higher life, into the realms of the ideal!

And then the Novel is a strong Reformer, informing, arousing and energizing the common mind. England has felt it; America is feeling

it to-day. Great public evils that demand reform, speak loudly through its voice. An earnest man, with a broad observation of human nature and a deep sense of wrong, pours into ideal characters the thought and passion of his own soul. They speak like living orators to the very heart of a community. And yet the novel has given but a faint intimation of its coming power. With all these uses, and all these capabilities of good, who shall prophesy its destiny? Who shall bound the rising empire of imagination!

Legend of Canopus Hollow.

Mr. Editor,—The following was "told in all confidence" to a few "fellows" who were comparing notes of summer vacation.

K——, having been requested to give his experience in hunting for the silver mine, stirred up the hickory until it blazed brightly,—(we hope you have such an arrangement in your sanctum),—pressed down the ashes of his meerschaum, so that the fire should keep, exalted his right leg over the left, which had hitherto occupied the more elevated position, and began.

Where he took a slight whiff, you will find a comma, a period marks a full puff, and he removed his pipe at the intervals.

"You see," said K——, "when I was a sub-Freshman, and I marvel greatly that my memory should serve me so well, I kept a little knowledge dispensary in Dist. No. 1. You may wonder what that has to do with hunting for silver in Canopus Hollow, nevertheless, 'therby hangs the tale.'

It was just after noon on one of those sultry summer days, when the landscape trembles to the eye, when the brooks have all dried up, and the winds have all died away, when you hear nothing but the singing of the grasshopper, when nature seems dozing, and you are inclined to do likewise, a huge shadow fell across the door step in such a way as to indicate that the owner was not far off, as Colonel Crockett said, when he found an African heel in the canebrake.

I had just detected an urchin, whose longitude might or might not have exceeded two cubits, in the act of gnawing birch, and had promptly requested him to transfer it to the stove, which in summer served as a sort of "curiosity shop."

The young gentleman had just executed the manœuvre, and escaped

to his seat, eyeing me askance, and evidently congratulating himself that he had got rid of the birch so easily.

The shadow before mentioned belonged to a huge Dutchman, who soon after presented himself.

I have always had great regard for our Saxon ancestors, and here was an instance of individuality preserved in spite of time or climate.

I seemed to see the very man of Tacitus before me, "Ingens, intonsus, coeno oblitus."

He drew from his pocket an old piece of parchment, containing an outline map of some locality, with directions and field notes usually employed by surveyors, with a subjoined description in German type letters, the whole executed very skillfully with the pen.

In a voice like the upsetting of a load of clam shells, he informed me it was a description of a silver mine, somewhere along the Hudson, at a place called Canopus Hollow, and offered to sell it for one dollar.

Always ready to make a disinterested sacrifice for any benevolent enterprise, from the missionary cause to Prof. Shattuck's sparring academy, I readily paid the sum. But being called soon after to a position in the Freshman class, the honors and duties of that position left no time to devote to such small matters as silver mines.

But last summer vacation, Q—— of '57 and self found ourselves among the Highlands of the Hudson, to improve the shooting season, and to take the sea breeze. We use the term, because we were assured by one of the village belies that it was the seaport town of the county.

Oh! those village belles! There was such a refreshing piquancy in the manner in which they said "Yaw, Yaw!" to Q——'s sublime poetic flights, or when his "imagination transcended the illimitable realms of thought," they would say "nick's forstay" with such an original expression of innocent wonder. But we will turn away from these visions until some hour for twilight musings, and stick to our story.

In making some local geographical inquiries, we happened to learn that Canopus Hallow was but a few miles' distant. The silver mine, the Dutchman, and the chart all came to mind. Thinking it might prove a source of revenue to those who were wont to carry metal buttons in their pockets to assist certain delusions, we decided on a visit.

We enquired of our host, who told us that the existence of the silver mine was generally believed in that region; that the owners had refused to sell the land in hopes the mine might one day be discovered.

He said that two Germans, before the "old war time" had worked it, but on the breaking out of the Revolution had buried their mining tools and undivided ore, and both took a most solemn oath never to return unless together.

One it was said had been killed during the war, the fate of the other was uncertain.

A man, however, supposed to be one of the miners, had occupied for several years a tenement near the spot, consisting partly of a cave, and partly of a hut he had himself built. He had no company but a German boy, and finally they both disappeared mysteriously. The habitation could still be pointed out.

We decided to visit it the next day, and employed an old Dutchman named Hans Von Steinkopf, to guide us to the spot. On comparing the description given in the chart, which three months of intensest application to German as an optional, had enabled us to guess at with some success, with the ground itself, we were surprised to find how well they agreed. We were to follow up the run leading from the Hollow—an hour's journey,—the natural objects along the way being mentioned with great correctness, until we should come to a swamp having a rock at its outlet with lead in its seams. From this, in a northeast direction on the opposite border, we should search for the mine in a little ravine formed by a spring bursting from the hill side.

We found the swamp, but it seemed as impassable as the Styx itself. It looked gloomy, too, for the afternoon was somewhat advanced, and the shadows fell over it, like mantles from the dark mountains. The wild pigeons flying across from one hill top to another seemed like swallows, so far were they above our heads, and we almost saw the stars reflected from its waters, resting on black, tremulous, oozy mud.

Finally, we concluded to return to the old miner's cave, where we might pass the night, and be ready to resume our search in the morning. We returned accordingly, and by night fall had prepared comfortable lodgings from boughs and dry leaves, and finally lay down to sleep while our two one-headed Cerberi guarded the door.

We both awoke with the early light.

"You lost much," said Q——, "by falling asleep so soon. Our guide related to me a thrilling story of the old miner's death."

This seemed rather strange, for the mental capacities of our guide seemed suited to monosyllables, which form of expression he had hitherto wholly employed. Moreover, I distinctly remembered having watched the firelight dancing on the rock walls long after both my companions had given audible evidence of heavy slumber and light conscience. I

was anxious, however, to hear the old miner's concluding history; whereupon Q---- repeated, as near as he could remember,

THE STORY OF OUR GUIDE.

"I have often heard my father relate stories of this mysterious personage, while he lived in this very cave. He was regarded with superstitious fear, and the stillness of the valley was seldom broken by the crack of the hunter's rifle. . . .

He had not been seen by the neighbring people for some days, and they judged he must be ill. A farmer who lived nearest was preparing to visit him, when one of those "thunder storms of the Hudson" suddenly burst upon the mountains. While raging at the greatest fury, there was a knock at the door, a single blow, which nearly drove it from its hinges. The farmer opened it carefully, protecting the light with his hand, and there was standing upon the door step a tall, powerful built man, in the dress of a freebooter, with a carbine in his hand, and a belt set round with pistols. A strange craft had been seen in the bay, and the farmer conjectured that this must be the captain. In a blunt, half jovial manner, which made the farmer shake with fear, he inquired for the old man's hut. The master gave him the directions, but hesitatingly added, "you would not go farther in such a storm as this." As he spoke a flash which almost blinded them shivered an oak, and dashed the splinters in their very faces. The stranger laughed with a fierce oath and strode off into the darkness.

It was late when he reached the hut. The storm was passed, and the moon was struggling through ragged masses of clouds. He entered without ceremony, and passed into the second apartment. The old man was lying on a little rude bed in one corner, breathing heavily, as if the powers of life were in their last struggles. He evidently recognized him, though unable to speak, and after several attempts to speak fell back apparently lifeless. The freebooter roughly laid his hand upon the the body, and attempted to rouse it to consciousness. "Too late," he muttered, "but what have we here?" he continued, grasping the trembling boy who was partly hidden in the bedclothes, and half lifting and half dragging him into the outer apartment. "Now, youngster," said he, "answer me quickly." The boy was too much frightened to speak. "Answer me," said the villain, kicking him with his heavy boot. The boy hung helpless in his powerful grasp, and gave only a screech as if in the extreme of terror. He was about to repeat the blow, when the blanket which separated the two apartments was shoved aside, and the figure of the old man appeared,



wrapped in a sheet, his eyes fixed and stony, his teeth chattering, the breath rattling in his throat, and one shriveled arm raised in a threatening attitude. The awful sight terrified even the bold pirate, who fled with all speed. At early daylight some persons entered the hut, and found the boy crouched in a corner in gibbering idiocy, while the form of the old man was extended on the hearth, his bloodless features bruised and mangled by the fall on the rough hearthstones."

"Q-," said I, when he had finished, "this is all nonsense; you have been dreaming. That old lump of stupidity never told you any such story."

"He certainly did," said Q-, "awake him and convince your-self."

"Well, never mind," said I, "but I think mine host slipped into your pocket a small flask of Holland, as a provision for contingencies; and it seems now as if the ague and rheumatism had joint possession of me."

"With pleasure," said Q——, but with some misgivings; and, indeed, on shaking it there was not enough within to produce "a chipper."

"Really!" said Q---, "I didn't think-but you see I was very cold during the night-but really-"

"Oh," said I, "this explains the whole story. No wonder you had visions of thunderstorms, and pirates, and dead men. Why, a whole legion of imps from the Hartz mountains was imprisoned in that flask, like the 'devil upon two sticks' in the glass jar."

"You may think what you please," said Q---, "but just awake our guide and ask him."

That worthy individual, prone upon his back, was extended along several feet of the cave, looking for all the world like Polyphemus, his jaws distended like a set rat trap; and some unswallowed pumice of green apples was alternately drawn down and cast out with his breathing like the heaving of Charybdis. To wake him was no small matter. Dickens' fat boy was no circumstance. The chapel bell hung directly over his head would not have modified his dreams. He was like the "old darkey down south," who could only be awaked by a gradual process of chopping firewood on his shins. After sundry shakings, however, he "rose and sat up," and was finally made to comprehend the existing state of things.

"Now," said Q——, "repeat what you told me last night."
But the face was as expressionless as a worn out coffee pot.

"Why," continued Q-, "how about the 'old man,' and the 'German boy,' and the 'freebooter?'"

"Gol hang shimmenetty," was the luminous response, "I knows nick's about 'em."

The indefinable expression on Q——'s countenance was cut short by the most terrific yells and whoops ever heard outside of Freshmen powwows.

We peered anxiously out, and saw a crowd disguised as Indians, evidently with no good intentions.

Recollecting some cautions of our guide, the nature of the case soon became evident. It seemed that the whole section had belonged to Jacob Astor, who in consequence of anti-rent difficulties, had ceased to urge his claims. The present owner, fearing the result of our investigations, had persuaded the people that we were agents sent to enforce the rents, and hence the occasion of the present assemblage. A salutary respect for our fowling pieces kept them from entering, but they were evidently preparing materials to smoke us out. Matters were fast becoming serious. Q—— was just considering the propriety of "making a rush,"

"With spear or sword To die, at least amidst the horde, And perish, since it must be so, At bay destroying many a foe"—

when we luckily discovered that our castle, like the chemical lecture-room, had an "exit" as well as an "entrance."

We hastened to squeeze ourselves through a cleft in the rock, communicating with the other side of the hill, and left at most undignified speed, leaving our worthy guide, whose "aldermanic rotundity" would not permit a passage, sticking fast in the hole, like the greedy fox in the fable. Thinking this little popular demonstration somewhat significant, we judged it expedient to depart straightway out of their coasts, and left without even taking leave of the ladies, or bidding our host good bye. With increased scientific knowledge, we may examine the silver mine at some future day. Q—— is confident of its existence, and insists that to other legends of the grand old Hudson, shall be added "The Legend of Canopus Hollow."

8. T. F.



Skepticism.

In early ages, it was the fashion to believe. The history and literature of primitive nations are chiefly made up of numberless traditions and fancies, all tending to show that credulity was universal. Truth in those days was so blended with, or rather enveloped by fiction, that it is almost always difficult, often impossible, to draw the line of demarkation between them. "Bright eyed" fancy and strong imagination seem to have vied with each other in playing pranks with weaker reason. Even every day life was invested with a kind of weird, unreal reality. Every hill-top was peopled with its family of ghosts, every wild flower had its presiding fairy, and particular localities were wrapped in halos of hallowed and famous memories. Religion was both fashionable and fanciful. Philosophers speculated deeply about the essence of the Gods and the immortality of the soul. Poets sung in strains,

"Wilder than the unmeasured note, Of that strange lyre whose strings The Genii of the breezes sweep." .

And yet, all was truth to the ancient mind. Men, as they seem to us in those early and misty times, were simpler-hearted than modern men and we fall in love with what we call their disingenuousness. Old Herodotus and Homer are synonyms for honesty and simplicity, as well as for beauty and sublimity. With all writers it seemed to be a moral necessity to swallow as substantial food every idle tale that floated in the wind, until reason, long overburdened and crushed beneath the weight of so much rubbish, having gained strength, began to make huge rents in the clouds of superstition, and at length burst forth in a flood of light, to be deified in the nineteenth century.

In contradistinction, the present is an age of doubt and skepticism, of suspicion and distrust. It is an age of reason-wenders and reason-worshipers. The tendency is to treat with contempt things past and ancient, as being unworthy of serious consideration even, in the light of reason. Men are amazed at the credulity and simplicity of their ancestors, and congratulate themselves that *they* are not to be duped by the filmsy theories which made dupes of their fathers. They live in an age of reason and are reasonable men. They are those

"Who grind among the iron facts of life And have no time for self-deception."



Their mission, in their own estimation, is to go through the past and present snuffing for intellectual carrion, not to feed upon it, but for the pleasure of telling people where it is, and of gratifying their love of snuffing generally. And so they build theories, and fight imaginary battles against imaginary shams and cheats, and so, often unconsciously perhaps, become shams and cheats themselves. Such men approach with wary step everything which bears marks of antiquity; they smell the mould which has accumulated around ancient things, and grow suspicious ere they break the seal. They would have us believe that everything which has been written hitherto, is a literary delusion; that ancient records belie ancient deeds; that history ought to be re-written after an ideal theory of their own, so that it should set forth facts as they ought to have been and undoubtedly would have been, had they been recorded aright. There are those who tell us that this universe is a monstrous lie, that it was generated in a lie, and has been breeding lies ever since its birth. In these days we have had a Berkeley denying the evidence of the senses, and the existence of matter; a Hume, who annihilated both mind and matter at a single blow; a Voltaire, who cut up by the roots the tree of Christian truth, and laid it so low that it could not be raised again. We have had a host of philosophers who maintain that there is a saving principle in every man, fully exemplified in Jesus, the Jewish moralist; philosophers who place all faith and yet no faith in man. We have had those who claim that the monkey is the grandfather of man, yet themselves belying the old saw, that "every generation grows wiser and wiser." We have had scores of leathern-headed, "tar-blooded" Germans, with brains so befogged with beer and smoke, that they were ready to swear that Herodotus was an old babbler and tell-tale, and during all his travels was positively so drunk that he could not distinguish lake Moeris from a frog-pond, or the pyramids from as many cocked hats. We have had a Neibuhr who denies, to a great extent, the authority of Livy, and styles Tacitus almost a novelist. We have had a Hardoin who claimed that all the literature of Greece and Rome, except some of the Odes of Horace and a part of Virgil, was produced during the Middle Ages. We have had a Wolf and others, who have mercilessly attacked poor old Homer, torturing his name into at least two different significations,-by one, proving the identity of the poet, by the other, the identity of his works, by both, neither. We have had a Joshua Barnes who claimed that Solomon was the author of the Iliad and Odyssey, on the ground that the name O'unpos when read backwards becomes Soremo, and by changing R to L, Solemo, which needs

but a little effort of fancy to make it Solomon. We have had a Wilhelm Mueller who grounded an, argument against the unity of the Iliad on the fact that, as it now stands, Ulysses is made to eat three dinners in one night. We have had a "John Smith" attempting to prove that the Persian wars were a hoax, and Xerxes and his millions a humbug. We have had a Maillet, whose theory of Creation was, that the dry ground arose from successive contractions of the waters; that men were originally Tritons with tails, and wriggled themselves into human shape in their agitations on the land, whence originated, probably, the idea of tailed devils. We have had a Jacob Bryant who derived all mythology from Noah and the Ark; proving that from these arose the myth of the Argo, and the story of Jonah shut up in the whale; showing that, as there were eight persons in the Ark, so there were eight Egyptian Gods; tracing the worship of all crescent-shaped objects to the form of the ark, the worship of rivers &c., to the element on which it floated; showing that the names Naus and Da-vaus are only corruptions of the name of Noah; in short, that Noah in his name or attributes is connected with the Iris and Osiris of Egypt, with the Chaldean Dagon, with the Tyrian Hercules, with Tuisco of the Germans, with the Woden of the Saxons and all other heathen gods, which the vice or device of man ever pictured or fashioned. We have had all these men and systems of belief, and each system has had its numerous followers. Indeed, what have we not had in this age of carping and canting criticism, of insincerity and infidelity, when men consent to cast aside their only chart and compass, and launch without purpose on the limitless seas of Skepticism?

Now the cause of all this skepticism may be found in a single word, pride—odious, stubborn, accursed pride—pride of novelty with some; with others, that pride of reason which assumes Reason itself to be a law unto itself, and so acknowledges no other, nor higher law. In regard to the first there is no nobler employment for human reason than explaining away the inconsistencies and correcting the errors of history. If the scholar does this in a truthful spirit, goes no further than facts will justify, draws no conclusions but such as are highly probable, he is a benefactor to the race. All honor to the man who earnestly seeks to develop truth, even though his efforts result in error. It is by no means criticism as such that we make the subject of complaint, but the spirit in which it is conducted and the excess to which it is carried. We do not wish to believe in, nor be troubled with theories put forth merely as theories, for the sake of gaining notoriety, even though supported by the statement that their authors are honorary members of no less than twenty-seven very



scientific societies. If the student by diligent research can throw any real light over the past, if he can advance in any degree the cause of true knowledge, posterity will be grateful to him and reward him as he deserves. But if we are to have that weird incantation over names which has been so successfully attempted by some modern critics, or that warping of general truths for personal ends which has so universally been practised, men can easily see, by an application of the same principle to our own age, how readily the truth may be perverted. Not to mention anything more serious, take names and suppose that some critic, a thousand years hence, should treat them as modern critics treat ancient names. Goldsmith would be nothing but a common jeweler, Cooper nothing but a barrel-maker, while Fox, Shelley, Washington, Lamb, Savage, and a host of others, would find themselves in such company, and have such attributes ascribed to them as would cause ghastly grimaces in their ghosts. While those great men who have been so unfortunate as to be blessed with nick-names would be astonished at the degeneracy of some of their relations. "Old Bullion" would inevitably be regarded as the father of John Bull, and these two, together with the "Irish bull," the Pope's bull and the bull-terrier would unquestionably be placed in the same family. The "little giant" would be thought a pleonasm or a contradiction, and be set down as a mythical personage at once. If some future reader should fall upon one of Poe's criticisms of the Bostonians, as a relic of this century, he would immediately conclude that the inhabitants of that city were in reality Frog-pondians, and place them in the same category with the croakers of the Molluscan age. How interesting, too, would it be to the future critic to trace the genealogy of the Smiths' and Jones' of modern days after the analogy of ancient genealogies, and find, after an infinite deal of research, that the nineteen-hundredth second cousin of "John Smith" was an honorable man!

But when considered with reference to sacred history, this tendency towards skepticism, insincerity and excess becomes injurious and dangerous. God wrote in words of fire on Sinai, and transmitted them to us through an ancient historian. And if later writers are so readily misrepresented, how easy is it to make the name of Moses, as signifying "that which is drawn out of the water," not the appellation of a sacred lawgiver, but of the slime which lies in 'ancient Nilus,' or of the crockodile which wallows in it, or of any other representation which a diseased fancy may please to make. Nay, men in these days are ready to go further, and in the pride of intellect, have audaciously modeled the universe after a plan of their own, have ignored the existence of a Creator, and have referred all things to themselves, to blind chance, or to

a system of Causation. In the pride of reason, they think themselves omnipotent. Looking upon mankind as a race, and perceiving continual progress, they lose sight of individual weakness and nothingness, and identifying themselves with the unit man, vainly imagine that they. are thrashing through the ages, and creating tumultuous confusion on this little planet. But let disease come with the terrors of dissolution, let the Almighty blow a breath upon them, and, with Keats, "they feel the daisies growing over them." Men with powerful and brilliant intellects, by the clear light of reason, have comprehended to a great extent the workings of the world's system, have verified them in science, have watched the footprints of the Eternal on every side, and yet, amid this splendid array of evidence, say there is no God, that all must be referred to a system of Causation. Well, after all, this system of Causation. with all its high sounding titles, can be comprehended by the simplest mind, and the authors of it themselves, with all their erudition, cannot penetrate beyond. There is a limit to human reason. There is a partition-wall between the Finite and the Infinite which cannot be broken down. And though restless spirits may go prowling through the universe, prying into cracks and crevices to catch glimpses of the Hereafter, yet their own bold thoughts will only recoil upon themselves, and the gloom will remain to them as impenetrable as before. In this black and lurid battlement of doubt and darkness there is but a single portal, through which stream in floods of mellow, glorious, golden light from the summits of Hope in the mysterious future. Wise are they who heed its influence. We need such, "good men, and true," in the fields of philosophy to redeem them, already partly redeemed, from blight and barrenness. We need such in the councils of the nation, where men habitually sell themselves to base purposes, where statemanship, so-called, has come to be the rottenest of all ships, where venality and corruption go unpunished, even unrebuked; we need such there, to put insincerity to shame, to expose the wrong and do battle for the right. We need such in Theology, to stem the torrent of infidelity, to sift the gauzy theories of Atheism and Pantheism, to raise up and support in presence of men the temple of Christian truth, and keep it pure and clear as when God first fashioned its crystal pillars. We need such in the legal profersion, to stand up nobly for the truth at all times and under all circumstances, to frown down dishonesty and low trickery of every kind, to maintain law in its integrity and purity, in its spirit and letter, and lift the curse which has hung so widely and heavily upon it. men the nations call, and God grant that they may be heard!

A. M. W.



The Snow-Clad Grave.

The snow was hiding with whiteness
The brown turf under our feet,
As we bore our love to the grave-yard,
When her heart had ceased to beat.

And the snow, to comfort our mourning, Seemed floating down from above, Like the plumes of sorrowing angels Thrown over our buried love.

So we feared no more to leave her In the grave-yard lone and cold, Since the mantle of holy angels Our darling one would enfold.

G. P.

A Monologne on Hoops.

HOOPS ARE AN ABOMINATION!

This is my proposition. I shall proceed to prove it. I. Geometrically; II. Poetically; and, III. Æsthetically. First, then, Geometrically:

In the immortal work of Euclid, Supplement, Book III, Prop. XXII, may be found the following words:

"The same things being supposed as in the last proposition, a series of circles may be constructed about every biped, such that the diameter shall exceed the altitude of the biped by an imaginable quantity."

Let A be the biped around which the series of circles is to be described. Let B be a quantity of whalebone. Let R, E, D, O be the several corners of the entrance to a room, into which the biped A must enter. Let C be another biped, (a nice young man,) upon whose arm she leans. With the quantity of whalebone B, may be traced a series of circles, (the biped, A being the centre,) such that the diameter of each shall exceed the distance between any two of the given corners of the entrance R, E, D, O. Hence it's as plain as the nose on your face, that the biped A, with such a series of circles, and the biped B cannot enter the room.

We have already shown in the Lemma to Prop. X, Book I, that VOL. XXII.

not to be able to enter where you want to go, especially if it is in the supper room, is an abomination. A's series of circles prevent this. Series of circles,—hoops,—therefore hoops are an abomination. Q. E. D.

II.—POETICALLY.

Said I to Kitty Brown last night,
Taking my arm to promenade—
"Why must the ladies cause affright,
Like Indians for the fight arrayed."
"I'm sure," said she, "I do not know,
Perhaps your think no paint we lack;"
"O, no," I answered, "that's not so,
Because with (w)hoops you make attack."*

One summer day I chanced to stray

To where West Indian ships are moored,
In hoisting out, one cask so stout

Fell down, and forth molasses poured.
Said I, "My man, just try my plan,
In future you'll no more be duped,
Just act as careful mothers do,
And let your 'lasses be well hooped."

Young Solomon Dobbs was in love with Sue Brown, Sure no one was e'er so benighted: As fine a young man as any in town, But oh! he was very short-sighted.

As he walked down the street one very fine day,
Miss Brown in her splendor passed by him;
By her hoops he was kept such a distance away,
That he knew not that she had passed nigh him.

Fair Susan then wrote a sharp little note,
"Mr. Dobbs, I'll see you no more, sir,
If me you can't greet on the frequented street,
Our acquaintance is totally o'er, sir."

In deepest despair young Dobbs tore his hair, (Unfortunate one I mourned for you,) And then he replied to Susan the fair, "Your hoops were so large I ne'er saw you."

^{*} Perhaps I ought to add that the young lady fainted after I had perpetrated the above. My feelings can better be imagined than described.

MORAL.

Young ladies beware, though handsome and fair, Beaux and bows expect not to win them, When your hoops are so large, that the innermost marge Is a rod from the fair being in them.

III.—ÆSTHETICALLY.

Is there any beauty in hoops? Fitness is one of the essential constituents of beauty, and a hoop is fit for the genus barrel, and nowhere else does it belong. "But," says one, "a curve is Hogarth's line of beauty." Very true; but did Hogarth ever instance a hogshend as an especial instance of the beautiful? Does any one imagine, if he was now to draw an ideal woman, and clothe her with the most beautiful drapery, that he would represent her in the costume of our modern belies?

In China, where, as you have learned from a late number of this magazine, I was born, the ladies have a disagreeable habit of compressing their feet. It was partly on this account that I left the country. I wished to reach some land where nature, and not fashion, should prescribe the forms of dress. But alas! my search is in vain. I find the semi-civilized Moors pampering their women to grossness, size being with them the sole ingredient of beauty; I find the barbarous Indian flattening the head of her child as an undeniable prerequisite of loveliness; and, lastly, in the most enlightened nations of the world, I find small waists and large hoops the prominent characteristics of the ladies. Whither shall the Chinese philosopher betake himself?

Literary Notices.

A JOURNEY THROUGH TEXAS. By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, author of "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," &c. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co. New Haven: for sale by T. H. Pease.

Mr. Olmsted went down into Egypt, and here he tells us what he saw among the Patriarchs. He relates his experience in a style sometimes humorous, and always simple and engaging. Although he does not possess any great love for institutions peculiarly Southern he always writes with fairness. He does not take one-sided views, but lays the whole case before the reader just as it appears to his own mind. Everybody acknowledges him to be an honest observer, and a most entertaining writer,



therefore should everybody read this book. It is highly amusing and highly instructive; and if people are not satisfied with his conclusions they can draw their own to suit themselves, for the material is before them. Mr. Olmsted does not take much stock in the Union Gas Co., nevertheless we opine this book will do more "to promote the mutual acquaintance of the North and South," as its object is set forth in the preface, and to produce good feeling between the two sections of our country than all the spread-eagle bombast of the last ten years. Maga saith unto her "dear young friends" go and buy the book! Gather in a small amount of the dross of this world, and call upon our publisher, (Ahem!), and you will get much good reading in exchange for a little filthy lucre. Just try it!

PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. By JOHN A. PORTER, Professor of Agricultural and Organic Chemistry, in Yale College. New York: A. S Barnes & Co.

This book would certainly have been unacceptable to the ancient Alchemists, for simplicity and clearness are its prominent aim. The practical application of chemistry to agriculture and the arts is dwelt upon. The suggestions as to apparatus and materials, as well as experiments to be performed, must be valuable to those who wish either to set up a minature laboratory for themselves, or to instruct others. For sale by T. H. Pease.

We have received Putnam's Monthly for February. Our readers have probably heard that such a magazine exists, and know that it surpasses all rivals in good sense, originality and interest. For sale by T. H. Pease.

Mlemorabilia Palensia.

THE election of Orator and Poet for Presentation Day by the Senior class occurred on Saturday, the 24th ult. Wilder Smith was called to the chair; G. S. Gray and S. Scoville, appointed tellers. The following was the result;

Orator,—Augustus H. Strong, Rochester, N. Y. Poet,—Norman C. Perkins, Pomfret, Vt.

The Commencement in the Medical Department occurred in the Chapel, on Thursday the 15th ult. John W. Hooker delivered the valedictory address, on "Character and Reputation," to which succeeded an address to the graduating class by Hon. Wm. W. Welch, M. D. Eleven gentlemen received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. The chapel was well filled.



Mr. Langdon has recommenced instruction in his exercises, at Alumni Hall, with something over 100 pupils.

We have been overwhelmed with oratory during the past three weeks.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 14th, occurred the Sophomore Prize Debate in the Brothers.

The umpires were Prof. Thomas B. Osborne, Hon. Henry B. Harrison, and Rev. Wm. T. Eustis.

The question—" Was the formation of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco justifiable!" There were five speakers. The prizes were thus awarded:

1st, Wm. Fletcher and W. W. Phelps.

2d, G. H. Coffey.

The Freshman debate in the Brothers was Saturday, Jan. 17th. Umpires—Prof. B. Silliman, Senior, Prof. John A. Porter and Mr. Caroll Cutler. Question—"Ought Politics to be discussed in the Pulpit?" Number of speakers, 17. Prizes:—1st, R. S. Davis and L. M. Jones; 2d, J. L. Daniels; 8d, W. C. Johnston.

The Bishop debate in Linonia was Wednesday, Jan. 21st. Umpires—Prof. Wm. A. Larned, Mr. Daniel C. Gilman and Rev. Wm. B. Lee. Question—"Ought a Lawyer to defend a client whom he knows to be guilty!" There were 7 Sophomore and 11 Freshman speakers. Prizes as follows:—

1st Sophomore, R. A. Stiles.

2d, E. Carrington and E. G. Holden.

8d, W. E. Foster and T. R. Lounsbury.

1st Freshman, W. E. Park.

At the election in the Brothers, Dec. 17th, the following officers were chosen:

President,-J. C. Jackson.

Vice-President,-H. S. De Forest.

Secretary,-W. R. Frisbie.

Vice-Secretary,-W. K. Hall.

In Linonia the following officers were chosen, Dec. 17th:

President,-A. F. Beard.

Vice-President, ... A. H. Strong.

Secretary,-G. B. MacLellan.

Vice-Secretary,-E. H. Yundt.

JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS.

Philosophical Orations.—A. Van Name, G. B. MacLellan.

Greek Oration-R. C. Haskell, Wethersfield, Vt.

Latin Oration-J. W. Gibbs, New Haven, Conn.

High Orations—A. N. Hollister, Hartford, Conn.; H. A. Pratt, Litchfield, Conn.; E. Seymour, Bloomfield, N. J.

Orations—M. Abbot, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. T. Baird, Cincinnati, Ohio; L. Dembinski, Tarnow, Galicia; A. Mathewson, Woodstock, Conn.; D. A. Miles, Worcester, Mass.; F. W. Stephens, New York city; H. E. Sweetser, New York city; H. H. Turner, Demark, Ia.

Dissertations—E. P. Batchelor, Whitensville, Mass.; E. T. Elliot, Towanda, Pa.; C. M. Fenn, Lancon, Ill.; C. S. Kellogg, Bridgewater, N. Y.; E. A. Manice, New York city: E. S. Thomas, Wickford, R. I.; T. C. Valpey, Lawrence, Mass.

Disputes—First: D. M. Bean, Sandwich, N. H.; I. Delano, Fairhaven, Masa.; D. Freeborn, Knoxville, Pa.; C. W. Johnson, Seymour, Conn.; W. A. Lane, Clinton, La.; S. H. Lee, Lisbon, Conn.; E. M. Mills, Canton Centre, Conn.; E. G. Scott, Wilkesbare, Pa.; P. J. Sweet, Fishhill, N. Y.; C. B. Whittlesey, Berlin, Conn.; C. H. Williams, Salem, Mass.

Second: G. P. Andrews, New Haven, Conn., G. M Boynton, Orange, N. J.; D. G. Brinton, West Chester, Pa.; R. Morris, New York city; H. K. Smith, Maidston, Wis.; C. E. Street, Cheshire, Conn.; G. Wells, Wethersfield, Conn.; W. H. Woodward, Woodstock, Vt.

Third: W. S. Alexander, Killingly, Conn.; M. S. Elchelberger, York, Pa.; W. T. Harris, North Killingly, Conn.; A. M'Donald, Danbury, Conn.; B. F. Penny. Baton Rouge, La.; I. Riley, Montrose, Pa.; G. F. Smith, West Chester, Pa.; E. M. Taft, Whittinsville, Mass.; C. Tomlinson, New Haven, Conn.

Colloquies—First: S. H. Cobb, Tarrytown, N. Y.; S. Goodwin, Hartford, Conn.; W. A. Magill, Waterbury, Conn.; W. D. Morgan, New York city.

Second: W. S. Anderson, St. Louis Mo.; E. F. Blake, New Haven, Conn.; Matthew Chalmers, New York city; E. D. Grant, Norfolk, Va.; L. Howe, Brooklyn, L. I.; J. E. Kimball, Oxford, Mass.; K. S. Moore, Hudson, N. Y.

Editor's Table.

WE shudder, dear readers, to think of the circumstances under which we last inscribed with our editorial quill the title written above. Then our windows were open, our shirt sleeves were visible, and we were longing to escape from our sultry and musquito-ridden sanctum, and join the happy throng of incipient Seniors, whose song rolled in from the front of old South Middle. And now, how can we help thinking and talking about the cold? True, it is not altogether a new subject, but it is one on which we can speak feelingly, and, let it be supposed, philosophically. We do not expect the latter characteristic of our remarks to be appreciated by any but Seniors. True, the "Lower Classes," in common with the vulgar mass of humanity, suffer from cold, but they little know the mental gratification of being able to tell Jack Frost, when he pinches your nose, pierces your ears, and treads on your toes, that you know the philosophical reason why he is doing it all. And not only this, but in our Lectures homopathic principles are applied with great success, insomuch that after hearing Dr. Kane's account of those who consider 30° below zero a sultry temperature, we felt inclined, on coming out into one of - 80, to throw off our overcoats, and bask under the elms in a warm snow bank.

But while all things have gone on thus favorably within, Jack Frost has been conducting without in a most disorderly and unjustifiable manner. We allude not now to his forcible detention of delegates from the Gubernational Convention two weeks since;—for the Lir. enters into no political strife;—but when the chief officers of College are blockaded, and prevented from attending morn-

ing prayers and recitation,—when one Professor is compelled to ait up all night in the cars, and another to walk ten miles through the snow, it becomes us to say, in plain and unmistakable language, that there is no knowing what will happen next. The evil designs no doubt entertained against Chapel, have been in part happily frustrated by the introduction of new registers. In the Lyceum recitation rooms, we regret to believe that the temperature is not yet up to 60°. We learn, moreover, that the intense cold, iceing over the harbor and rivers, has made it difficult to get at our ancient Silurian friends—the oysters. This is a cause of failure of the means of subsistence not mentioned by the political economists, so that we are unable to predict whether the effect will be to lower the standard of living in college, or to diminish the amount of Fixed Capital.

We can hardly allude to Senior studies without saying, though in no tone of disparagement to any part of our College course,—how pleasant is the change from the comparative monotomy and unsuggestiveness of the studies of the first three years to the variety and practical interest which mark those of this! Its effect upon the reading of Seniors is quite noticeable. One man is enamored of Geology, and feels that Lyell and Dana can hardly satisfy his immediate cravings. Another regards the recommendation of our respected Professor to read Cousin, whence he mentally proposes to pass to Aristotle, Leibnitz, and a list of other authors whom Sir William Hamilton could mention more easily than we. Chemistry and Meteorology have charms for a third, and a fourth can hardly wait till the close of lecture before procuring a Universal History, to be enlarged upon by histories of particular countries, and biographies of eminent characters. Not unlikely the same individual at different times represents all these four persons. But it becomes more and more evident that Senior year brings various occupations beside general reading, and therefore many large piles of books are transferred to and fro across the College yard, for which the carriers are none the wiser.

The list of books drawn from our Society Libraries might be quite an interesting study. The days of the week, and times of the year, on which most and fewest are drawn,—the character of books most drawn at different times, with the causes,—the variation in amount and character of reading from year to year, or from one decade of years to another, etc. etc., might give us not a few suggestions about college life and feelings. For example, suppose at a given time a Prize Debate is to occur in Linonia. Number of disputants, ten. Number of books in both Society Libraries which have the slightest bearing on the subject to be discussed, 115. Number of books drawn by disputants, 115. 115 $\pm 10 = 11 \frac{5}{10}$ number of books falling to each disputant. Required the amount of originality necessary for each piece. Required also to know whether the same calculations would apply to the Brothers, and to Disputes and Compositions in the recitation room.

Mr. Langdon is among us again, evidently considering Yalehis head-quarters, and feeling justly that he has many friends here. So now physical development is again to be of supreme importance. Tall forms are to gain grace and vigor by going through the duck's march, or lying supinely on their backs. Valedictorians and high oration men are to maintain their standing by extending one foot and hand in air, and poising themselves upon the other two. Mr. Langdon deserves, at least, the credit of perseverance under difficulties. Perhaps if he

should entitle various exercises the Pancratium, Palaestra, or Pugilatus, he might be more successful in drawing classical men.

A classical friend of ours met with a little adventure the other night which is worth recording. Attending service at a crowded church near the Post Office, he stepped for a moment into the entry for a breath of fresh air. While there a fainting young lady came out, leaning on the arm of the sexton. As she was alone, and a stranger in the city, our friend, being introduced by the sexton, politely offered to accompany her home. So off they started, he of course under her guidance, down East Chapel Street, and had arrived somewhere near the river, when he ventured to enquire her destination. It proved to be on State Street, near East Rock, towards which she supposed they had been going. So restraining his angry passions, he told her the mistake, and they returned to the church, on reaching which she felt so far recovered as to conclude to go in and look for some friends who were in the congregation. It will be better for the Senior aforesaid not to go into the entry of a church again until the sermon is finished.

The Class Band of '57 have commenced a series of Wednesday afternoon entertainments at the Brothers' Hall. The attendance has been tolerably fair. We would not malign the motives of these musical gentlemen, but we ask, is it probable,—in view of Stewart on the active and moral powers,—that they act solely from motives of disinterested benevolence? But whatever their motives, we trust they will continue the practice. A little sweet music is not only delightful in itself, but it quickens and nerves one for every duty and manly effort.

To Juniors, in view of their appointments, we offer either our congratulations or condolance,—whichever they need,—presuming that most of them will accept the latter. We can remember the time when we ourselves felt interested in such petty matters. Alas! how this reaching the snow capped heights of Senior year reveals to one the insignificance of all human greatness.

The commencement of this last complete term of Senior year makes one feel that time is indeed flying. It brings feelings half sad, and half hopeful. Memory recalls the time when college days seemed in themselves to constitute almost a life, and hope looks earnestly forward to the future. May none of us lack a hope which shall give strength and truth to all of life.

It is rather difficult to realize that all graduates have had the same feelings with us who are now going through with college experiences. We can hardly imagine our fathers entering into the exercises of a Junior Exhibition or Presentation Day, with a spirit just like our own. Still harder is it to conceive it of the sedate, venerable looking students whom engravings represent in front of South Middle and the Athaneum 100 years ago. But no one need be told of the completeness of the sympathy which in fact exists between the oldest and the youngest Alumnus. It is not the least of the blessings Alma Mater bestows, that she confers upon us such a store of common remembrances and experiences to excite brotherly feeling ever hereafter.

VOL. XXII.

No. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

87 788

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen landesque Yalerson Cantainun Scholze, manimique Paries."

MARCH, 1857.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS B. PEASE.

PRINTED BY T. L. STATISHED.

MENTERS THE

CONTENTS.

Horse Stiles issue,		161		169
Philological Queries,	4 -	+ +	- 7	182
The Profession of Letters,	0 2	×1 1	4	188
Matrimonial Cogitations,		4. +		186
" Our Foreign Correspondence," -	- 1	-	1) 1	180
The Relations of Man to the Materia	at World.			190
Ye Manners of Ye Schollars, -				100
Dream Land,			4 14	199
Etchings of Herrnhuterdom, -			4 4 1	200
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA:				
Meeting of the Chos of 1858,	- 1	400	18 6	207
Society Elections.				208
Prizes Awarded,	- 1			208
Entron's Table, - : -	8 8	3		200

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXII.

MARCH, 1857.

No. V.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '57.

F. R. BUTLER,

H. S. HUNTINGTON,

J. M. HOLMES,

N. C. PERKINS.

G. PRATT.

hora Stiles-iana.

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

In a cozy nook of the College Library, concealed from ordinary observation, and bronzed with the lapse of more than half a century, lie the remains of President Stiles.* Guarded by the Argus-vigilance of the Treasurer and Librarian, they repose securely as a steel-locked knight in the dim chancel of an old cathedral. At the suggestion of a friend we were led to open the mausoleum, and there for a many an hour since have we pored over the old pages we found therein. "The cabinet," for so the plain pine case is by courtesy called, contains besides many loose papers, forty manuscript volumes, fifteen of which constitute the President's private diary. Almost a score of foolscap pages filled with selections from this diary now lie before us, some of which we shall venture, gentle reader, to put before you. The administration of Dr. Stiles, as President of Yale, embraces a period of about eighteen years, lying midway between the foundation of the College and the present time. He graduated here under Rector Clap, in 1746, at the age of nineteen, and

AOI' XXII'

17

[•] We mean of course his literary, not his mortal remains—they sleep in the city Cemetery.

after studying law and serving as tutor for seven years, was settled as pastor of a Congregational church, at Newport, R. I., where the diary first opens. This was in the latter part of 1755. In 1757, just a hundred years ago, he married, and had he lived till now, as the story books say, he would this very month (Feb.) be celebrating the centennial anniversary of that happy event. During his residence at Newport he devoted his leisure hours to Oriental languages, in which he made great attainments. He was always a hard student, and we find him writing on one occasion, "I have studied fifteen hours this day," though he adds such a practice is "very unusual." It was about this time he received a diploma of S. T. D. from the university of Edinburgh, graced by the names of the historian Robertson, and Blair the rhetorician. The sheepskin is still preserved as fresh as ever. The diary during this period is filled up with learned disquisitions upon Hebrew and Greek passages met with in his studies, and records of conversations held with the Jewish Rabbis of Newport; and, believing with Pericles, that knowledge is of little account unless one can express himself, on great occasions, as in ordination or election sermons, he did not hesitate to exhibit his learning by interlarding the original at length, for the edification of the unlettered multitude, who had no time even if they had the disposition to investigate for themselves. He did not, however, neglect his pastoral duties, and while in enumerating his trials and difficulties he sets down the sixth item, "so many enemies—especially churchmen and tories," he places as an offset item sixth of his "comforts," "Beloved of my church and congregation." A substantial proof of this we have in the following entry:

"May 30, 1770.—This day a voluntary Bee or Spinning match at my house. Begun by Break o' day, and in the forenoon early were sixty-four spinning wheels going at same time. Ninety-two daughters of Liberty spun and reeled, respiting and assisting one another. Many brought their flax, especially of my society. The spinners were of all denominations—Churchmen, Quakers, Baptists and Congregationalists. They spun 170 skeins, and found two-thirds of the flax, weight 32 lbs. The yarn very good. A whole calf, 4 Gamons, 3 lbs. Tea, 32 lbs. Sugar, 1 Loaf do. 9 lbs., 8 gallons Wine, and Sundries sent in to amount to £6 10s. 0d. L. M."

Upon a similar occasion he adds the significant commentary, "the greatest part of which was left." The July before, he attended Commencement at Harvard, where he heard "a Dialogue in Chaldee, by three Batchelors, taken out of Daniel," (we presume he means the dia-

One of his "Election Sermons" preached before Governor Trumbull covers (in print) ninety pages like the "Lit's."

logue and not the batchelors.) But think of our colloquy men getting off a Chaldee dialogue. Vere Tempora Mutantur! The President of the college also made a short speech in the same intelligible tongue, so that upon the whole the exercises must have been extremely entertaining, particularly to Chaldeans.

While at Newport the Dr. was accustomed to entertain at his house such men as Whitefield and "that very learned divine, Rev. Jo. Witherspoon, D. D., president of the Nassau Hall in the Jersies," both of whom preached for him. "Whitefield's last sermon," he tells us, "was at Exeter, he was an hour and fifty-five minutes in sermon, and afterwards rode to Newburyport, where he died next morning of an asthma, having preached above 17,000 discourses," which if they were as long as his last would, (by arithmetic,) have taken him ten hours a day steady preaching every day in the week for ten years to deliver.

Dr. Stiles, if not a great man, was yet a good Christian, a kind hearted, generous man, a true and ardent patriot, and a lover of all branches of knowledge. No one can read over his diary or talk with the few that yet remember him without being convinced of this, notwithstanding the few foibles and weaknesses he occasionally discovers, and as our object is not so much to give a connected history of his life, as it is to bring out the peculiarities of his character and times, we shall continue our selections without much regard to philosophical arrangement. The diary is a complete repository-a conferta moles of statistics and information on every conceivable subject. The elements of comets' orbits, the revenue of Great Britain, the amount of silk raised in New England, the quantity of "good rum that can be distilled from a gallon of corn stalk juice," the reports in parliament, the election returns, the census statistics, the character of distinguished contemporaries, meteorological records, the state of colony politics, philological researches, discoveries in science, inventions in the arts, foreign politics, internal improvements, items of travel, extracts from letters, the state of the crops, the height and ages of his children, the condition of the church, and, in short, everything else is duly chronicled—nothing escapes him. Among the anecdotes of old ministers, he speaks of one-

"Rev. Mr. Blackston, an Episcopal elergyman, who in 1631 sold the land of Boston, and removed to a point six miles from Providence, where he had a great library, he rede his Bull for want of a horse to Boston and Providence, sometimes preached at Providence, the first time to one man, two women and some children, whom he collected around him by throwing apples to them. His house and library were burnt in King Philip's war."



It would seem that in the Dr's time the eighth commandment was enforced with exemplary rigor; for on Sept. 14, 1771, we read,

"This day judgment was given upon *Pond* for theft, viz, to pay £150. L. M. damages to; Mr. Pease, £100 fine, stand in the Pillory with a rope round his neck two hours, and be whipped 39 stripes, and sold for not exceeding the term of seven years."

If Dr. Stiles had a weakness it was his proclivity for having his likeness taken. Time and again do we read the short but exponential sentence, "Sat for my picture." Besides the two full length pen-and-ink sketches that adorn his diary, and the copy of a bust in wax done after his accession to the presidency, and the portrait that now hangs in Trumbull Gallery, there was one painted at Newport, more remarkable than all for its accessory emblems, which he selected to be, as he says, "more descriptive of his mind than as effigies of his face." The books which should indicate the character of his studies were "Eusebius' Ecc. History, Livy, Duhalde's China, the Talmud, Newton's Principia, Plato, Watts, Doddridge, Cudworth's Intellectual System, the New England primaeval divines, Hooker, Chauncey, Mather and Cotton;" these were upon shelves at his left hand; upon the right rose a pillar, on the shaft of which was one circle and one trajectory around a solar point, symbolical of the Newtonian and Pythagorean systems of astronomy. Over all appeared an emblematic representation of the universe, consisting of an infinite number of white rings, arranged in concentric circles upon an azure ground with triple points issuing from each and tending towards the common center, where was painted in Hebrew characters the name "Jehovah" and the words "All Happy in God;" in the lower corner was a single black ring, "the place of the lost," and another ring whose points turned some to, and some away from the center; this represented our world, as the white rings did the rest of the universe. The whole is neatly drawn in the diary with other details.

Like the great majority of the Puritanic clergy of that day, Dr. Stiles at an early period avowed his opposition to British aggression, and continued a consistent and devoted friend of liberty throughout the whole struggle for national independence. So early as March, 1771, he rejoices over the "anniversary of the repeal of the stamp act," and a month later declared the act of assembly which permitted a regiment of British troops to be stationed at Newport to be "a concession that seals the death of American Liberty." Four years before the battle of Bunker Hill and five before the declaration, he exclaims,

"What shall an injured and oppressed people do when their petitions, remonstrances, and supplications are unheard and rejected, they insulted by the Crown officers, and oppression and Tyranny, (under the name of Government,) continued with Rigor and Egyptian Austerity!"

But as the great crisis approached his patriotic heart takes courage, and he exults in the glorious prospect:

"Mar., 1775. The Tories are struck up and amazingly dejected, as they begin to despair of carrying their villainous system of Revenues and Domination. How wonderful is the overruling Providence of God!"

The lull was only for a moment, in a few weeks came news of another sort, and he writes again:

"Apl. 4. The Friends of liberty are hereby exasperated, and declare themselves ready for the combat, and nothing is now talked of but immediately forming an American Army at Worcester, and taking the field with undaunted Resolution."

The same month he chronicles at length the battle of Lexington, and adds—queerly enough to our ears:

"It is said that the Mass. Provincial Congress have sent to Col. Washington of Va. to be Generalissimo of the American Army; perhaps it may be true."

Quoting from a tory's letter these words, "What say Hancock, Adams, and all their rebellious followers, are they still bold! I trow not," he exclaims in righteous indignation,

"An infamous Parricide! An unholy Churchman!"

And of another tory official he says:

"And yet this Hypocrite when he gave the keys to the Commander of the King's troops, and delivered up the Provincial garrison, affected to do it with regret, and turned his face to the wall and W E P T—wept crocodile's tears!"

His own spirit pervaded the country; at this very time he tells us,

"Every member of the Virginia House of Burgesses had cleathed themselves in homespun, and has each of them on the breast of his coat these words wrote with needlework or painting, "Liberty or Death," and sits thus in the House of Assembly."

Less than a month after the battle of Lexington, with a patriotic sagacity at that time truly wonderful, he expresses his conviction:

"That the Colonies have already taken the form of a Republic, and that Congress will grow in authority and rise into supreme dominion."

A year later he says:

"This day I read at noon the Declaration, and for the first time realized In-

dependence; thus the Congress have tied a gordian knot which the Parliament will find they can neither cut nor untie."

And then transcribes the declaration entire.

But now the "infernal Wallace," with a British fleet, hovered about Newport, and the public danger was such that he not only "lodged his diary out of the house" for security, but at length when his beloved "flock" had now mostly dispersed into other towns, he too withdrew, and while preaching at Portsmouth where he had a call to settle, received a letter announcing his election as President of Yale; and while the country was resounding in spirit, and perhaps, in fact, with the old song:

"Here's a health to the states and the brave General Gates, And all the American line, Who in the year seventy-seven, by the blessing of Heaven, Conquered the haughty Burg'yne;"

Dr. Stiles sat down to ponder the question of acceptance. He doubted his fitness for the station, the salary was small, great and complicated were the difficulties and labors which attended it. Moreover he declares that,

"An 150 or 180 young gentlemen students is a Bundle of Wildfire not easily controlled or governed, and at best the Diadem of a President is a Crown of Thorns."

Albeit, as you have anticipated, dear reader, he accepts. This was in Sept., 1777, when we find the statement, that

"A large class graduated this fall, and many students entered the army. Since last March the classes (of Yale) have been kept at Wethersfield "—(the state prison was not there at that time)—"at Glastenbury and Farmington. The College broken up and scattered through the calamities of the times. It has been a flourishing Academy, though without Funds." (A chronic complaint, we believe.) "The times reduce all (colleges.) Toga cedit armis."

Nor was this the only evil of the war, for he is told that

"College wants regulation, for they have left the more solid parts of learning, and run into plays and dramatic exhibitions, chiefly of the comic kind and turned College into a Drury Lane."

Having harangued the Juniors in a short speech at Glastenbury, he returns home, is presented by Col. L. with 2 yds. Genoa Velvet, valued at \$25 per yard, for a (Presidental?) Jacket; goes with three children into the hospital to be inoculated for the small pox, and on the 9th of June, 1778, after liberating his negro man Newport, æt. 30, settles all

his affairs, and with his seven children—for he had lost his wife—sets out in two carriages for New Haven—a journey which cost him the short period of eleven days' travel and the moderate sum of \$230. On the 23d of June, 1778, he assumes the duties of his office, aided by a Professor (Daggett) of Divinity, and a Professor (Strong) of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—three Tutors and a Steward who constituted the entire Faculty.

Among his first acts were the appointment of "a Freshman to ring the Bell for Prayers, recitations, &c., releasing him at same time from going of errands for any but the College authorities," "the exhibition o a lecture on Oriental learning," and the celebration of his inauguration by Latin speeches and a dinner. A division of the army shortly after passing through New Haven, he was honored with "a visit from the Marquis de La Fayette, æt. 22, accompanied by General Varnum." On the morning of July 5th, about a year after his accession, he observed with a telescope from the tower a British fleet of forty sail come to anchor off West Haven. It was the expedition under General Tryon. Some 3000 troops disembarked, and marched for the city. Everything was thrown into confusion, perhaps one-third of the adult male population, he says, "flew to arms, and went out to meet them. Captain Hillhouse, with 20 or 30 brave men fired on the enemy's advanced guard." The enemy, however prevailed, took possession of the town, laid a part of it in ashes, killed some 21 persons, and after doing much other damage withdrew to their ships and set sail. The President after providing for the safety of his family, (it was vacation in college,) "spent the day in riding round among our confluence of Militia;" and on returning after the enemy had retired, and finding that neither his house nor the College edifices had sustained the least injury, he gives expression to his gratitude in the formula, that so often graces the pages of his diary, Deo Opt. Max. Grates.

The Professor of Divinity did not fare so well, he had laid aside his clerical character for the occasion, and having seized a carnal weapon in the shape of a musket, was making a vigorous and patriotic defense "near the 2 mile stone," when he was overpowered by numbers, and in the words of the President "captivated" by the enemy. After discharging his piece and submitting as prisoner, the brutal soldiery "pierced and beat him with bayonets and otherwise abused him, so that his life was in danger for a month afterwards," and from the effects of this treatment we believe the good man not long after died. Among the plunder carried off by the invaders was a chest of papers belonging to old Presi-

dent Clap; to recover this President Stiles wrote General Tryon a letter so characteristic that we shall give it almost entire:—

"YALE COLLEGE, July 14, 1779.

"Sir,—The troops of the separate Expedition, under your Excellency's command, when they left New Haven, the 6th inst., carried away with them among other things the Papers and MSS. of the Rev. President Clap, late Head of this Seat of Learning, which were in the hands of his daughter Mra. Wooster, Lady of the late General Wooster.

This waits upon you, Sir, to request the Box of MSS., which can have no respect to the present times, as Mr. Clap died 1767. A War against Science has been reprobated for ages by the wisest and most powerful Generals. The irreparable losses sustained by the Republic of Letters in the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, and ancient monuments of Literature has generously prompted the victorious Commanders of modern ages to exempt these monuments from the Ravages and Desolations inseparable from the highest Rigors of War. I beg leave upon this occasion to address myself to the principles of Politeness and Honor, humbly asking the Return of those MSS., which to others will be useless, to us valuable.

"I am, Sir,

"Your Excellency's most obedient very humble servant,
"Exa Stille, President.

"To his Excellency Major General Tryon."

A copy of the General's polite answer (crowded out through want of space) is before us: it expresses his inclination and desire to prevent the violence of War from injuring the Rights of the Republic of Learning, and assures the President that had the diligent enquiry instituted for their discovery been successful, the MSS. should most certainly have been restored.

We now come to a circumstance which we anticipate will send a shock of pleasure to a quarter of a thousand undergraduates and myriads of alumni, while, alas, it will fill the hearts of an equal number of both with pain and dejection. We mean the probability that President Stiles, like our own President, was a "Brother in Unity." To be sure his name is not down in the catalogue, nor was there such an institution in being when he was a student, nor indeed for twenty years fter, but the fact that the first time he mentions either society is on April 4, 1781, the anniversary of the Brothers, which he describes at length, and gives but a passing notice of Linonia's, although held the week before; the fact that the libraries of each contained even at that early period the same number of volumes, viz, 100 a piece, and more than all, the fact that he constantly speaks, and with the greatest admiration throughout his whole diary, of the great founder of the Brothers, General

Humphreys, his personal friend, the aid-de-camp of Washington, who was present at the siege of Yorktown, and gave him a plan of it,—the fact that to General Humphreys he entrusted the diploma of LL. D., which he had made out for Washington—the fact that he often speaks of spending the evening with General Humphreys, while never a hint escapes him which would lead us to believe that he even suspected the existence of that mythical personage, whom Linonians delight to call William Wickham, all this proves conclusively to any candid mind that President Stiles, though forbidden by necessity from being a Brother in fact was undoubtedly a Brother in spirit. But the Lit. is no political engine and we forbear. If the "Statement of Fact Orators" will call at the sanctum we shall be glad to put them in possession of further details.

President Stiles, as we have said, was a kind hearted, generous man, but in the true spirit of that day he thought it necessary in the discharge of his presidential functions to compensate for the smallness of his stature by never a pearing in public except in his robes, cocked hat and wig, and wearing an air of magisterial sternness, calculated to strike the "scholars" with a becoming fear and trembling; how far it had this effect may be inferred from the fact that among the students, (as we have been assured,) he went by the name of "The TO HAN."

The elder Professor Silliman, when a Freshman, one day with that ardor which has achieved his present distinction, was kicking a collapsed foot ball across the College yard, when all at once he came within the orbit of the august President. The President stopped, called him, asked his name, wrote it down, and fined him one shilling. For in those days the College laws were obnoxious to the charge which Euripides in Alcestis puts into the mouth of Death,

πρὸς τῶν ἐχόντων, Φοιζε, τὸν νόμον τίθης:

all ordinary offenses were punished by pecuniary penalties.

The same tendency to externalism, is apparent in the almost "truculent naïveté," as Lieber would say, with which he notes that "President Leverett (of Harvard) governed well with Awe and Terror;" and again "President L., great and awful in government." About this time also he describes a visit he receives from the French Ambassador and Baron Steuben, who the next day "with their retinue rode off in magnificent grandeur."

But the triumphant spirit of revolution abroad in the land now demanded a change, or the President's heart had waxed softer with his in-



creasing years, for he signalized the closing day of 1788, with a remarkable act of executive elemency. For, notwithstanding, as he says,

"It was originally the custom for Freshmen to walk with their heads uncovered in the College yard the whole Freshman year," (he on that day) "permitted the Freshmen to wear their hats in the College yard after the January vacation."

But he had the good sense still to retain that good old, alas now obsolete, custom of "committing the Freshman class to the Seniors' care."

Instead of wading through a full dozen authors in Greek, and keeping at it till the end of Senior year as we do, to the neglect of the Sacred language, President Stiles religiously confined the students to the Greek Testament throughout the course, and put the Freshmen into Hebrew the first term. Moreover, besides expounding the Savoy Confession of Faith or Vincent's Catechism on Saturday nights, and ordering one of the "Sirs" or Seniors to read a sermon at Sunday evening prayers, he was always accustomed to rise in the pulpit just before the Professor of Divinity began to preach, and send such a look of severe majesty around the chapel as instantly brought the scholars into an attitude of decorum and withered up the slightest impulse to levity. Such, at least, was its design.

The prosaic routine of College studies was often enlivened by declarations by the students at evening prayers, or a lecture at the same hour by the President, on such popular subjects as "The memorable darkness of 1789," "The eruption of Vesuviua," "Remarkable Auroras," or in default of a more novel theme, the never failing resource, of "Ecclesiastical history." Syllogistic discussion by the Seniors was maintained twice a week, and though on one occasion certainly the young rascals took advantage of the President's being engrossed over a book, to read all of them the same "dispute," he was notwithstanding so attached to the system, that when, for some cause he does not mention, they had fallen off to only one in six months, "and none on Commencement," he utters his pathetic lamentation in these words:—"Thus, farewell, Syllogistic Disputation in Yale College—much to my mortification!" Some of these questions we will record for the benefit of future committees on prize debates:

"'Whether a ball passing in a perforated vacuum through the centre of the earth would vibrate from side to side perpetually?' 'Whether there are witches?' "Mens non semper cogitat." 'Nulla Idea duobus sensibus percipitur,' to this he adds, 'Kent respon.'—(Kent, the future commentator on American Law.) 'Whether females ought to be admitted to public civil government?'—(so



woman's rights is no modern idea.) 'Whether the witch of Endor really raised Samuel?' 'Whether Space is finite?' 'Whether it be just to confiscate the Estates of Traitors and capital criminals?' 'Whether Lazarus, after his resurrection, had a right to his former Estate?' and 'Whether enslaving Negroes be right?' 'Negative.'"

Through the "Public calamities" the Commencement at Yale for a long time had been private. But though the infamous General Arnold had burnt New London only the week before, and an interruption of the exercises by the enemy was still greatly feared, nevertheless the Corporation and a large concourse of people assembled, and on the 12th Sept., 1781, was held the first public Commencement during Dr. Stiles's presidency.

The College buildings had been brilliantly illuminated the previous evening, by the freshmen we presume, as they generally attended to that department. We may mention as part of the programme, an oration upon Oriental learning, delivered by the president in Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic, and a poem on the Genius of Literature, by Mr. Joel Barlow, (a candidate for the second degree,) which last was so well received by the audience, that in the President's own phrase, "Mr. B. was clapped." He does not tell us what they thought of his own speech, and we shall not venture to conjecture.

President Stiles had a wonderful penchant for sketching maps, plans and diagrams. If a meteor flashed through the sky, or the British fleet changed its position, or the army moved its encampment, or an aurora appeared in the heavens, if he took a journey into a neighboring town, or a discovery was made in Africa, his pen was out, and the fact skillfully delineated in his diary. It would be safe to say that no considerable battle or slight skirmish occurred during the whole war from the affair at Lexington to the reduction of Yorktown, which is not mapped out with the position of both armies accurately laid down. Indeed, taken with copies of orders, letters, resolutions of congress, and detailed descriptions, the whole thing forms no mean illuminated history of the war of independence.

Sometimes we meet with elegantly executed copies of letters in Hebrew to some Rabbi; with Latin letters to a learned man on the Volga, one to Sir William Jones, others to Franklin and Washington. Many and many a page is covered with triangulations on the height of auroras and computations of eclipses, and a whole volume is devoted to observations and calculations on the transit of Venus, which he "assiduously observed," while at Newport, June 3d, 1769.



Six considerable volumes are filled with meteorological records, and his astronomical taste was set forth in the 'emblems of his portrait." Upon one occasion a comet's return had been predicted, and naturally wishing to secure the honor of its first discovery to Yale, he informed the students that it would appear in the eastern horizon very near "the old Blue Meeting-House steeple," (where Professor Larned's residence now is,) and directed them if they saw it to call him. Accordingly one night they turned out en masse, and informed him that the comet had arrived. The President donned his hat and robes, and, surrounded by the students, proceeded in state to the Green, and there sure enough was the hazy light of the stranger close by the steeple; as they drew nearer it rapidly expanded in size and altered its appearance, and finally transformed itself into a scooped-out-pumpkin, irradiated by a tallow candle, and suspended from the steeple, by some rogue who ought to have known better.* But all philosophers are liable to be deceived. Galileo once supposed and asserted that Saturn was triple-shaped.

During most of his administration the only college buildings, (if we except his house,) were† Old South Middle, the Chapel, now the Athenæum, and a Dining hall, now the Chemical Lecture room. The Library containing some 8000 vols. was over the Chapel.

In 1793, he laid the foundation of Old South College, with no little pomp, procession and parade. After the usual ceremonies the president made a speech.

Under the influence of an old College law, which required that

"No scholar shall use ye English tongue in ye Colledge with his fellow scholars, unless he be called to do so; but scholars in their chambers and when they are together shall talk lattin,"

and of another which required candidates for admission "to be expert," among other things, "in making Good and true lattin,"—the language of the Romans had become the College vernacular.

There is no end to the Latin speeches which the President made and

We are indebted for this anecdote to a gentleman who is professionally acquainted with all the eccentricities of comets and other celestial and meteorological phenomena.

[†] Among the MSS. in the "Cabinet," is a Latin Valedictory Oration, dedicated to the President, engrossed and illuminated with a beauty that quite eclipses our modern Sophomore prize compositions. The frontispiece contains in its background an accurate pen-and-ink engraving (&s ἐπος είποῖν) of the College and Chapel, as they then appeared.

has preserved in his diary, but upon this occasion by some accident, and apparently for the first time, he spoke in the vulgar tongue. speech might be not inaptly termed an historico-architectural discourse: it is full of interest, and the peroration beginning, "Peace be within thy walls, O Yale!" is truly eloquent. The "primus lapis," bearing a Latin inscription, was placed at the northeast corner; upon search we find only a single brick with the initials E. S., but whether cut by the President's jack-knife, or some other aspirant for fame, does not appear. But time and space would fail us, dear reader, to tell you of his disquisition upon the proper rank of Tutors; of the dozen College Presidents he had known-among them Burr, Edwards, Cutler and Clap; how after he had "set up orders" for the term he was often obliged to dismiss again, because "the Steward was unable to uphold commons," owing to the depreciation of continental money to that degree that it would not buy provisions; how he portrays a man of some distinction at that time, and one whom "he knew personally," as

"A contemptible drunken character, of tolerable academic general knowledge, but immoral, haughty, irreligious and profane, avaricious and covetous, and a consummate Hypocrite in Politics and Religion;"

how he surveys the harbor on the ice; how he laments over the parsimony of the Corporation that rendered his domestic cares and the "res angustse domi" a greater trial than all his College duties, though at that time he filled the offices of three Professors besides the Presidency; how he tells of the enemy's capturing a minister on Sunday with his whole congregation; how he dwells upon a list of scalps, 1062 in number, the trophies which the "Senecas" had taken in three years from our unhappy countrymen on the frontier, and sent in eight bales to the Governor of Quebec as a present to the Ministry and King of Great Britain; how (familiar with French) he learns Italian in his old age; how the "front fence was broken down one night;" how the "scholars demolished the new Bible, price 30 shillings;" how he thereupon rusticated two Sophomores, and deposited a new Bible in the chapel; how he tells of a gentleman who was "the only Tutor that ever he knew that wore ruffles in College;" how about Presentation time he used to take a glass of wine that had been provided by the candidates, and drink to a Senior candidate. addressing him by his title, as "Sir Goodrich," which was the "punctum saliens" for all the classes to change their "appellations;" how one of these Sirs once siding with the town's people in an altercation between them and the students about a grand ball, and "having spoken with less delicacy

than was prudent," was seized by the scholars "in disguise and taken under the college pump, an high indignity to any, especially towards a graduate;" how distressed he was at the necessity of severe measures to repress the "unhappy tumulta," "riots" and "disorders" that occasionally arose; how the "influenza" at one time and "the fever" at another obliged him to break up college and let the students go home; how he used to stow them away three in a room; how a

"Mr. —, about 1762, while the Chapel (now Athenseum) was building, as one of his villainous tricks, did one night make a hole in the brick work of the wall, and there put in the President's (Clap) large folio English Bible, used at Prayers, and covered it up so with brick and mortar that the masons did not perceive it, and went on with their work, and so the old Bible remains immured there under the pulpit window to this day;"

and we may add, to this day also; how he was elected President of an Anti-Slavery Society; how he filled up six large "Itineraries" with incidents of his travels, and what vast stores of facts he accumulated—all these, and much, very much more, we must leave untold. The last entry in his diary reads:

"April 6, 1795.—Vacation begins;"

and before it had ended he had passed away to a better world.

And now, dear reader, begging your pardon for this long gossip, permit us in accordance with College custom at the termination of any epoch, to propose three cheers for President Stiles and his noble successors in office, and to offer as a sentiment the closing phrase of President Clap's history, "Diu floreat Alma Mater Yalensia!" F. E. B.

Philological Queries.

- 1. What is the difference in meaning between agere as the infinitive mood and actio as the verbal substantive from the same verb age?
- 2. What is the difference in meaning between comitari aliquem and comitari alicui?
- 3. What is the difference in meaning between homo doctus and doctus homo?
- 4. What is the difference in meaning between legere non possum and non legere possum?
- 5. What is the difference in meaning between puto Cajum gratum and Cajum gratum esse puto?

The Profession of Letters.

AUTHORSHIP has never been regarded as the exclusive right of any one class of men. While other professions have had their specific limits, more or less rigorously defined, this has been spread over all departments, or rather has been considered as the adjunct of every other. After so long a trial, the world would seem to be still undecided whether literature should be made the object of a special department or left to the general supervision of all. Coleridge, than whom no one within the last century was better qualified to give advice on this point, as well from the universality of his genius, as from the bitterness of his own experience, earnestly dissuaded the pursuit of literature as a profession.

In the outset, we would remark that in the present discussion we shall use the term literature in the narrower and more usual sense, as embracing all that can properly be called an art, but excluding what is strictly scientific. An appeal to history on the point in question is by no means decisive. The history of literature is not wanting in variety: there are periods of growth and decline; revolutions in style and sentiment, quite as marked as any in political history,—but these changes would seem to be owing chiefly to other causes than the relative share of attention paid to literature; so that the authority which we derive from this source is insufficient. But the fact that so much of what is really valuable in literature has been the work of men, not exclusively or even chiefly devoted to this department, is sufficient at least to excite a reasonable doubt as to the necessity of a distinct profession of letters. Doubtless the main reason why so few comparatively choose this profession, is that the majority are deterred by the slender prospect of a competent support. However democratic it may be in its spirit and influence, it is nevertheless decidedly aristocratic in its internal constitution. The only two classes recognized in the distribution of its substantial rewards, are the low and the high; those who are ready to minister to any taste however depraved, and those raised by the kindness of Nature above any such temptation or necessity. That respectable body, the middle classes, which we are wont to regard as the most important order in the State, meets here but an indifferent reception. Although the inadequate compensation of literary labor has often injuriously affected both the author himself and the interests of literature at large, yet the small inducement which it holds out has

oftener operated as a wholesome restraint upon the mercenary spirits, who would pursue literature as a trade and not as a profession. It is thus the most effective censorship of the press that could possibly be devised. This objection to authorship as a profession is merely incidental, and may, perhaps, in the progress of things, be removed; but we conceive that there are others far more weighty and inherent in the very nature of the pursuit.

The first, is its entirely voluntary character. In one sense, all study is voluntary and equally so, but the peculiarity of literature and that which distinguishes it from scientific and metaphysical pursuits, is this, that while it admits of an indefinite amount of study, it makes no positive demands upon the intellect, beyond the simplest perception of truth. Looking at the subject from the lowest point of view, that, namely, of the material upon which the mind is to work, we find an infinite diversity in the productions of literature, suited to every variety of taste and every order of intellect. The mind, therefore, in the choice of its subject, which determines in a great measure the degree of its activity, is subjected to no compulsion. But again, when we consider any work in its relation to the general principles of literature, grave questions of philosophical criticism arise, which are capable of tasking the mind to its utmost capacity, and yet it requires no effort at any moment to forget them entirely in the pure enjoyment of the beauty of the thought or the luxury of the sentiment. Shakespeare has a charm for the humblest reader, who cannot distinguish in the least in what his superiority to other dramatists consists. He finds an obvious meaning in the text, and does not even dream of that undercurrent of thought and feeling in which the real significance of the play consists. In more than one respect does Shakespeare's genius remind us of the unfathomable ocean-Each must have some limit, because in the nature of things both are finite. But the deepest soundings serve only to enlarge our conception of the depth, not to exhaust it. Every critic, who attempts to fathom his meaning, imagines he has succeeded, when his mind can reach no further; not stopping to consider whether the cause be within or without himself; but a clearer and more penetrating vision will discover

"---- in the lowest deep, a lower deep."

The substance, then, of this objection to the profession of letters is, that it cannot secure anything like an adequate or uniform activity of the mind. The high problems which it presents are not forced upon the attention, and hence the temptation to purchase a lower enjoyment

at a cheaper rate will often notice the mind from the higher walks of literature.

On the contrary, in the pursuit of scientific or metaphysical truth which affords little exercise to the imagination and no stimulus to the emotions, the whole interest centers in the truth itself. But in abstract truth, when there is little beauty around which the fancy can linger and which awakens no deep emotions, the interest diminishes with the novelty; so that the mind is urged onward, irresistibly, to the discovery of new truth. Moreover the problems which offer themselves, from their very importunity, compel the attention. However persevering our efforts to dismiss them finally from the mind they inevitably return, confronting us at every turn we make to escape them, and forbidding all further advance except on condition of their solution. These studies, therefore, have a power to compel the activity of the mind far greater than any which belongs to merely literary pursuits; and it is by this activity, rather than by its actual results, that the value of any intellectual exercise is to be estimated.

The previous objection was merely negative; the failure of literature to supply the necessary stimulus to intellectual activity. It likewise offers positive hindrances. These arise from the union in literature of what is intellectual with what is emotional. Thought and feeling in varying proportion make up its substance. Its object is to excite emotion as well as to awaken thought. But as the degree of emotion produced is by no means always proportional to the amount of thought expressed, so very deep emotion is destructive of very powerful thought. Even the abstract philosophical questions, connected with literature, have more or less of this character about them-for many of them consist not in the analysis of thought but of feeling. But since the emotions are not at all, or only very remotely, under the control of the will, such speculations resemble some meteorological investigations which can be conducted only in peculiar states of the atmosphere. A permanent occupation should be one that affords a constant stimulus to the mind, either from the nature of the pursuit, as in scientific or metaphysical studies, or from outward pressure, as in the discharge of professional duty; one in which, if need be, the mind may find a refuge from the peculiar temptations that beset purely literary pursuits.

In the foregoing remarks, we have had in view rather the study than the production of literature. But that the same reasoning will apply in either case is evident from this, that in writing we subject our own

AOF XXIF

Digitized by Google

thoughts to very much the same process to which, in the critical study of literature, we subject the thoughts of another.

We would regard literature, therefore, not so much as a means by which mental power is to be acquired, as an object upon which it is to be expended. The advantages of so regarding it are manifold, but we have time to notice only one. The activity of the mind will be more spontaneous, and therefore more genial. The principle that "change of labor is mental rest," is preëminently true when the change is from a less to a more congenial employment. The severest literary labor therefore will have all the genial properties of absolute relaxation. Nor will the interests of literature suffer. For the activity of the mind will gain in intensity, what it loses in protraction.

A. V. N.

Matrimonial Cogitations.

A JEREMIADE.

"I am a man that limit seen affliction!"

Lamontations of Joremiak.

LORD BACOK tells us that one of the wise men of the ancients made answer to the question when a man should marry: "A young man not yet; an elder man not at all." In accordance with the first of these two ideas, the dominant faction in Yale College has wisely ordained that no Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, or Tutor, shall at any time commit Matrimony or other felonious act, on pain of expulsion, immediate and unconditional. The necessity of all this is sufficiently obvious; for the existence of any such binary institution among us would beyond all question tend to an alarming increase of the Collogny list, while its effects upon the morals of College must be still more lamentable, since it would inevitably render our season of matutinal prayers and profanity even more than ever characterized by the predominance of the last mentioned exercise. It is to convince my young fellow-worms of the wisdom of the regulation, and at the same time, if possible, to prevent their falling into the snare hereafter, that I offer the words herein set forth; and to those especially who are already feeling in their pockets for the wherewithal to pay for their first Degree, I trust they will come as a well-timed and not altogether unheeded Baccalaureate.

I am an old bachelor, confirmed, hardened and hopeless; equally removed from all desire to change my condition, and all belief in the possibility of doing so, if I would. My celibacy is as certain as that of the most devout monk in Christendom, and as joyous as it is sure. I think of my present lot and future prospects, and I am perfectly happy, except that I sometimes drop a tear over the misfortunes of my brother man, as I see the carriages go by to the Church, though whether it be a funeral or a wedding I never take the trouble to inquire. "It's all one," say I to myself, "poor fellow, he's gone!" So the carriages pass on, and the people enter the Church, and the bachelor has lost a friend! But it's all one—a bachelor can afford to live without friends.

In the course of my experience I have been a good observer of women. Bachelors always are, and that is the reason why they remain such. The tongue of man wags about a thousand times too much for the good of the world; but in this respect that noisy appendage of the "fair sect" excels beyond all comparison; for the female tongue differs from the male in being longer, sharper, and more durable. Whatever may be their relative capacity for the sterner pursuits of science and art, no one can doubt that, so far as an accomplished linguist is concerned, the feminine branch of the race possesses qualifications which render all competition utterly out of the question. We read that "Nestor, the sweet-speaking orator of the Pylians, lived through three generations of talking men;" but it is nowhere recorded that any mortal has survived half that number of talking women; and I once knew a poor man who perished from the eternal volubility of one. Though he left a family like that of John Rogers, and suffered a martyrdom not less cruel, Mr. Fox has somehow omitted his name, and the forgetful world has never done justice to his memory. His loving spouse was unceasingly vocal, and, as in duty bound, strove to bring up her children in the same praiseworthy habit. She treated them like so many kettledrums, and brought the music out by continual beating. Her own voice furnished the everlasting key-note to the family discord, and when its tones, harsh and spasmodic, were mingled with the sharp demi-semiquavers of the tiny urchin she happened to be shaking, there resulted a combination of sounds, melodious and otherwise, which was quite edify ing to hear; though, for some unaccountable reason, the younger performer always persisted in thinking it rather disagreeable to practice.

Still her choicest efforts were reserved for the exclusive benefit of her unfortunate husband. At the earliest peep of dawn, her tongue went off like an alarm-clock, and ere day-break, the chances were that she would strike. The day itself was a manifestation of the most exemplary obedience on his part, and a vigilance little short of miraculous on hers: nor did her industrious tongue ever once halt, until the small hours of the night, when she stopped talking only to regale her lord with anoring, long, loud, and horrible. Then he waited for the morning to bring a change in the mode of his persecutions, and thought there must be some old sun-stopping Joshua on the other side of the world, to make the night last so long. Human nature could never stand all this, so he broke down and gave up the ghost, which was about all he had to give up, and "slept with his fathers" much more peaceably than he had ever done with his wife.

Then there is a kind of fussy wife—a poor, delicate, helpless thing, who marries that she may have somebody to bring her peppermint drops and sweetened water. She is a perfect Pandora's box of troubles, afflicted by every separate and distinct ailment enumerated in Hooper's Medical Dictionary, besides being threatened with several additional ones. She looks through a glass window on a foggy morning, and forthwith goes to bed for fear she has taken "another horrid cold." She sneezes over a pepper box, and must drink a bottle of Wine Bitters lest she might have the Consumption. She is very nervous, and so kind hearted. She faints away when a fly is drowned in her tea, "the poor little thing must have suffered so dreadfully!" and when she hears a cat serenade, requests her husband to take the creatures into the house, for "it really is cruel to let the poor kitties sing in the open air at midnight—it is so sery trying to the voice!" She feels badly when the dog bites a ragged little boy in the street, for it may spoil Carlo's appetite for supper.

In the queer history of married life, there is occasionally developed another character among those who belong to the "female persuasion." She employs fewer words, because she believes that "action is eloquence," and therefore not only guides her matrimonial companion in the way he should go, but inflicts meet punishment when he perversely blunders into some other route. I have seen a woman who once put her husband down cellar in the morning before breakfast, and bade him stay there till he could learn better behavior. Poor John began to wax fierce after a while, and poked his head through the door with the intention of coming up, whereat the good woman seized a pail of water and suggested that if he did not retreat he would suddenly discover a del-

uge. The breakfast-table stood before him in all its glory, but the prospective waterfall pretty effectually kept him at a distance.

"So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between."

But both the Jews and the amiable John found their wishes gratified after abiding a sufficient season.

Now, to his friends Coelebs saith, Bevare of vimmen! I have seen the things whereof I speak, and the voice of all wise men and women is with me; for I take it that all people truly wise, are old bachelors and old maids. Have you a maiden aunt! Ask her opinion of "alliances," and she will give you good counsel. She knows the folly of the whole system, and has carefully avoided its entanglements. "Go to your aunt, you sluggard! consider her ways and be wise."

N. C. P.

Note.—As a striking commentary upon the frailty of man, we would state that the author of the above scurrilous article, when last seen, was in the company of a young lady. He shortly after left town and has not been heard of since.—En.

"Our Foreign Correspondence."

ROME, January 10, 1857.

DEAR MAGA:

LORD BACON, in his sketch of Julius Cæsar, notes as one reason of his success, that he always brought his separate enterprises to a full completion, and began a succeeding one unperplexed by care for its predecessor. Being in Rome, one may well follow so excellent a Roman practice, and I propose in the present letter to consider England as sufficiently described, and to narrate some part of my Scottish experience. An enthusiastic Scotchman, returning after a long residence in Canada, gave us notice when we were "over the border," and prepared us to enjoy the warm-hearted brusqueness of his countrymen.

Perhaps some of your readers have heard the story of three "commercial travelers," who, like a certain personage in the "Gorgias," found great pleasure in scratching; at all events we had, and were thereby determined to see something of "commercial" life, and for this end went

to the Crown Hotel. The great peculiarity of a "commercial" hotel in Great Britain is a table d'hote; at other houses John Bull's exclusiveness secludes itself from mankind in general, and separately enjoys its roast mutton and ale. At the Crown, the guest longest in the hotel, presides at dinner, with the title of president, and the last comer takes charge of the other end of the table; the president orders what wine he thinks best, and this is only drunk at the invitation of some one else. For example, Mr. Brown says to Mr. Smith, "May I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?" Mr. S. is "most happy," and when Mr. B's glass is empty returns the compliment. After the table had been cleared the health of the Queen is drunk, and any one may leave by permission of the president, but most remain, and the conversation becomes quite general and animated. The guests at a first class house of this kind are very gentlemanly, and with the information picked up in their travels are well prepared for an after-dinner chat. They manifested much interest in American affairs, but as is unfortunately the case in Europe generally, have derived most of their ideas of the United States from their own authorities and the New York Herald, and consequently do not give us credit for the good which we really possess. Each day we had pleasant discussions with them on national peculiarities, and in the final engagement, lasting fully three hours, came off victorious; at least, we talked them into an admission of much which they had previously refused to allow. Prominent among our opponents on this occasion was an Englishman, whose satire might have been construed into insult, except that two others who appeared to be his companions made special efforts to keep the peace, and who proved so agreeable that it was arranged that we should join companies for an excursion to Abbotsford We started early, expecting to breakfast on the way, and soon began to understand our satirical friend, who proved to be a lawyer off on a frolic. He quizzed the ticket-man, "guard," and everybody along the way, by adroit politeness filled the vacant seats in our apartment with pretty females, confused a rosy-cheeked bar maid with a pitiful, "Ellen, I have had no breakfast, can't you get me a buttered bun !" persisted in understanding the broad "hart" of the guide, showing where Bruce's heart was buried in Melrose Abbey, as "hat," and revenged my laugh at a painter's answering his request for a portrait on the barn he was painting, with a "it would break the law against frightening horses," by ridiculing my Dutch name with the signature of "Nicholas Von Trump, Costermonger, New Orleans, U. S. A," in the visitors' book at Abbotsford. In all his madness there was still a method, and as we afterwards

found when visiting him, he manages men, and accomplishes important results, by reason and energy made attractive by a garb of pleasantry. Perhaps the laughing philosophers were wiser than the sad! Drybrugh Abbey, with its historical associations reaching from the Druids, and the tomb of Scott, attempered us for the home of the historic novelist, and the tame scenery of the situation, and the try-to-be-more-than-is-possible architecture of the house, was a great disappointment. If Scott had any weakness, it certainly was an excess of veneration for the antique and aristocratic, and he was too out-acting not to show this in his great hobby—his house. He wanted to found a family, and to build a castle. In the former, although not by special effort, but rather by an honest use of his peculiar talent, he has succeeded; but he lacked the means to accomplish the latter, and the feeble imitation of grandeur shown in Abbotsford affected me unpleasantly. Unless magnificence is possible, a modest plainness commands the greatest respect. So much for the impression of the whole. As the separate apartments with their memorials of the late owner's simple and manly habits—his guns, wood knives, plain clothes, and the instruments of his literary labor—told their story, the immediate impression was respect and admiration.

Melrose Abbey was a good specimen of Gothic architecture in its best days, and war—the ignorant zeal of the Reformers, Time, with his knawing tooth, have not been able to destroy its beauty. Part of the stone carving is yet sharp and distinct, and with the usual license granted to poets, it may do to say that the eastern window looks

"As if some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreath to stone."

Returning to Edinburgh, we had a fresh interest in studying out its antiquities, and day by day were the more impressed by its romantic and historic appearance. The castle stands stern and high—a chapter of feudal records; beneath is a valley, once the hiding place of outlaws, now smiling with verdure and flowers; upon the causeway over it are buildings modeled after Grecian temples; on the one side lies the old town with houses twenty or less stories high, formerly the residences of the nobility, but at present occupied by the poorer classes, among them the houses of Moray and Knox, and the Old Tolbooth; on the other, the Gothic monument to Scott, and Princes Street bordered with noble structures, and leading to Calton Hill, crowned with the old and new observatories, Playfair's, Nelson's and other monuments, and affording a

good view of Holyrood, the bay said by natives to rival that of Naplea, (?) Arthur's Seat, and the part of the city last built, which contains many grand private residences. The inequalities of the ground favor architectural effect, and the classic taste of the inhabitants, thus aided, has produced much to please the eye, and excite the imagination. One thing is particularly noticeable—the general use of granite, which produces an impression of durability, and relieves the eye from the dingy red of bricks.

In this "Modern Athens," we generally expect to find people of literary note, and I was fortunate enough to spend half an hour in pleasant chat with Alexander Smith, the poet. He has no personal beauty to attract, but according to the almost universal law of compensation has a richness within corresponding to the poverty without. A marked modesty conceals no small amount of energy for practical affairs, which appeared only when some item of business connected with his duties as librarian called it forth. He was about starting for a vacation tour in the Highlands, some fruits of which may soon be expected in a new volume.

Besides the excursion to Abbotsford, the memories of one to Roslin Chapel, by way of Hawthornden, are very pleasing. The den is beautifully wild, and the little chapel a perfect little jewel of a ruin. The combination of Norman solidity with Tudor richness is unique and striking. The carving in all parts is fine, and of one pillar the legend is, that the master builder, unable to execute the delicate foliage of the design went to Rome to learn from a similar column there, and on his return found the work completed by one of his apprentices. Stung with envy, he killed him by a blow of his mallet, and thence the name, "The Prentice's Pillar." On the architrave above is a good ending for this letter—"Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas."

In a private letter to the Editor our correspondent says, "In Rome we have hired the second story of a house opposite the Barberini Palace, engaged an Italian servant, have receptions every Saturday evening, and "put things through" generally. Tell Miss K. that I make a first rate housekeeper—every morning I inspect the kitchen, and give my orders to our Italian Bridget by writing French notes to the landlady's daughter.

"If she will come to tea next Saturday she will be able to see dignity over tea-cups The W's and about a dozen others are coming. When! don't I dread it. We have only got nine china cups, and I shall have to use some of the blue ones, and one of the ladies takes particular pleasure in running me upon my grandmotherish ability. Good night, for I was up late last night, seeing the Coliseum by moonlight for the third time."

The Relations of Man to the Material World.

WE should all doubtless think it a remarkable privilege could we in past eternity have stood by the side of the Creator to witness the birth of the universe-could we have gazed while "orbe of beauty and spheres of flame—through the void abyss by myriads came"—when our earth emerged from chaos, and after many mighty physical revolutions became at last the fitting residence of sinless men-" when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy "---when the Creator shut up the sea with doors, and said, "hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid." We, too, should have been ready to join in the glad anthem of the morning stars. But every one of us can be almost as really witnesses of the creative power as if we had been seated on an angel's throne, while He fashioned the beauty of this earth and twined around it the girdle of the sea. This wondrous knowledge is the gift of Science. As if our eyes had been rubbed with the magical ointment of the Arabian tale, we can discern the processes and stages of by-gone creations, and give interpretation to those eternal laws which bind the universe together in unity and order. In Nature's temple there are many mansions. Into these sacred retreats the High Priests of Nature have, age after age, retired-alone with thought and God, and thence returned rich in sublime revelations. The Naturalist tells us of the wondrous variety and usefulness of the animated tribes-"innumerous living creatures, perfect forms," as the archangel told the story to the sire of men, when he

> "——— in Adam's ear Se charming left his voice that he awhile Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

If we would take the wings of evening and pierce the recesses of space, we can follow Kepler in his mysterious journey above this "visible diurnal sphere," till the heavens are all before us, and we can see that glorious vision of Herschel—world circling around world, and system around system, and world and system and system of system wheeling in harmonious homage at the foot of the Eternal throne. And even that early cosmical history of which the action was unfolding through countless ages, when man was yet unborn, is all lithographed and stereotyped upon the ancient rocks, and the geologist reads the records with more facility and precision than the Orientalist who deciphers the story of Assyrian empire from the time-worn slabs of Nimroud.

The second relation of man to the material world, is the poetic. Science analyzes the soul of things, but Poetry is content to gaze upon the outward beauty of the All-mother, and thence gather tranquillity and joy. The poet's privilege is to wander amid "the balm, the blies, the beauty and the bloom," along the flower-fringed streamlet and up the sun-ascending mountains, to gaze on "ocean's gray and melancholy waste," and the sky with its varied garniture of planet and constellation, and cloud and storm, and thus with the mere shows of things to satisfy the mind.

The third relation to the material world, is the Hygienic. In some curious tables prepared by Mr. Madden, of England, we have presented to us the average longevity of intellectual men, from which table it appears that natural philosophers, as a class, are the healthiest and longest lived. And, indeed, how could it be otherwise? The great processes of Nature are going on in the pure air—in the early morning—by healthful streams and upon the tops of steep mountains, whose ascent makes the pulse lively and the sinew strong. Not the least of the uses of botany, mineralogy and kindred sciences, is that their cultivation involves long rambles—oft repeated till the cheek of the student catches its tint from the rose, and the limb its hardihood from the rocks. If we add to this that peacefulness of mind which the study of the natural world superinduces, and which is essential to full bodily vigor, we shall see still more clearly the hygienic relation between man and the material world.

The fourth is the mechanical relation. It is very interesting to notice how much nature has suggested to invention. The art of designing obtains its finest patterns from flowers and crystals. It was by observing the operation of the law of gravitation, that Galileo conceived the idea of the pendulum. The strength of hollow iron columns was suggested by the osseous structure of birds. Long before the first galley tempted the Mediterranean, the Nautilus unfurled its tiny sail. Ages before music became a science, the cuckoo sang in B flat. Ages before the Gothic Cathedral had lifted up its sky of stone, the arch had been used in the structure of the human body; and ages before the fashioning of the first Corinthian column, the acanthus leaves had wreathed with beauty the projecting rocks of Greece.

The last relation which we shall mention, is the spiritual. Nations, ancient and modern, have found in the material world a symbol and shrine of the ideal—the divine. With sincere, though imperfect faith, the old Greek heard the awful voice of Jove in the pealing thunder. The sea, in calm or storm, was the pathway of the golden chariot of

Poseidon. The more terrible forces of nature, the volcano and the earth-quake, told him of the struggles of tortured giants, of Titanic strength and stature, whose doom reserved them to more wrath—

"To waste eternal days in woe and pain Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

And thus to the warrior nerved or rescued by the descent of an immortal-to the mariner as he watched the Ægeau for the tokens of the seagod's coming—to the hunter as he outran the Oreads on the Bœotian hills, and to the maiden blushing to catch the thievish glance of Pan; every grove and fountain, and wave and star, was instinct with viewless but immortal life, and the whole land of Greece was a Pantheon sanctified by the presence of tutelary genii and ancestral Gods. The simple belief of the ancients lives only in their poetry. But there is a faith based upon the evidences of the material world, which is strengthened by every accession to human knowledge, and which has led both the man of science and the poet to join in the acknowledgment of a beneficent and omnipotent first cause. If, as related in the touching story of Picciola, the contemplation of a little flower which blossomed in the court-yard of his dungeon, made the Italian captive forget his skepticism, and bow with reverence before a universal God, what wonder that Linnaus, after following the footsteps of the Creator among ninety thousand sorts of plants and mosses, cried out in adoring wonder, "Dominum, Dominum, post tergum vidi-vidi et obstupui?" The geologist, as he delves among primeval strata, and with the enthusiasm of Old Mortality is deciphering the tomb-stones of primeval generations, is led to think upon the Rock of Ages. And the astronomer, as he looks upon the secrets of the heavenly bodies, is guided to their Maker like the wise men of old, who saw his star in the East and went to worship him. And so, too, the poet, as he surveys phenomenal nature and gathers his imagery from mountain and valley, from spring time and harvest, from the black arch of night and the radiant glow of dawn, learns to link the finite with the infinite, and the beautiful with the only good and true, until, like Tennyson, he exclaims that

> Every cloud which floats above And veileth love—itself is Love,

until with the bard of the seasons he bursts forth, "The rolling year is full of Thee!" until he joins voices with Milton's morning hymn, and hears with the fine ear of Coleridge, as he listens in the gorge of Chamouni, how

"Earth with her thousand voices calls on God."

J. M. H.

De Manners of De Schollars.

Among the earliest "scholars" at this College, was one especially noted for a peering, curious disposition, which led him to observe and chronicle faithfully the characteristics of student-life as it was nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. His observations have come down to us, recorded in quaint phraseology and somewhat obscured by an orthography now obsolete, but still possessed of great interest and value. have read his records of "ye olden time," and was greatly edified thereby. So well was I pleased with this person—so sensible did I think his comments upon the affairs of his own day, that a strong desire came upon me to learn what he would say of the manners and customs among us. I therefore ventured to evoke the spirit of this "worshipful gentleman," and beg leave to submit the following extracts from the diary in which he recorded his daily experience. I omit the first few pages of that interesting book, because they consist chiefly of exclamation points of wonder at the changes which have taken place during the past century and a half. W. C. C.

(Monday, January 19th, 1857.)

To-Night to the Chapel-House to see the Scholars at their Devotions. Did sit me near the head of the House, for that I might have a goodlier Sight of the Minister; and waited an unseemly Time for the Exercise to begin, which I did think it never would. When the Bell had stopped, did hear a mighty Uproar behind my Back which did exercise me grievously lest the cruel Savages had burst into the Town. How it did shame me for my Simpleness, to find it only the Scholars coming to Prayers.

Some in brave Attire to my Pew, and to see how they did stare as to a Show, entertaining themselves thereat more than me. Then chossing to sit with me, and I not wishing it for that the Pew its length did not contain with Ease so many as 5. Did relish the Service greatly but could not adventure to close my Eyes the notion of Savages still pestering, and I not able to think me among Christian Gentlemen for the Noise. I do hear of more Quiet at Morning Prayers, where many read Books to keep them Still. Prayers done, the Scholars did rise to depart, and I too, curious to see the last. Good lack! Only to hear the Clamor some did make! One said, "a Rush," whereupon many gat to stand upon the Pews, clapping hands like as if uproarious through



Drink. Did get me on a Pew also to see the Reason of this novel Din. A mighty pretty Sport, the like whereof I have not beheld, save at the setting on of Dogs. Some at one end of the House, striving to depart and some about the Door (which he called "Freshmen,") striving to restrain the same with great Adventure of Precious Bones. Did hear many cry "Go in!" which I do think of small weight, seeing most only strove the greater to go out. Then to see one possessed of a rare Ability of Persuasion showing them how to come at the Door, which they did do with a sudden Quietness that refreshed me. Strife done, the Quarrelers did march out, looking for all the World as if they had been about a big Matter, to the which a sensible Conclusion had been put. I do believe me too dull to see the whole Goodness of the thing, but make no Question that it be a wholesome Diversion. So away in a fine Humor to take a pull at some of Pond his Wares.

(Wednesday, January 21st, 1857.)

To-Night to an Orators Society their Hall to see a Prize-Debate. Thereat a goodly Multitude all to hear the Speeches, which I do hear be mighty fine on occasion. Found me a Seat with much ado, mong a parcel of paltry Jackanapes, and they winking and bandying Jokes about me, as though I came for their Sport and not my own. Bethought me to look abroad upon the Company, which did make a brave Show, so many disporting smart Raiment, having their Hair smoothed and curiously separated in two parts clean over their Heads, which I do love to gaze at for its Prettiness. Saw Three of sober Age and serious Demeanor setting apart from the Rest, and it did sorely trouble me to know what might be their Business. Then to see how they did seem amazing like Patience his Image as Will Shakspere the Play Maker hath it, though not seated on a Monument but the rather as if they would soon lie under the Same, did not their Case mend. Bethought me they had done some Crime to be so hampered behind a Table to binder Escape, and then to have the Speakers talk hard to them with Wry Faces, and direful Shaking of Fists, as though desiring to come at them with Bloody Intent. However the Three did look sheepish and sorrowful enough to melt a Stone for Pity.

Casting about, did observe one fasten the Door at the starting of every Discourse which I did think a mighty wise Thing, for that it waxing long and the Logic of it subtle, many seemed convinced and would fain be gone even before the end—a great cause of Perturbation to the Speaker. The Discourse done, the Door opened and much stamping of



feet, either at the Goodness of what they heard, or for Gladness at a Chance to go, and it do perplex me to tell which. Then to hear the Speaking; curious enough, seeing that all did do their Choicest. One having great knack of Voice, spreading his Hands abroad and shricking out about a Bird, which he stoutly affirmed to "hover over the destiny of the Country," whereat I marveled exceedingly much, seeing that he spake of a Novel Creature to me. Asking his meaning of one near, and he saying "Nothing but a Splurge," so much exercised me for my Ignorance that I would have disbursed 6d. or 1s. lawful Money for a view of this Rare Bird. Then another of a Sorry Visage did express much cruel Fear for a "Tree of Liberty watered by the Blood of our Forefathers," which do smack of Rashness in them, seeing that such Procedure must have shortened their sweet Existences. Last of all One edifying me hugely did storm with Rage at the fatal Errors of some Wretches that had already Spoken. "Greece pursued the course they advocate," said he, "and where is Greece?" to the which none answered a word, scorning, as I suppose, to make a vain Glory of their Geographical Learning among so many. Coming to a Stop, he did profess a Readiness to give his Life for his Principles; and I thinking it a hard Purchase of so small a Matter, thought perchance he set a suitable enough Value on himself. Speaking done, the Assemblage dispersed with a mighty Zeal, and I too, not wishing to seem odd. Did hear that all this Ado had been for as much Money as would come to 5 Pound, which put me in maze that the Scholars should so love Gain. So Home and to Bed, feeling somewhat feverish, for the which Sleep is a goodly Cure.

(Saturday, January 29th, 1857.)

To-Day to a "Club" to Dine at the bidding of Mr. Browne, the Master of it. Went betimes seeing that of all Things I do hate to be behindhand at my Eating. Relished the Entertainment mightily, but did not see any Wine or Cyder which likely enough I overlooked, seeing Talk and Manners so amused me that I noted little else. Only to see how marvelous Grim all looked, as though Dining at a Club were a sad Matter, and some setting to stoutly like the aight of Food made them mad for its Strangeness. Saw one near me looking Glum enough to do a Murther, and Mr. Browne said it be through his striving for a Valedictory, which I do wish he may get if it will cure his present miserable Case. Did observe many of the Guests have bits of Metal of strange Devices fastened upon them, which it did puzzle me to know the Intent

of. I do hear that these Persons know mighty Secrets, signifying as much by these Cunning Emblems stuck upon their Apparel. Bethought me to have a goodly Awe of all such, and saying so to Mr. Browne, was amazed to hear they have no more Brains in their Heads than others and that the commonest Tradesmen of the Town even knew as much of these Mysteries as they. Then to hear Mr. Browne say how he would scorn to be of their Company, whereby he pleased me seeing that I do hate an envious Man.

Did listen most closely to the Talk of those present, thinking to be either amused or informed thereby, which I was not. Most seemed to think Dining a grave and Solemn Business, as in truth they made it by their Treatment. Some adventured to speak at rare Intervals, such doleful Words as grieved me, and then the Clatter of the eating Implements quite drowning all the witty Speeches, as I suppose, seeing that I heard none. Presently found me quite alone with Mr. Browne, the Guesta having flown on a sudden, like unto a Horde of Cossacks, leaving naught but Devastation behind, and I having scarcely tasted a morsel. Not to keep mine Host in waiting, signified my Readiness to go, which we shortly did. Taking leave of Mr. Browne, thought it an excellent Notion to go to finish my Dinner off Shell Fish which I did in a suitable Manner. Then away home wondering if I should write in my Book about the Manners of the Scholars at their Clubs, seeing I did not observe any worthy of Mention. Did try mightily, but I be heartily ashamed of taking up so little a Matter.

Dream Land.

The sea breaks, the tide falls,
The wind shakes the forest walls,
Stars sink in the sea's brink,
The light creeps o'er the low plain,
The night sleeps on the dark main,
The earth turns, the sun burns;
But change cometh never
O'er the land of dreams;
There forever and forever
The same light beams.

The lark shrills, as he files up, The dew fills the flower's cup, The turtle grieves 'mid the oak leaves,
The owl calls, the bats peep
'Mid the damp halls of the ruined keep,
The bells toll a sad dole:
But change cometh never
O'er the land of dreams;
There forever and forever
The same light beams.

Etchings of herrnhuterdom.

Faw denominations enjoy a higher reputation in the C!:ristian world for zeal and success in the missionary field than the Moravians. Yet little is generally known of their origin, government and belief. The reason is obvious. Their mode of Church government, as will hereafter be shown, is entirely exclusive. As an American-born Moravian, then, it shall be my humble endeavor to lay before the readers of the "Lit." a short sketch of their history, doctrines and customs.

The Moravian is the first and oldest of all Protestant Churches, and is directly descended from the Sclavonic Branch of the Greek or Eastern Church. Christianity was introduced into Bohemia and Moravia in the ninth century. The chain of events is as follows:

The sister of Bogaris, King of Bulgaria, having been taken prisoner by the Romans, was carried to Constantinople, where she was instructed in the truths of the Gospel and embraced Christianity. On her return to her native country in 845, she requested teachers for her people, and two Greek divines, Cyrillus and Methodius, went to Bulgaria. Their labors were crowned with success. The Duke of Bohemia, together with many of his subjects, was converted. The province now incurred the bitter displeasure of the Roman See, and during three centuries was subjected to the most furious persecutions of the Pontiffs.

At this crisis, the Bohemians and Moravians were aided by great accessions from France and Italy, and in 1176, appeared the Waldenses. A great effort was now made by Pope Clement VI, to crush the Churches through the establishment of the University at Prague. How John Huss, in the latter end of the fourteenth century, was here appointed Professor and battled with the Pope in his own Castle; how he heroically defended his faith before the University and at the Council of Constance, and subsequently suffered martyrdom, are matters familiar to all.

After his death the adherents of Huss split into two parties, the Taborites and Calistines. Of these Hussites, during the atrocious persecutions which followed, a small colony found an asylum on the Barony of Lititz, in Bohemia, and from this band of fugitives sprang the Moravian Church. Here, in 1457, just four hundred years ago, were laid the foundations of the Ancient Church of the Brethren. They at first styled themselves Fratres Legis Christi, or simply Fratres, and finally on the accession of many brethren from Moravia, Unitas Fratrum.

Now followed three more memorable centuries of outlawry and expatriation, during which the Church suffered every torture and affliction which Popish ingenuity could invent. Yet the true fire of the Gospel was kept burning in caves and mountain fastnesses. These centuries form the noblest record of martyrdom, purity of faith and practice within the annals of the Churches.

Finally, at the close of the seventeenth century, the Romish Church became triumphant, and Protestantism was suppressed throughout Bohemia. Thus disappeared the *Ancient Brethren's Church*, and apparently forever.

In 1722, we find a small company of Moravians secretly retreating from their father-land towards Upper Lausatiá, in Saxony. They have been promised an asylum by Count Zinzendorf, and are now journeying thither under the leadership of Christian David. They arrive in safety, and on the 17th of June, 1722, commence the building of Herrnhut, which has now become the center of Moravianism throughout the world.

The Renewed Brethren's Church dates its birth on Aug. 10th, 1727. The first fruits of this glorious renewal constitutes an era in Christian enterprise—the opening of Protestant Missions. The first Moravian Missionaries left Herrnhut for the Island of St. Thomas, Aug. 21st, 1732, and for Greenland, Jan. 19th, 1733. Since then, Colonies have spread over every Continent. In 1740, three Missionaries settled on the Ogeechee, in Georgia, but refusing to fight in the war between the Georgians and the Spaniards of Florida, they came northward and settled in the forks of the Lehigh and Delaware. Here they bought of the Rev. George Whitfield, a large tract of land, which he had called Nazareth, and whereon he had erected a building designed for the instruction of negro children, which stands to this day. Their principal towns in Pennsylvania, are Bethlehem, Nazareth, Emaus, Lititz; in North Carolina, Salem.

But, you ask, what is the great doctrinal characteristic of Moravians?

VOL. XXII. 19



I answer, the fact that they have no distinctive doctrine at all, separate from other Protestants. They are no sect, and will not be called one-Doctrinal hair-splitting is looked upon as nugatory. They stand on the broad ground that enough is clear in Scripture to enable the poorest to understand the love of the Father and the self-sacrifice of the Son; that the difficulty lies in the practice of that which is understood. Hence the great stress which they lay on the Chief-Eldership of Jesus. This, it is true, they acknowledge in common with Protestants generally, but they aspire to a personal Headship, an intimate communion between Church and Saviour. The object is to establish a true Apostolic Church on earth. Their doctrine may be summed up in the words, "living faith;" their precept, in Christ's mandate, "Go ye unto all nations and preach the Gospel to every creature." To guard well this living faith by fostering exhortation, fellowship and mutual love among the brethren, is the aim and key of their whole system.

We will fancy it, dear reader, a delightful Sunday morning in June. Let us take a merry saunter through the Moravian town. A merry saunter, for every Moravian Sunday is a souls' holyday, a day for calm. meditation on nature, for sunny memories, for pious moods and heavenly contemplations. The Church-bells are ringing ten. We stroll to the Moravian Church-yard. "Of course," you say, "to the outskirts of the town." Oh no! In the heart of the village is the God's acre. The dead lie close by the living—the heavenly congregation in the very embrace of the earthly. The Churchyard is a large level enclosure, intersected with gravel-walks, and planted with rows of pine, maple, and linden. Seats you see everywhere along the paths. You will notice that the whole is divided into two great sections by the center walk On the one hand rest the females, on the other the males. The first feature that will attract your attention, is the perfect democracy of the burial. All the graves and grave-stones are alike. The grave-stones are plain marble slabs, bearing the name, age, place of birth and death of the deceased, with occasionally a little hymn or couplet, and laid flat on an oblong mound about a foot in height. Each mound is shaped with the same mould. There are no marble urns or monuments. At a short distance the yard appears a spacious park; as you approach nearer you see only a long succession of mounds in parallel rows. Rich and poor are here the same. If there be any aristocracy, it is that of affection, which leaves one grave to its native clover, and plants the other with ivy and myrtle and roses,—and then, surely, the nobility of the place are



the young and the beautiful. Here lie the founder of the place, baptized Indians, negroes, bishops, deacons and laymen, in perfect unity.

In the lapse of time the grave-stones become sunken and gray. Then, on a sunny summers' afternoon, all the matrons, sisters and maidens, go forth with soap, sand, and towels, and scour them to their pristine whiteness. The boys receive a holyday and bring water. The old men stand by, leaning on their staffs, and gladden the scene of affection. The work completed, they all retire to the arbors, sit down in a circle on the grass, and partake of their favorite "vesper," consisting of a cake peculiarly Moravian, and coffee in the preparation of which the good matrons are famous, for they keep the secret to themselves.

On occasions of funerals a band of musicians with trombones, precedes the bier to the grave-yard. The slow and solemn tone of the instruments, blending with the chant of the congregation and the husbed tramp of the procession, is peculiarly impressive. The bier is usually carried by the comrades-in-years of the deceased. Arrived at the grave the service is read, the men stand with uncovered heads, another hymn is sung and the coffin is lowered. The pathos of the scene is extraordinary. The measured cadense of the music over the grave, is at once mournful and consolitary. It seems the voice of the departed soul sighing with the pangs of separation, yet whispering of a blissful reunion.

When a musician dies the whole Church orchestra attend him to the grave with their instruments. Gently they bury him, and over his remains perform in full concordance some hymn or anthem he loved so well when living.

On Easter Sunday morning they perform a beautiful ceremony in the Church-yard. At five o'clock the congregation meet in Church and after a short service repair to the Church-yard. Having formed a large square, enclosing the Church-orchestra in the center, with their faces turned to the East, just as the sun is breaking over the distant hills, the whole concourse bursts forth into one triumphant liturgy, hailing the Saviour's glorious resurrection.

But hark! The bells are ringing half-past ten, and we repair to Church. On our way thither let us notice the corpse-house, a low brick building, with one window, entirely shrouded in weeping-willows. Here, generally, the corpse is placed in the interval between death and burial. This is, however, not insisted upon. Here, also, the coffin is opened for

the last time. In case a corpse remains there during the night, a lamp is always kept burning at the head of the coffin.

We enter the Church. It is usually of stone, extremely large and massive, with immense windows curtained with white linen. The hall at Bethlehem is almost twice as large as that of any Church in New You are struck with the simplicity of the interior. There are two small galleries, one on each side of the pulpit, containing the Clergy. There are no pews, but simple pine benches. Opposite the pulpit, under three arches spanning the entire breadth, sit the orchestra. Let us glance at the worshipers. You will notice the regularity with which the congregation are disposed. The sexes are separated. The whole society is divided into choirs—children, boys, girls, sisters, unmarried brethren, widows, widowers and married. The younger portion sit immediately under the eye of the Minister, the middle-aged in the center, the elder below the orchestra. Each choir has its distinguishing ribbon; although this custom is now seldom seen in America. One part of the Church is fluttering with light yellow, another, with dark blue, another, with crimson. But each choir knows its dead, also, by a different badge. An hour or two after a death has occurred, four or five trombone players ascend the Church-steeple, and in plaintive melody herald the news. According to the tune which is played, the Moravian tells of which choir a member has departed. "Departed," I say, for they rarely use the word "died," (gestorben,) but rather "sank to sleep," (entschlafen,) or (heimgegangen) "gone home."

Each of the choirs has its love-feast on one Sunday in the year, the members being allowed to invite as many of their friends or strangers as they please.

The exercises on this occasion consist of singing from a printed sheet hymns and odes in German and English. There is the Minister's Solo, alternating with the Sisters' gentle Alto, and the deep Bass of the men. Then, while the whole congregation are partaking of cake and coffee, the orchestra performs some sacred anthem commemorative of their mutual love. Everything then is festive. The altar is changed from black to white, vases are placed thereon filled with the choicest flowers, the officiating Clergyman appears in an unusually joyous garb, the rest of the Ministers join the congregation below, cake and coffee are handed about by matrons in trim white dresses and simple caps, the trombones blow a louder symphony, the organ's pipes roar more cheerily, joy beams from every face.

The Moravians in America are somewhat celebrated for their church



music, and are frequently called to Philadelphia to assist in the performance of difficult operas. Almost every Moravian is a musician, and a piano is heard in every house. The leaders of the church orchestra have generally been students at academies of music in Europe. On festive occasions the female singers, mostly young ladies, appear in diminutive lace caps, trimmed with their peculiar choir ribbon. On Christmas eve, when the orchestra puts forth all its powers, the country people for miles around, flock in to see the ceremonies, and hear the wondrous music. An ancient solo, entitled "Morgenstern," (Morning Star.) is then sung by a lady, alternating with the children, at the opposite end of the church, and orchestra, in chorus. The contrast between the breathless stillness of the audience during the clear ringing solo, and the tumultuous swelling of the chorus, heightened by the distance of the parties, the vastness of the hall, the illuminations, inscriptions and evergreen wreaths and arches, render it a spectacle truly magnificent. During the services each of the children is supplied with a burning wax-taper. The whole is sure to lift the soul to a sublimer conception of Christ's Nativity, and leave the conviction, that here is Christmas celebrated indeed.

In summer the children have their love-feast. In the evening there is a grand illumination of many-colored spermaceti lamps in the rear of the church. The children are arranged under the lamps, and sing simple beautiful hymns, responsive to the whole congregation and orchestra immediately opposite.

The dark cedar boughs overhead, partially lighted up by the lamps above, the faces of the carroling children beneath, the swelling of the noble German from the crowd, the slow and solemn music of stringed instruments, render the custom as beautiful as impressive. I have said that crowds flock to the Moravian town in order to hear the music. But there is another attraction also. It is the "putz," or decorations within the houses. This is not, however, as in England and parts of Germany, a simple Christmas tree, but a whole room is often devoted to the arrangement of miniature scenery.

The birth of Christ and adoration of the Magi generally form the central figures, but the accessories leave abundant scope for fancy. In the background are generally Alpine glaciers, mountain-torrents, pyramida, cottages, rural bridges, ruins in the East, mills and forges with water wheels in full operation; in the foreground, fountains, villas on Comos, tripping maidens, hunters pursuing their game, green slopes with sheep and shepherds. The only material required is Zinc rocks,

moss, dead branches of trees, and silver sand. The whole is surrounded by wreaths and great arches of apruce and broad-leaved laurel.

The Moravians without preventing marriage do not advise it. sects are kept separate. The unmarried women live, work, and sleep together in one huge stone dwelling called the "sisters-house." Four or five live together in one room, where they formerly spent their time in weaving and embroidery. By one of those parties was broidered the famous banner of Pulaski. Prayers are held in the morning and evening. Each room has its presiding sister, and the whole is under the direction of an ancient dame called the "Oberpflegerin." There are corresponding houses for the single brethren and widows. The ministers (married) also formerly lived together in one house called the "Gemeinhaus." Their mode of courtship is also peculiar. Should a single brother feel himself yearning for the possession of a single sister, it is his duty to go to the minister and give him the name of the chosen one. This done, the single sister hears the state of the case from the "Oberpflegerin." Should both parties be willing, the affair is decided by the apostolic custom of drawing lots. Should the brother draw the name desired, she is his; if not he is at liberty to transfer his affections.

I have thus drawn a dim outline picture of Moravians in the olden time. Many more customs might be enumerated, but want of space forbids. Whoever would see all in full operation must visit Herrnhut in Saxony. Many of these customs have disappeared in this country before the tide of American enterprise; still, the greater number remain in full force. Whatever remains untold respecting their missionary work, division of labor, founding the first female boarding school in America, etc. etc., will be gladly unfolded to any curious Yalensian who may chance to visit Bethlehem, fifty miles north of Philadelphia and eighty east of New York, where he is assured by the writer of a jolly time, and an old-fashioned Moravian welcome.

W. E. D.



Memorabilia Palensia.

MRETING OF THE CLASS OF 1858.

THE Junior Class met on Wednesday, Feb. 18, at the President's Lecture room, for the election of Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine. C. S. Kellogg was called to the chair and D. M. Bean, M. Chalmers, H. A. Pratt, and G. Wells were appointed tellers.

The balloting resulted in the choice of the following Board of Editors for the class of 1858, viz-

EDWARD FOSTER BLAKE,
DANIEL GARRISON BRINTON,
JOHN EDWIN KIMBALL,
SAMUEL HENRY LEE,
HAYDN KELLOGG SMITH,

New Haven, Ct.,
Oxford, Mass.,
Liebon, Ct.,
Madison, Wis.

On the eve of our last issue a new constellation appeared in our literary firmament under the title of "The Yale Review." Its advent, though heralded a few hours beforehand by the usual signals, took the College World quite by surprise, falling among us (if we may mix the metaphors) like a bomb from a masked battery. In mechanical execution and general appearance the "Review" is highly creditable to its projectors, and its page. (for we bought the number and read it at a single sitting) evince a vigor of thought and talent for graceful writing which no one need be ashamed to own. The principal object and design of the "Review" is in its own words "Criticism of the pretentious and conceited literature of College." The "Lit." of course received its heaviest and (in the main) well directed fire, but, as our readers see—we are still afloat. Many of the "Review's" Criticisms are just and judicious, but we were sorry to notice a few passages savoring of rancor and personality. Nothing is easier than to say sharp things, if one makes no account of truth, or of a classmate's feelings, or if he can talk through a board fence without fear of detection.

Notice.—Two "Exchanges" addressed to "The Yale Review," and put by the Postmaster into the "Lit's" box, are now in our possession, and will be cheerfully surrendered upon requisition from the proper authority.

Judge Bacon is dead. He was almost the last representative of his generation among us. We shall no more hear his kindly voice at Alumni meetings, nor at "the Brothers" annual gathering. Never again shall we see his tall, venerable form pausing on the Green to watch our game of wicket and to think of the time when he played on the same spot, with our Grandfathers. He passed away in the same month that saw those two Lights of science go out, Redfield and Kane—and, like them, left a legacy to Science, and to posterity an honored name.

We are pleased to add to our list of Exchanges "The University Literary Magazine" of Virginia, "The Students' Miscellany" of the Wisconsin State University, "The Wabash Magazine" of Wabash College, Indianna, and "The Momus," a very creditable 8x9 inch sheet—edited, printed and published by two enterprising lads of the New Haven Hopkin's Grammar School.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the regular Election, Feb. 25, the following Officers were chosen.

LINONIA. BROTHERS.

President.

Augustus H. Strong, Henry S. De Forest, Vice President.

Storrs O. Seymour, John M. Holmes,

Secretary.

Robert M. Gallaway, Arthur N. Hollister, Vice Secretary.

Thomas B. Dwight, Hasket D. Catlin,

PRIZES AWARDED.

SENIOR MATREMATICAL PRIZES.

1st Prize and Gold Medal, GEORGE A. NOLEN. 2d Prize, OREIN F. AVERY.

Berkeley Premiums for Latin Composition, 8d Term, 1855-6. (Award delayed till February, 1857.)

Class of 1857.—Myron N. Chamberlin, John C. Day, Wm. E. Doeter, Samuel M. Freeland, Levi Holbrook, Stephen Holden, Joseph C. Jackson, Wilder Smith.

Class of 1858.—Robert O. Dwight, Josiah W. Gibbs, Robert C. Haskell,

Arthur N. Hollister, George B. McLellan, Daniel A. Miles, Henry E. Sweetser,

Addison Van Name.

Class of 1859.—Edward Carrington, Franklin Carter, Hasket D. Catlin, Thomas B. Dwight, Charles H. Gross, Edward C. Huggins, William W. Phelps Arthur W. Wright.

The following prizes for English Composition have been awarded to the Sophomore Class, (1859.)

	1st Division.	2d Division.	. 3d Division.			
1st Prize,	§ E. Carrington. § Franklin Carter.	John C. Middleton.	W. W. Phelps. Asher H. Wilcox.			
2d "	Horace Binney.	B. N. Harrison. Thos. R. Lounsbury.	Joseph H. Twichell. C. B. Wheeler.			
3d "	Louis H. Bristol. Geo. E. Dunham.	Wm. Fletcher. James M. Hubbard.	Alfred J. Taylor. W. A. Stiles.			

Editor's Cable.

Gentle Reader—It was the week after New Years. The moon, like ourself, now almost in the last quarter, rode high above us, the planets Jupiter and Venus shining oh, how beautifully! Mars, his fiery hue toned down by distance, sinking nearer the Western hills—and Saturn, far behind the others, all in a great circle across the unspeakably blue heavens, bending with exceeding depth, tenderness and beauty over the spotless snow new fallen, was a sight to shed upon the soul a strangly quiet, unearthly joy. We sat gazing through the clear plate-glass panel of the ears, unheeding the light talk and merry laugh of a knot of Students near by, our senses soothed by the heavy rumbling of the train and watching the weird shadows that the white vapor from the engine cast upon the snow. One by one the stars came out and threading themselves upon the telegraphic wires seemed like silent bars of celestial music.

Under the influences of such an hour and such a scene, how one feels irresistably led to pleasant musings! In the ponderous train with majestic roar rushing through the still twilight, strange as it would appear, is just the place for contemplation and castle-building. The ruddy fire light streaming from the farm house yonder,—the remorseless train has thundered past and shut it from the sight, but still we can in fancy see the group of rosy cheeked children gathered around the open fire-place watching the dexterous mother as she turns the savory griddle cakes that are to make their evening meal; off in the further corner we can see the eldest boy, who-has just deposited an arm full of wood at the fire, and his younger brother, whose hands are still cold with milking, tinkering up their skates for the nights campaign, while the old white-headed grandfather in his arm chair before "the blasing hearth" with the baby on his knee is not the least happy or picturesque member of the group. Then we think of that gam of beauty, the elegy of Grey,

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joy and destiny obscure,"

and are about indulging in a speculation upon how little reason ambition has to do so, when the door opens, (of the car we mean,) in rushes a blast of the keen air, and the hoarse ominous words of the Brakeman are heard vociferating, "Norwalk"—and we proceed to contemplate the probabilities of a cold plunge bath in case the "draw" happens to be up. By a happy accident, perhaps because the river is frozen, the "draw" happens to be all right, and the train moves on, so too, on moves the train of our musing. That little brook winding under the meonlight so gracefully through the low meadow, that seems by its tortuesities a mimic Mississippi,—crusted over with fairy creations of the frost, brings to us (albeit we are no poet—far from it) the exquisite description of a frozen brook in the "Vision of Sir Launfal." Can it be that one of the "Lit." readers has never read it; for his sake then we will venture to quote a few lines, well witting he will read the rest.

- "Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak.
- "The little brook heard it and build a roof
- "'Neath which he could house him winter proof;
- "All night by the white stars frosty gleams
- "He groined his arches and matched his beams;
- "Slender and clear were his crystal spars
- "As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
- "He sculptured every summer delight
- "In his halls and chambers out of sight;"

and then by a natural association of ideas, (the sort termed "of likeness and" particularly "opposition,") our thoughts recall a stanza from one of our early poetical effusions running nearly as we remember—and we remember it as being the best in the piece—thus:

And when the icy sleet had gemmed the trees, How shone, resplendent in the setting sun, The mountain waving in the wint'ry breeze, Silver and golden ever and anon.

Albeit as we said we are no poet.

Away with your tropic suns and everlasting verdure, give us the brilliant glories of a northern winter with its bracing air, its glorious moonlight, its stars of steel, its coasting, skating, sleighing parties, and its auroras, provided the Professor who has charge of that department will allow us one occasionally, even out of the assigned period. At this point the train stopped, and we got out and were soon enscenced in old South College. It is perhaps due to the tropics to say that the excruciating cold we suffered during the rest of the night somewhat abated our admiration for winter as a practical institution.

Professor Langdon is still teaching the young idea how to fire, or rather how to cut and thrust, and should the reader of history pass the massive portal of Alumni Hall when the Professor is drilling on the broad sword, alias baskethilted-stick exercise he might fancy himself looking at some old Feudal Baron in his castle hall training his retainers for an attack.

A learned gentleman having proposed a few pages back some philological queries, we are incited to a similar course in a different department.

QUESTIONS FOR THE ENGINEERS.—What would be the probable cost to the Corporation to lay a flag-stone over those interesting gutters that at regular intervals traverse the walk running in front of the College buildings?

What would be the probable cost to the Corporation to flag the walk from North College to the North gate?

PRIER ESSAY—TO THE BOAT-OLURS.—A prize of ———— dollars will be paid to that member of any of the boat-clubs who shall furnish the best essay on the most practicable method of getting across the back yard in wet weather. Special reference must be had to the vicinity of Cabinet Hall and Trumbull Gallery.

^{*}Blank to be filled by the Corporation.

METAPHYSICAL QUESTIONS FOR SENIORS.—Ought the Faculty to furnish knitting or plain sewing, to fill up the time otherwise wasted at Lectures by those who neglect to provide themselves with newspapers? Ought whitling to be taken as an equivalent accomplishment? Speaking of Metaphysics, is a man morally accountable for the character of his dreams? For example, would one swear or steal in a dream unless profane or light fingered when awake, or at least inclined to be, and if he would, how far is he responsible for it, and why?

We are here reminded of a classmate who dreamed one night that he had committed murder, and fearing such a slight matter might escape his memory, arose or dreamed that he did (we forget which now) and wrote on his card "E. L. Hoccake murderer." Rather an interesting card that, to send in, in case the young lady happened to be out. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that "Hoccake" is a substitute for the real name.

QUESTIONS FOR ALL COLLEGE.—Can the President's Lecture room be ventilated ? Will it be? When?

QUESTIONS FOR THE FRESHMAN CLASS.—Ought Yale College to have a Gymnasium ? and if so, when?

We put this question to the youngest class, in the hope that they may stay here long enough (not to see one, that would be presumption, but simply) by aid of the exhaustless resources of the calculus to solve the problem.

General Question.—Is there a Physiological as well as an Academic connection between a Sheepskin and B A?

Active life is pressing on us, (Seniors;) already our friend and classmate Eaton is on a voyage of scientific exploration in the Schr. "Dewdrop."

Two ingenious statisticians of the Senior class, after accurate research, have obtained the following valuable results in the item of whiskers. An entire day was employed in getting these data to hand; they may therefore be considered as perfectly reliable.

)	'5320	Class	by the	raised	Whiskers	Pairs
	'5429		44	64	14	44
š	'5529	64	44	•4	44	44
aknown,	'56u	44	64	64	46	44
•	'5749	44	44	44	44	44

It is proper to add, that credit has been given in all cases from the faintest penumbra on the upper lip to a full grown Campbellian beard.

The immense superiority of '57 over its predecesors in other respects has thus been triumphantly established also in the important item of whiskers and in fact appears, so to speak, on the very face of the subject. To succeeding classes we would say encouragingly "Crop out."

Last week the indications of Spring were again upon us.* The melted snow, the warm sunshine, the soft Southwind, the "Shawondasee," the blue birds

^{*} Printers are but men and Presses won't last forever. A (literal not a convivial) "break down" at their office has delayed the publication of the Lit., which was to have been out last Saturday, until to-day.

singing in the still leafless elms in the morning, and the Seniors singing before North College at sunset, the Juniors sitting on the fence in front of South College after dinner, and the Sophomores setting up their horns and bass drums after tea, the Freshmen jumping in the front yard, and the waters drying up in the back yard, were all tokens that the winter had gone. But this week, "the fierce Kabibonokka" whirling the snow about our windows has taught us that it is never safe to "hallo till you are out of the woods," and reminded us that we may have to pay for all this fine weather yet, unless indeed we did pay for it in advance, during those first weeks of February, when the mercury thought aothing of going down to 20° below zero, and couldn't be coaxed to get higher than —8°.

A classmate of ours in coming out of the Hutchinsons' Concert the other night observed a fair young lady just before him in evident embarrasment: one of her—well we must say it—yes, one of her—Hoops! had broken from its orbit and was "flying lawless" through space; the maiden after one desperate but ineffectual effort to recover the refractory article of her apparel kicked it contemptuously down stairs. Our friend, a benevolent and withal a modest young man, rushed forward, seized the disobedient circumference and after vainly waiting for the owner to claim her property, bore it off in triumph to his room, No. 9 South College, where it still hangs, an object of universal admiration.

It has already been visited by large numbers of the students, and will be open for exhibition "for a few days" longer. We are requested to state that the lady can have the article by calling at the above room and paying at our office the cost of this advertisement.

On the same principle that "speaking of Wildcats" to the boy suggested "his grandmother," speaking of the Hutchinsons reminds us of a veritable anecdote which we give on the authority of an Ex-Governor of New Jersey. A bill had been brought before the Legislature of that famous State, for "Organizing the Militia;" whereupon a Dutch member arose and declared his determination to oppose the measure as entirely unnecessary, for, said he with emphasis, "The Milishy don't want no organ; drum and fife is good enough for 'em."

And now, gentle reader, we must say good bye; we feel sad to leave you, but you see by the Memorabilia that our successors are appointed. One more number and we leave the Lit to the care of our Junior brothers—a few more weeks and we shall sit down beneath the elms as a class for the last time, we shall smoke the parting pipe and sing the parting song, and then like the thrice fifty generations before us, we too shall pass away and these old walls shall echo never again to the tread and the voice of the men of '57. May we go at peace with all—to labor and to pray for Yale, our Country and the World!

VOL. XXII.

No. VI.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

07.786

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



" Dum meme grain manet, nomer laudenque Yatzusta Castalont Susscia, considuique Patzus."

APRIL, 1857.

NEW HAVEN:

PERCESSIED BY THOMAS II, PEASE,

MINDOCCATIL

CONTENTS.

Passing Away,								÷		-		2(0
The Art of Sleep	ng O	er.		16								210
Schoolmusters,							-					220
" Our Foreign Co	тевро	nder	ice,"				-					224
"Green," -	-		-		-				-			225
Night,	-		-			-		13				231
The True Ariston	rat, -		9		-			-	-			234
A Day in Havan	8,	-									17	240
Literary Notices,												240
Memoranisa Y Junior Exhi	bition	142										248
Envor's TABLE,		~		-				-	-			249
Editors' Goodbye	4 -											252

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXII.

APRIL, 1857.

No. VI.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '57.

F. E. BUTLER,

H. S. HUNTINGTON.

J. M. HOLMES,

N. C. PERKINS,

G. PRATT.

Passing Away.

THERE are crises in every life—starting points from which commences a new stage of existence—moments when every man, who reflects at all between the cradle and the grave, pauses to consider his position, to call up the past before him, to gaze thoughtfully, anxiously, almost agonizingly into the future. It is well to do so. The wise man will always counsel with his own heart before he acts. And although no undue thought of the morrow is to be commended, there should ever be such an unity of purpose and consistency of action as shall symmetrically link to-day with yesterday and to-morrow.

To the student there is perhaps no more interesting moment than that which closes his College life. Hitherto his work has been selected for him. For the wisdom of that selection he has not been responsible. Committing himself to the guidance of his instructors, he has passed away his youth burdened with few cares, and those, however great they may have seemed in their day, as he looks back upon them in the past, appear but trifling. But now he must choose for himself what he will do and how he will do it. He knows the importance of the choice—of the first step in practical life; sometimes he overestimates its importance.

Digitized by Google

tance, forgetting that the disposition to be useful will show itself in almost any employment, and that ability need not wait long, in such an age as ours, for a field of action.

It is not however the future alone which makes him thoughtful. The past, ever refusing to die, but living with a life as eternal as that of the soul itself, comes up before him for consideration. The moment so long and so anxiously desired, when he could enter upon actual life, has arrived. And yet with a fond lingering look towards the days that are gone, he now hesitates to go forward. It is natural that he should do so. It is characteristic of human nature, that man cannot without regret part from scenes which he knows he shall never witness again, even though more pleasant scenes may lie directly before him. But the student half suspects, and with good reason too, that no scenes await him in the future more pleasant than those he has almost unconsciously experienced while passing through College. We would not however mourn when pleasures are present to us because they will fade, nor when they are gone would we mourn because they have faded, but on the contrary we would enjoy them while they last and then again in the retrospect. Hence we do not call up the past to weep over it. No! the recollections are too pleasant. Already the sorrows and trials are fading away and only the bright scenes of our College life remain. How often and how vividly will these scenes re-create themselves in future years, as we "brush away the dust from memory," and live over again the days of '57!

The Senior Class will soon be passing away. Already its Orator and Poet have been chosen to bid farewell in our name to our fellow students and to Alma Mater. Without intentionally trespassing upon their province, it may perhaps be well here to inquire what record the class is leaving behind it.

There is a reciprocal influence exerted between a student and his class. Each class has a distinctive character of its own, to the formation of which every member contributes; and on the other hand the character of almost every individual is modified by the character of his class. If the latter as a body is indifferent to the progress it makes, even the best men will almost invariably find themselves satisfied with a lower standard of attainments than if the intellectual atmosphere around them were a little more bracing. It is then no small advantage to go through College in a good class. To the individual, however low may have been his relative position in such a class, it should yet be a matter of congratulation, that he has been placed in circumstances

calculated to develop all that was in him, and to make him satisfied only with the highest attainments. In this respect we think that without any self-conceit or vanity, the members of '57° have great occasion to deem themselves fortunate. We institute no invidious comparisons with other classes. Perhaps they are as good or even better than ours. If so their members are fortunate indeed. But for ourselves we are satisfied to have been a member of '57. As we look back over the past we cannot but feel that the class has been characterized by an earnest spirit of improvement, a disposition to make the most of the time and the opportunities afforded it here,—a spirit of magnanimity and kindness towards others—by a freedom from a narrow-minded distinctive class feeling—by an independent spirit, and at the same time by entire courtesy towards its instructors. It has done something, we trust, to elevate, if not the standard of scholarship, at least the standard of manliness here in College.

It has been said that the class has a large share of intellectual ability, but is very deficient in soul. I readily grant that there have been few friendships formed among us like that of Damon and Pythias. But such a friendship as theirs, beautiful as it is in history, and lovely as it is in itself, is yet apt to be somewhat exclusive in its nature. All the fountains of affection are poured out upon a single object. The heart may adopt fully as its own, the language of the German Student to his beloved:

"Thee loved I ever, still love I thee And thee will I love in eternity,"

and we may admire, as we undoubtedly must, such an entire devotion of two hearts to each other. Certainly if there is anything which renders life attractive, it is the Paradise which is opened to the soul through the affections. To love and to be loved is the richest blessing which the world can bestow. It is the nearest approximation to the peace of God. For He is Love, and there is something kindred in the love of all pure beings, however much it may differ in degree. But we are not simply creatures of the affections. We do not come to College merely or mainly for the cultivation of sentiment, or to deepen those natural feelings which all possess to some extent, and in which most have received a large and rich culture at home. Indeed, it seems to us that we need not here so much to deepen the affections, as, if we may so speak, to enlarge the heart—to make our sympathies more universal, that as educated men, we may go out into the world not to influence one heart

alone by the power of affection, but by the force of a general sympathy, of an all-pervading love for man as man, to take hold of large classes of men, and bind them to the service of the Right. Such a power is to be gained only by communion with others. Many hearts must be studied, and from them all, we shall learn what human nature is, far more accurately than from works of Mental Philosophy, and at the same time gain what to the man in practical life is invaluable—the ability to read character.

We would not be understood as assenting to the charge that the members of '57 are wanting in affection for each other. A hearty mutual respect is one of the first elements of genuine friendship, and that the members of '57 have ever possessed. Our conflicts with each other have only heightened this respect, while the daily intercourse in our common pursuits has served to reveal much in the hearts of all our classmates to love and to admire. As the season comes for us to part, like children gathered for the last time at the "Old Homestead," our hearts warm towards each other. Imagination goes forward, to the time when one and another of our number will pass away from earth—and still on through the toil and conflict of life, marking here and there a grave by the dusty wayside, till at last, when years are gone, a little band with whitened locks shall gather here at Alma Mater, in memory of '57. Who of us will compose that little band? Whoever they may be, may their recollections of '57 be as pleasant then, as ours are now.

C. N.

The Art of Bleeping Over.

"Then after a little further traveling, I fell upon a pretty petty village,—truly I have forgot the name of it,—where I was yet merrier than ever, and got some certain money to live by. Can you tell how? By sleeping. For there they hire men by the day to sleep, and they get by it sixpence a day, but they that can snore hard get at least ninepence."—Rabelair, Book II, Chep. XXII.

I AM a man given to much sleep. It is one of my weaknesses; and has been from my youth up. But I have never been allowed to indulge in that occupation to my full capacity. I have been, during all my life, the victim of a series of persecutions the most remoraeless, and of out-

rages the most dastardly, that ever were inflicted upon a human being. I have been deprived of sleep in very many ways, some peculiarly aggravating. I shall not attempt to sketch them all, but confine myself to a description of four of the most torturing ways of waking a person, and close with a few remarks upon the art of avoiding them all.

The four modes of awaking, from which I have suffered most, are performed:

I. By water power; II. By woman power;

III. By cat power;

IV. By bell power.

My early years are full of reminiscences of the application of the first power. Did I oversleep myself, and had the breakfast hour found me all unconscious and oblivious in the land of dreams, some cruel brother would be dispatched with a dipper of water to awaken me. A younger brother bound on such an errand is not apt to be over-merciful, and especially when the parental arm would be stretched forth to rescue him from that punishment he might otherwise receive. So doubly rejoicing in the consciousness of being able to do mischief, and being secure from punishment, my brother would approach my bedside, and—swash!—would come the water on my devoted head.

I have heard that they start up sailors in the same manner, by dashing upon them a bucket of salt water, when they do not rise from their berths immediately. If so, I pity the poor mariner more than ever.

Leaving the paternal roof to wield the ferule of the country pedagogue, I underwent a trial of the second power, which I have denominated woman power. It was my ill-fortune to be quartered in a family where the course of married love ran decidedly not smooth. My room adjoined that of the heads of the family, and, just as my morning nap was commencing, some such conversation as this would ensue:

Mrs. Jones.—Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones! it's time to get up.

Mr. Jones .- Ugh!

Mrs. Jones-(in a louder key.)-I tell you to GET UP.

Mr. Jones.—Get up yourself!

Mrs. Jones.—If you don't get up, I'll lay here all day; then who'll get the schoolmaster's breakfast? You're a pretty man, arn't you, to make your poor weak wife get up and build the fire, while you lay snoozing abed?

I always knew how it would end, for Mrs. Jones were the badge of

authority. But I pitied her husband, the poor henpecked man; and, if I may be allowed a little digression, I will state the fact, that there is no other such pitable object as a husband who is not master over his own household. He has a weak, watery look; his legs are thin; his voice soft and submissive; and he wears universally a deprecatory look, like that of a newly-whipped spaniel. But to return. By the time Mr. Jones was fairly roused up, my morning desire to sleep had vanished. And dissatisfied with the world in general, and Mrs. Jones in particular, I descended to breakfast in no enviable state of mind; and all the extra floggings I gave to my scholars are traceable directly to this source.

The third, or cat power, I presume every one is familiar with. I need not describe it. But I will mention one place which is peculiarly distinguished for the number of its cats, and the shrillness of their intonations. I refer to the city of Bath, in the State of Maine, Down East. I stayed in a hotel there one night, and in the morning I found I had thrown at the cats five pairs of old boots, three pairs of shoes, a clothes brush, hair brush, poker and tongs, with various other articles too numerous to mention. I know not the cause of the aforesaid peculiarity of the Bath cats; but I suppose it is the climate, and most of all, the east wind, which whistles around in a most fearful manner. In fact, I was told that a great part of the caterwauling was nothing but the howling of the wind, and I was charged a good sound price for my midnight sport.

I now come to my last vexation, that of being roused by bell power; and I appeal to you, my fellow-sufferers, if it is not well nigh intolerable. And to those who are far removed from college,—our fathers and mothers,—we would also appeal, and ask, is this right? Is it exercising even the common duties of humanity, to clang a bell in the ear of dreaming youth, disturbing those delicious hours of morning slumber? Think of your children ruthlessly torn from their beds by the moral power of the marking system, think of them as half-dressed and unkempt wretches hurrying to their morning devotions like shivering somnambulists!

I make these appeals not for my own sake, but for those who shall come after me, and who may not have learned that Art of Sleeping Over which I now proceed to communicate. I will here say that this art is peculiarly applicable to waking by bell power, as that is the only chronic form of the complaint, unless indeed you get a scolding wife, and are waked by woman power, in which case the remedy is very simple—don't marry, or if you are married, abscond.

To sleep over, the following rules must be observed:-

- "1. You must eat an oyster suppor the night before, with hot whiskey punch for drink.
- "2. You must on no account go to bed before 12 o'clock M., or 1 o'clock A. M.
- "3. You must have a hard metaphysical or mathematical morning recitation, and you must be seated in a place where you cannot 'skin.'
 - "4. You must resolve to get up at 5 o'clock, and learn your lesson."

If these rules are carefully followed, and closely observed, I have no doubt but that you will succeed in sleeping over almost every morning of the week. True, your marks will increase in a manner perfectly astounding, and you will probably be advised of the fact by your division officer. In order, however, to save these marks, and at the same time tell the exact truth, I submit the following form of excuse, which you will find of the greatest use:—

"YALE, March 19, 1857.

" PROFESSOR -----,

"On the morning of the 15th inst., I was afflicted with a severe headache, and was absent from morning prayers and recitation. During the whole time of my absence from college duties, I did not walk abroad. I would, therefore, ask to be excused for the above absence.

"Very respectfully,

I flatter myself that the above will pass muster with your division officer, and that your marks will be taken off. Of course you can substitute other complaints, instead of a severe headache. I would suggest Toothache, Bad Cold, Sore Throat, Lumbago, Vertigo, Earache, Sore Eyes, &c.

If you can get up a reputation for being a weakly person, one who is obliged to be very careful of his health, this will also add greatly to your facilities for sleeping over. Take pains to have it understood that you are afflicted with a sort of general debility, and that your whole system lacks tone and energy. By following these directions, I have no doubt but that you will, with impunity, indulge in slumber while others less happy than you are hurrying on their rapid way to prayers. If you succeed I envy your lot, for there is nothing which makes one happier than the consciousness that he is enjoying privileges denied to others. You can know how sweet it is hearing the bell,

"With half-shut eyes, ever to seem Falling asleep in a half dream."



If you chance to come out of college with only a half education, what does it matter? Let us "steep our brows in slumber's holy balm." Let us take comfort now; for the past is gone, and the future may not be ours. With which advice, I subscribe myself,

ALDOBIRAM, THE SEVENTH SLEEPER OF EPHESUS.

Schoolmasters.

As class after class stand upon the threshold of College life, and tremblingly gaze at the hopes and longings, the joys and conflicts which lie before, not a few always discover first in their path,—a school-house. It seems as if some of us, at least, were hardly ready yet to give up being school-boys, and laughing at schoolmasters, and ourselves assume the birch and desk. But however this may be, it is unquestionable that whoever draws a probable picture of the Senior Class a year hence, must represent many teachers of Village Academies, the unceasing objects of thought to susceptible damsels, and tea-drinking old ladies;—many "Assistants," that excellent class who are expected to be ubiquitous in case of disturbance, and to be as much more indignant at moral delinquency than the Principal, as their salaries are smaller;—many Principals of public schools, who have concluded that no one was ever vexed by so large a proportion of unwashed, mop headed boys as themselves.

All sorts of fellows expect to teach,—from all sorts of motives. It would certainly be not a little amusing to look into their different school-rooms, and contemplate the various styles of pedagogism. Some, we foresee, will train up their unhappy pupils after the straightest sort; others (if the future can be predicted from the present) will suspend the regular exercises at any time for the perpetration of a good joke, and be decidedly easy on the paradigm of an irregular verb, or the solution of an Algebraic problem. There will be some marvelous accessions of dignity, and some increase of real manliness.

We know, be it said, that there are those among us who have already had experience in cultivating the youthful scion, and before whom it becomes us to speak with modesty.

Few collegians enter upon teaching as a permanent occupation. But is not this fact often perverted? It is not our wisdom or happiness to consider teaching a mere bore,—nothing but a stepping-stone to future life. We have no right to regard it only as a money-making operation.

It affords too great opportunities for influencing others, and for self-improvement, to justify us in thus despising it. The only true course is to be cheerful and hearty in it, and aim at the highest excellence in it attainable in so short a time. It is impossible to perform any duty, or pursue any good object, in an unworthy and half-hearted way, without experiencing a depressing effect in every other undertaking;—while on the contrary real excellence in anything attempted, will aid to it in everything else. He who, while he pretends to teach, gains success in teaching, is gaining also a reliance upon his own powers, and a habit of doing well, which will so far tend to his success as a lawyer or a preacher.

The advantages of a short time spent in teaching are by some greatly exaggerated, and by others entirely doubted. It is true that in every active employment we shall have abundant opportunity to study human nature; but the schoolmaster whose eyes are open sees it fresh, undisquised, displayed in many amusing and entertaining ways, ways less selfish and disheartening than those he would find among men. His faith in, and love for, the beautiful and generous part of human nature ought to be strengthened.

The benefit to a teacher from a review of primary studies is often harped upon. If he does not chance to teach all these studies of his childhood, yet the ignorance he will probably find in himself of those which he does teach, will be a strong stimulus to re-examine the rest. And the lack of familiarity with the common branches of knowledge which often exists among educated men is not only disgraceful in itself, but must diminish their respect and influence with those who have received only a common school training. Mistakes are made in Orthography and Geography by College graduates, which a ready school-boy would correct with incredulity at the honesty of the blunder.

Equally trite is the argument that teaching gives a man clearness of ideas himself. Perhaps this might be illustrated by reference to a College recitation, where some fellows have more to say of the lesson after being called on to recite, than they had known before. An honest man who undertakes to teach, will necessarily be led to substitute for much cloudy and useless knowledge which he supposed he possessed before, clear arrangement and precise facts. These advantages are mostly conditioned on teaching with a true, hearty spirit; while he who regards it only as a dire necessity, must suffer by it in his own health and spirits, besides wronging his pupils.

What are the qualities of a good Schoolmaster!

There is Patience, that trait so ceaselessly eulogized, that one would



business finished when the cash accounts are squared! He is solemnly bound to realize, that he may give right direction to much talent which is destined at all events to be exerted, and may awaken much whose existence an uninterested eye would never suspect.

We dismiss the schoolmaster with a word as to his social life. If he is subjected to the outrage of "boarding round," he will need a catalogue of virtues which may be found in the index of Whewell. He must excite no more false hopes, and break no more hearts than is unavoidable,—must not take pains to suggest the fact that he comes from one of the first colleges in the land,—arrogate no superiority to common school rivals, nor feel jealous if in any of the ways of the world they show greater knowledge than himself. We shall probably find that it involves after all more than we ever used to think, to be "The Schoolmaster."

"Our Joreign Correspondence."

Rouen, March 7, 1857.

DEAR MAGA, -Looking over the scheme of study for the senior year at Yale, and remembering that this period is the summa æras of college life, we may conclude that variety is advantageous. This shall be my warrant for omitting any further notice of Scotland, and devoting this letter mostly to the country of our canal and railroad makers. ing one bright August morning in the port of Belfast, we engaged, as interpreter, a native, speaking pure Irish, and as an introduction to the comical impudence of his countrymen, were coolly asked, "What's that for ?" when we paid him twice what the rogue had earned. Part of his service had been the engaging of a "jaunting car," to carry our persons and property to the railway, and the conveyance was so unique, and so generally met with, that it deserves a brief description. An Irish writer defines it as "a two-wheeled omnibus, with the wheels inside," and is quite correct. The seats front sideways, extending over the low locomotive apparatus, with backs running longitudinally through the body of the vehicle, at whose anterior extremity is an elevated perch for the driver, while rests for the feet of the passengers run parallel to the seats, with no surrounding protection for pretty ankles. When such a contrivance is toted along by a spirited Irish pony, female habiliments stream

1857.]

behind much as the stars and stripes do when carried by "The American Eagle on horseback." Part of the ride to Port Rush, the station for the Giant's Causeway, was painfully absorbed in hearing accounts of the last famine from an eye witness. When we learn of one death, we are startled; according to my informant three million people died of starvation and the attendant diseases! Noble efforts were made to relieve the distress, and in many places the poor-rates exceeded the incomes of the landed proprietors, and ruined them. What a lesson upon the folly of depending almost entirely on one plant for the supply of food! Leaving the railroad, another jaunting car whirled us along the sea-shore, while we, fresh from the Scotch Highlands, could not but feel that no scenery, however fine, surpassed or even equaled that of which the solemn ocean was the chief feature. All along the coast, the restless waves had gnawed away the opposing limestone, and made here far-reaching caves, and there arches, some as regular as those formed by more disciplined builders.

The ruins of Dunluce Castle, seen on the way, gave a grand idea of an Irish chieftain's magnificence;—it was burned by the too great fires kindled to prepare a marriage feast. Hymen's torch was illustrated with more truth than poetry. At the Causeway, a King (John) wanted a "crown," (\$1.25,) and therefore engaged to be a guide for the Causeway. First he took us to the caverns in a boat with four stout rowers, so many being necessary to keep the boat from being dashed against the rocks by the breakers. The water in the caverns was deliciously clear, and of a beautiful green hue, and the murmurs of the softly breaking waves charmed like Siren voices. The echo in one was particularly fine, and one of the boatmen "happened" to remember that another had a "small cannon," which he would fire off if we would pay, not for the shot, but for the "powder," which being agreed to, an antiquated horse pistol was produced, and awoke sleeping thunders. By the by, on settling, we found that powder was dear in those parts. Then we went to the Giant's Amphitheatre, (winning a race with another boat on the way, by holding out some "spirited" excitements to our crew,) and afterwards to his organ. The first is quite regular in the curve of its perpendicular columns, and in the last they are very like in shape and position to the pipes of an organ. The Causeway proper disappointed me at first. Instead of high pillars, the greatest elevation is not more than twenty feet above the level of the sea, and one has to walk over them, notice the mathematical exactness of the joining of the separate pieces, and the perfect shape of many pentagons, hexagons, octagons, &c., before

he fully realizes how wonderful it really is. The question constantly suggests itself, "What caused this?" Niagara you can understand—it is a fall in the outlet of large lakes; Mont Blanc is a pimple on the earth's face, but who can tell how these mathematical blocks were formed and united. Happy they who believe this was a Giant's work, or rather those who have the reverential unquestioning disposition of an old guide, who, to one jesting about the giant's maker, said, lifting his hat, "It was one greater than a giant-it was God, sir." One fact, which complicates the question, is, that while most of the columns are perpendicular, some vary from an upright position, making in places angles of fully 45°. The peasantry have many quaint conceits about various parts of the Causeway; among them, that if you drink three times from the Giant's Well, which is a reservoir for a tiny stream depressed in the surface of the stone, and then, while sitting in a peculiar arrangement of taller and shorter colums, resembling a seat, and called "The Lady's Chair," think of some member of the opposite sex, you will be wedded to him or her within the year. I tried it faithfully, but see little prospect of the promised result. At the sun-set hour, while finding a place where the stillness was so nearly perfect that my watch's ticking sounded loud, I watched the "merry dancers," clouds which appeared in the ocean horizon, and took the shapes of ships, islands and more fantastic things, until the moon was up, and then strolled to the hotel, thinking of classmates whiling away their summer vacation.

The ensuing Sabbath was improvingly spent at St. Mybun's church on the Causeway, where Paul furnished the written, and Nature the extempore sermon. The music by a choir of bright-faced waves, aided by Rolus as organist, was almost equal to Beethoven's best. The journey down to Dublin gave rather a sad impression of Ireland; possibilities for high advancement seemed to be neglected, and most of the rural population appeared to be very far down in the scale of civilization; those who have emigrated to America are more than fair specimens of the people at large. Dublin itself, with the exception of a few fine publie buildings, is meanly built and abominably dirty, and we left with no particular regret. The sail from Kingtown to Holyhead was somewhat moving to persons given to sea-sickness, and with the admirable order, the quiet effectiveness of the arrangements reconciled us to the change from sea to land locomotion at 2 A. M. Soon we were rattling on towards Bangor, and scarcely noticing the change, passed on and off the great tubular bridge over Menai Straits, and saw the suspension structure looking like fairy work in the moonlight. Our experienced hotel

hunting in the winding streets of Bangor that night, was more ludicrous than pleasant. After a little sleep, and a large breakfast to keep up the general average, we secured a dog-cart and fast horse, and trotted off to the Penrhyn Slate Quarry, through a beautiful blending of sea, mountain, wood, and cultivated scenery. The quarry is nine hundred feet deep, and employs nearly three thousand men. The shape is that of a right-angled triangle, and veins are excavated downwards and laterally. After inspecting the various parts and processes, our guide stationed us in an elevated ledge in the center, that we might see a blast, or rather a number of blasts, which occur simultaneously at set times. The mine looked like some Roman Amphitheatre, and while we were drinking in its huge proportions, a bugle sounded as though to announce the games. This was the preparatory signal, and suddenly, so suddenly that the effect was startling, the clicking of the many hammers ceased, and the workmen in white blouses were seen running here and there to the appointed refuges, then another bugle sound gave the signal for lightning the matches; barely giving those doing this time for escape, while we were still holding our breaths in apprehension for them, the smoke leaped up in delicate wreaths, and announced the reports, many together like volleys, and others in succession as irregular musketry firing; the angular shape caused echoes from one up to ten, according to the position of the blast, and the whole effect of the reports and rattling rocks was truly grand. The Suspension and Tubular Bridges seen later in the day well illustrate "That union is strength." The first is most beautiful, the last most remarkable. Two main tubes, respectively 472 feet, stretch from towers on the Carnarvon and Anglesey shores to Britannia Tower, which rises 210 feet in the center of the strait, and shorter tubes lead from the shore towers, making in all a length of 1,513 feet. The great tubes through which the trains pass are rectangular, and the tops and bottoms are formed of smaller square tubes, which furnish the strength of the structure, the sides merely serving to connect the upper and lower parts. There are two great passage ways thus made, 100 ft. above high water mark, and the iron in each weighs 5,000 tons. Those who have reached hydrostatics in natural philosophy, may be interested to know, that the tubes after being made on terra firma, were raised by hydrostatic pressure. Water, as well as men, does most when cool; when in a sweat inside of an engine boiler, it never did so great a work as this. Want of time and space compels me to close these notes upon Great Britain, without describing Chester, rich in antiquity; Liverpool, in merchandise; Manchester, in factories; beautiful Windmere; Hereford, with our genial Edinboro' acquaintances; Malvern, and its hills; Worcester and Cheltenham. These rambling letters have been pleasant connecting links for me with College friends, and I only end them when there is a near prospect of a renewal of former personal intercourse. College life has many charms, and the discovery which a visit to the old world forces upon one of how valuable all knowledge is, will make its less attractive lessons golden opportunities.

E. L. H.

" Green."

Perhaps no word in the College vocabulary exerts a more powerful influence upon our student character, than the monosyllable chosen as a subject for this article. The secret of its power over our actions is found in the dread of ridicule, which, as has been often remarked, is one of the strongest motives of human conduct. And no ridicule is so much feared or so deeply felt, as that which accuses us of ignorance. It is through this dread of being considered ignorant that we are especially influenced by this word during the first part of college life, and the impression made upon our minds at that time is all the more lasting, because the habits which will go with us, through the four years, are then in process of formation. There are doubtless many cases in which this influence is beneficial in its effects. Not a few who enter college bring with them altogether exaggerated ideas of their own importance, and particularly of their shrewdness to discover and ability to outwit any attempt made They "get sold!" No, sir! They are not the to impose upon them. men to be "humbugged" by any of your tricks. Perhaps their "cousin Tom" was a collegian not long ago; in that case they are only more secure in the delightful assurance of their own wisdom. They have heard all about these jokes upon poor freshmen, and they look down with almost contemptuous pity upon those green enough to be "taken in." Like the worthy Mr. Biffles, with the story of whose misfortunes the readers of Putnam are acquainted, they declare that "no fellow of any sense" would suffer himself to be cheated in this way, and they "would like to see the man who could deceive them." As in the case of that honorable gentleman, their desire is not unfrequently gratified.

in which gratification their friends most heartily participate; for improvement almost necessarily results to the crest-fallen boaster.

In such cases our ridicule is only applied to that conduct which we really, and with reason, despise; and so far as the fear of our laughter tends to keep such conduct in check, its influence is just and beneficial. But as our object in ridiculing others is not so often their improvement as our own amusement, we do not by any means confine our merriment to those things which need reformation. Too often, on the contrary, we laugh at that, which, in our hearts, we respect and admire. tion of a few examples will establish this assertion. It is by no means uncommon, at the time when "gentlemen who have recently entered college," are receiving the particular attention of their disinterested friends, the Sophomores, to hear the remark, "He is the greenest Freshman I ever saw; why, he believed every word I said!" Now, it is not weakminded credulousness that is meant here. It is the noble confidence in students, as friends united with him in the bonds of a common pursuit, which the warm-hearted scholar can but feel, till he is taught otherwise by bitter experience, and which unhappily for him, and for us all, is too often left on the very threshold of college life. If one would not be called green, he must have learned that hardest lesson of our lives—the habit of distrust.

Once acquainted with the fact, that the mere word of a fellow-student is not to be relied upon, the next step for our friend is that he should learn that language is here used, in strict accordance with the well known maxim of Talleyrand, "to conceal ideas." He must know that it is evidence of deplorable verdancy, if he puts a literal construction upon any of our current phrases. He must understand that absence from morning exercises, on account of "sleeping over" the ringing of the bell does not in any way interfere with the degree of wakefulness, essential to "count the strokes" of that uneasy "institution," as it sends out its unwelcome summons: that "inability to walk abroad" during illness, which requires absence from college duties, does not by any means imply inability to call upon a friend who rooms in the next street, or to be regular in attendance at one's boarding place; provided, always, that no too observing tutor take note of these excursions.

But our friend must, above all things, avoid the expression of warm-hearty feeling, for he may rest assured that any outburst of enthusiasm, any honest acknowledgment of earnest sentiment will merely excite a smile, and the remark, "He will learn better before long." In these

cases, and in many more which might be cited, it is our belief that the outward custom belies the inner heart. We do not believe that the calculating, suspicious man is more respected than the open-hearted, enthusiastic student. We do not believe that the man of strict integrity has less of our heart's honor, than he who conforms to any custom which authorizes deceit. If this is so, why need our actions thus misrepresent our true feelings?

But although this influence may be thus unwarranted and unjust, it is none the less injurious. Its tendency is to check almost wholly our youthful enthusiasm,—it makes us careful and suspicious; and, worse than this, it teaches us that insincerity which in turn will induce us to laugh at what we truly honor, and will at length lead us really to forget that these noblest qualities of the heart are other than mere weakness. There is no reason why these things should be as they are. It is unnatural that we, while young, should hasten to mar the freshness of our character by that

"—hardening of the heart, that brings Irreverence for the dreams of youth."

It is worse than foolish for us to be so eager to imitate the grown-up outer world, with its hollowness, its coldness and insincerity. Full soon enough we will have to do with these. Let us not then, by anticipating them here, only fit ourselves to fall in with the current, and so do nothing to make the world better when we pass through it; but rather let us, by open-hearted sympathy and sincerity, here prepare ourselves soon to take up manfully, and bear faithfully

"Our portion of the weight of care, That crushes into dumb despair, One half the human race."

B., O. P.

Night.

"A thousand ancient fancies I have read
Of that fair presence, and a thousand wrought
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Tracing fresh figures with the artist thought."

I no not wonder that many poets have become so greatly enamored of the moon, as their verses (if veracious) declare. That is a very ancient weakness of humanity, carried by some sensuous heathen races to the extent of worship, and a public mourning at her monthly retirement. Moreover, the fact that the same feeling is expressed by enlightened members of the canine family, should prove to the satisfaction of every ingenuous metaphysician, that it is a natural and consequently rational affection. Hence the stimulus which the passion receives from a duplex walk on a summer evening beneath the "weird light." And no wonder that the substitution of promenades, under semicircles of gas flame, should educe an anomalous kind of sentimentalism called flirtation. Yet, I am inclined to think that the silver goddess gets more than her fair share of adulation. Romantic young ladies, like the moderate beaux at a watering place, are content to wast their sighs and tell their secrets to some favorite sympathetic star, but when lady Luna sweeps the saloon with her full-flounced circle, and bedims the simpering sisterhood, then the regular poets, the genuine Brummels of the Saratoga of sentiment, desert the poor pale orbs, and one and all make suit to the belle with their best bow and compliment. Well, after all, it is hardly probable that they care much about us or our homage. We used to think so (we, i. e. the race,) but we used to think, too, that they had no better business than to roll round us and watch the doings on our mighty sphere, the universal center. We have learned now, that they mind their own business exclusively, and go where it calls them. Eudoxus was probably as proud of his system as Copernicus of his. And why should he not account it something to contrive an entirely new and original plan of celestial mechanics! What a hard time Copernicus and his successors have had, in trying, with all the vis veritatis on their side, to take out of us that conceit of centralization?

But how presumptuously Longfellow goes to the other extreme, in the Voices of the Night:

"All silently the little moon
Drops down behind the sky."

With what would be compare it? It is larger surely, than any of the other celestials. Perhaps, like De Quincy, he was thinking of a little lamb, frisking about its great dam, mother earth. I cannot help regarding the line as unnatural.

Astronomers may study out all the wonders of the heavens, but they cannot with all their bewildering sublimities, arouse our feelings more than the solemn night, as she has revealed herself to all, untutored and philosophers alike:

"—— when evening descended from Heaven above,
And the earth was all rest and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep;
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,
And the beasts and the birds, and the insects were drowned,
In an ocean of dreams without a sound:
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it—consciousness."

Aye, the day's veil-the veil that interposes its screen of pride and selfishness between the toil and strife of practical life, and the solemn truths that the soul discerns when it muses by itself; that hides from the heart, pressed down with sorrow, the luxury of secret tears; from the weary, the thoughtful, the priceless relief of solitude; that shuts from all men the mystery and knowledge, that, like the cherubim in the most holy place, stand over the ark of God's presence in the inner shrine of night. For what is darkness, whose approach like the greeting of death, only enshrouds this world and the light of it to usher us into the immeasurable and incomprehensible magnificence of the presence chamber of Heaven! It has nothing to do with those orbs it enables us to see, nor with the infinitude of space in which they float. Of all of those suns and systems, their Maker has written, "There is no night there. But to us it is a faithful Mentor, always traveling with our globe, and always pointing away from our center to the grand arch of Heaven and its unknown recesses. It is a daily Sabbath, with its balmy rest, and calm for worship. And as it is a sin to profane the weekly, so is it to abuse the other daily season of respose. An undevout astronomer, it is said, is mad; are they less so who practically do not acknowledge the genial Sabbath of darkness, by wasting in toil or gayety or wickedness those hours, when God has written His command in the book of nature, "Go worship and sleep !"

It will not answer, however, to have too much of it. For though a good sleep and a good dinner are very closely allied, and we may suppose that the

old Egyptians were as much used up by their three days' nap as by three days' incessant eating, we know that the old Romans had a way by which they could eat for an indefinite time, while no way has as yet been discovered by which we can sleep over indefinitely. Therefore, it is wisely ordained that none but very small children shall "lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark," while the most of us must spend a part of some of our evenings in cogitating on the vesture of the sable goddess.

Those old philosophers who reasoned about the harmony of the spheres would have been puzzled to assign parts to so many of them as are found traveling about our system now. Perhaps, though if they had attended one of Jullien's monster concerts, with sixty or more instruments scraping and blowing together, they would not readily give up their idea. Suppose Saturn, for instance, had a place corresponding to first fiddle, why then, of course, there must be six or seven second fiddles to fill up the pauses while he turns over a leaf, and to execute all sorts of erratic variations on his grand aria. The first fidddle, too, it will be noted, always wears spectacles, corresponding evidently to the planet's rings. And so we might arrange the rest, giving to each of the great "stars" the assistance of "distinguished talent" to the extent of as many moons as the case permits. The asteroids being of no great consequence, though very numerous, might be assigned to the bones, triangles, kettle drums, &c. Those who were not thus employed would answer, at least, to shout hurrah, and stamp, in chorus, when something like Yankee doodle, (with twenty variations,) was performing. Having disposed of all the planets, the new and more rational philosophy would have Sol no longer a mere instrumentician, but the potent conductor of And I ask any one who recalls the great maestro, his magnificent downsittings and uprisings, the full orbed splendor with which his white vest and seven seals burst upon the assembly, calmed the inharmonious "tuning" and set his "system" in motion, whether there need be sought a better type of the god of day than this leader of the night !

Undoubtedly there is no more sensible proof of our imperfect state than the experience that we cannot very long surrender ourselves to music or musing, to metaphysical speculation or mechanical investigation, to pleasure or labor, without finding that there is "a time for all things." When the greatest minds have pushed their way, as far as their faculties permit, and the dim light has failed, and their path has become obliterated, they find that they have ascended but a little distance, and that soon children begin to climb just as far, while the great unexplored heights of science remain as before, unapproachable. Thus, in the con-

templation of night, there is mingled pride and humility; pride that our intellects can compass all that other mind shave achieved, humility that we cannot stir or think, without meeting at the first and every succeeding step, mysteries unexplained, inexplicable. Then the baffled understanding calls in fancy to her aid, and she solves the riddles, peoples the stars, disports with fairies on the grassy hillocks, roams with the breezes and the dim shadows, creating her own world, or altering this, or leaving both for her sublimest thoughts:

"Till from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Decries athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light."

G. S. O.

The True Aristocrat.

" _____ An heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved."

Henry Taylor.

"True, I am but nothing; nothing have—but hope!
I have no ancient birth—no heraldry;
No motley coat is daubed upon my shield;
Yet, if I stooped to talk of ancestry,
I had an ancestor as old and noble
As all their quarterings reckon—mine was Adam!"

Rev. George Croly.

It was the soul-picture of the early followers of Columbus and Pizarro, that in those Eldorado regions, whither their ships were steering, gold and emerald of measureless value were strewn thick as forest leaves; and historians tells us that, often, as these dreamy wanderers reached for the first time some newly discovered land, eager to find their phantom realms at last taking on reality, they sprang in greedy haste upon the shore, and gathering the stones and sand pebbles which were everywhere scattered, stood, like fierce sentries, over worthless heaps, which, in the bitter hallucination of avarice, they had mistaken for "riches beyond

compare." So of human character, we are all for a time Eldorado painters; and until many a disastrous voyage, and until many a frantic deception, have staggered our credulity, and taught us the distinction between Truth and its base semblances, we are ever accepting that which merely glitters for genuine gold, and hugging to our hearts paltry pebbles, because we fancy them diamonds and pearls.

It would constitute no unsound philosophy of life to say that society is, after all, a struggle for aristocracy. Mournful though be the statement, how can it be denied, that the chief energies of the half of mankind seem expended that they may outdazzle the other half! Nine hundred millions of beings, whose breasts are the living tenements of immortal faculties, and whose thoughts might mingle in communion with stars, content themselves, like the meadow fire-fly, with flickering imitations of warmth and light. Look out upon the world, and pierce through the mere shows of things, and say, can you count up the shallow pretences, the shams, and the gilded pomps which men are striving everywhere to exhibit? All over this earth, in the unchastened idolatry of dress, in the tumultuous cravings of avarice, in the asserted superiority of high-born lineage, in the rough, beastly displays of the professional pugilist, in the marshaling and riot of war, and ofttimes even in the noble and subtle pursuits of literary enthusiasm, we discern the same restlessness in obscurity, the same master passion to flame out into notoriety, the same burning propensity to acquire merely to exhibit, and, by whatsoever means, to rear perpetually a platform, whereon a man may mount, and say to his neighbor below, "I am higher and holier than thou !"

This unconquerable resolve to seize hold upon the world's admiration, or to exasperate it to jealousy, works out through many modes. We seek not far among men before we find representatives of each:—

1. He who is the most conspicuous of all, and who perhaps was the earliest to assert his claims, is the individual who prides himself on his noble ancestry. The family wealth may have flown; the gay equipage and the splendid livery, and the array of vassals may have departed; even the family mansion itself may have crumbled to decay, or have fallen into alien hands; and yet, amid all these adversities, he looks down upon the race of common men with the most patronizing pity, and regards them with some such feeling as Olympic Jove might have contemplated the rats of the river Nile. And what is this mysterious principle of inflation? Whence cometh this assurance of august superiority? Ah! he declares himself a Patrician of the purest stock—he quaffs the



delightful memory that his veins swell with the blood, not of plebeian humanity, but of some gouty duke who died of plethora two centuries before. This is the title of his greatness, this the pabulum of his selflove. And if we duly consider it, we shall find that the world smiles upon his plea. But when we challenge it boldly, when we dissect and analyze its validity, what does it signify? Suppose that his ancestors were great and powerful; suppose that they were learned Chancellors or laureled Generals, does he deserve any merit for it? If he in his own person has ever done any useful thing, if he has ever achieved one moral victory, or added to the common storehouse one single thought, then we will praise him for that, just as we would any other of great Adam's sons. But when he comes before the world, simpering and smirking, and claiming precedence merely because his ancestors did something praiseworthy; when he comes, daring to assert no active quality or positive merit in himself, but merely the importance of his progenitors, we scout his pretensions and as "medicus de animo consultatus" recommend the following soothing cataplasm—the invention of an odd old-fashioned man, to be applied to the soft spot on his head-"Whatsover person pointeth unto the graves of his forefathers, for his respectability, resembleth naught in the world so much as a potato vine, -all that there be good about him is under ground!" And this truth is not local in its operation, but as universal as the nations of the earth; and yet, upon the elder continents, where there are families as ancient as civilization itself, there may be some apology for this weakness. But when we come to the United States, and behold the haughtiness of high birth already budding forth here, nothing but its being so intensely ludicrous could save it from becoming utterly intolerable.

"Of all the notable things on earth,

The queerest thing is the pride of birth,

In this our 'fierce Democracie.'

A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten peers,
A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
Is American Aristocracy.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reasons to apprehend,
You may find it waxed at the further end,
By some plebeian vocation.

Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation."

2. There is another phase of spurious Aristocracy, of which our own people furnish the most conspicuous and glaring illustrations—the Aristocracy of Cash! If ever there was a country where Railroad Bonds and Bank Stocks paved a royal road to respectability, it is ours. Mr. James Mill, of England, in speaking of Americans, employs this terrible sarcasm :-- "The life of the whole of one sex is spent in dollar hunting; and of the other, in breeding dollar hunters." And there was philosophy as well as point in the aphorism of Theodore Parker, when he said, "American Aristocracy is bottomed on a cent." Everywhere among us men are found setting themselves up, by virtue of their money, to be worshiped—golden calves bleating for the adoration of mankind. would it be from our meaning to detract aught from the high enconiums so richly earned by the stalwart race of American merchants. Where there is magnanimity and broad intelligence in commercial enterprise, no praise can be either flattery or extravagance. But this "Codfish Aristocracy," this pride, not of the brain and the heart, but of the pocket; this brazen and sordid spirit which measures manhood by the rules of compound interest, and can see no human worth, except through the windows of the United States Mint; this is a spirit which cannot be too deeply depised. And observe how this Idolatry of Cash, this Deification of the Dollar, has spread its influence through all ranks of society. and penetrated the holiest sanctuaries and tainted the breath of every profession. It barters to the highest bidder the brain-power of the Attorney; it buys the warmth of friendly greeting; it trades in the amenities of conventional life; it degrades the rapturous spontaneity of Love to a cool, commercial calculation of dollars and cents; it even invades the Church of the living God, and clothes the ministrations at the altar with the sordid and mercenery garniture of a hireling service.

"See here, Sexton, what in the name of decency made you quarter that greasy nigger in my pew! Eh!"

"Oh! Deacon Goldnose, trust you wont be offended; he's a very intelligent, gentlemanly person, and—"

"No such thing!—'tis n't possible! Free seats up gallery for darkies, don't believe in 'malgamation myself! Wont have it!"

"But, Deacon, I was going on to tell you, that's Don Manrique, of Hayti; he's just come to ______, reputed to be worth \$200,000."

"Oh-ah-well-no matter, Sexton, let it pass this time-much

obliged—wonder who I can get to introduce me!"—and up the broad aisle paces the generous pew owner, and with many a bow and with many a smile extends the Sabbath hospitalities to the stranger, and by the most disinterested politeness reveals to him how completely the love of Christ enables us to overcome our natural antipathies to the negro race! The Rev. Dr. Creamcheese can drop in every day at the palatial mansion of the Potiphars; but when he is reminded that the poor woman who does washing for a living, and who occupies a charity seat in his Church, has not been visited during the previous five years, he all at once finds "the labors of the study" too severe and unremitting to allow of his making "pastoral calls."

These then may be taken as types of those specious aristocracie with which human society is filled. They are founded upon a hollow and hypocritical selfishness: their grand characteristic is passion for display. How grateful, now, to turn from that which is so false and so unreal to the contemplation of a true and manly aristocracy.

1. And it is an aristocracy which, as a primal and universal condition, seeks not to assert itself. We have seen how these spurious pretenders glut themselves upon shows, upon appearances, upon semblances. The genuine claimant, on the contrary, conscious of its own eternal truthfulness, needs not to be forever striving to convince the world that it does not lie:

"Not in the high-crowned Oak the fragrance dwelleth Which charms the general wood: But in the Violet low, whose sweetness telleth Its unseen neighborhood."

2. As a consequence of this principle it is entirely independent of outward appliances. In its own lofty and impartial sovereignty it spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and selects its pensioners from every rank of visible society. The poor despised driver on the coach box may be the true nobleman of nature, while the bloated, purse-proud title-bearer within is perchance the mere bungling workmanship of human device. The true Aristocracy asks not for palaces and courtly domes: for its own temple is the human soul. It asks not for banners and armorial bearings and monuments of marble, to emblazon its presence or to conceal its decay; it can speak from the eyes of the honest peasant and have the blankness of the barren sod for its epitaph. It asks not for diplomas and high-sounding degrees: it is not a synonym for marquis or king or peer; its simple name is "worth."



3. Hence the true Aristocracy, since it does not proclaim itself, nor seek to be symbolized in permanent and glittering forms among mempasses through the world unrecognized by the great mass of our race: for they, in their mad chase after the noisy and brilliant counterfeits, trample the genuine coin beneath their feet.

Who, then, is the TRUE ARISTOCRAT? He may be an Emperor, but he is not necessarily. He may be a Duke and a Baron, but he is not necessarily. He may be rich and influential and renowned, but he is not necessarily. He is the true Aristocrat who has within a spirit, earnest, brave, truthful: who bendeth not the knee before the Baal of this world's decisions, but in whatsoever station Providence may have cast his lot, acts manfully, prayerfully, conscientiously, his God-appointed task: whose ambition is to be useful to the world rather than famous in it: whose courage chastened by submission to a Higher authority, quails not before the gaze of mortal man: whose

"life is gentle; and the elements So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This is a Man!'

He is the true Aristocrat, who (to use the charmed words of Ellery Channing) "chooses the Right with invincible resolution, who resists the screet temptations from within and from without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and the most fearless under menaces and frowns, whose reliance on Truth, on Virtue and on God is unfaltering."

"Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are, Each shining in his hallowed sphere, as virtue's polar star. Though human hearts too oft are found, all gross, corrupt and dark, Yet—yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promothean spark. There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride, Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide. They hold the rank no king can give—no station can diagrace; Nature puts forth Hzz gentleman, and Monarchs must give place."

M. T.



A Day in havana.*

"Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

It was a bright sunny afternoon, in the month of February. We had been all the morning running down the coast of Florida. The fresh breeze swept blandly under the awning, and swelled out the little canvas that the steamer carried. Last night we had seen the Sun go down between the low keys of the coast and the long straight path of golden light that shot across the sea to us with wonderful beauty. We had been sitting for hours on deck, watching the graceful curl of the waves and their emerald and silver hues, the darting of the flying fish and the sporting of porpoises, as they leapt in platoons, and with regular curve kept even pace with the ship. It was a day of rare loveliness, and it wore to us the peculiar charm which nature ever has for convalescents, for we had just escaped the fearful ordeal of a two days' seasickness, and the sea was still heaving from the effects of the gale. The passengers were grouped about the deck, debating the chances of reaching Havana that night. We had seen no land since losing sight of Florida, and some were now gathered on the leeward-quarter peering through the blue light of the southern heavens; at last the dim shadowy outline of the "Pan of Matanzas," loomed up and gave us the first sight of Cuba. Gradually it became more distinct, and we soon saw the sharply defined mountain rising abreast of us. Near sunset, the Moro Castle, with its lighthouse, hove in sight, but before we came up with them, the sun was down, and, by a Spanish law, no vessels enter or leave Havana, except between sun and sun.

There was no anchorage ground, and so we "lay off and on" all night. With the returning light we were on deck. Before us rose the gray walls of the Moro, its battlements frowning with cannon, and its flag-staffs gay with signals. Presently the Pilot's boat came off, and after sundry preliminaries with our Captain, he mounted the Steamer's side and assumed command. He was a handsome man, olive complexion, dark, short hair, dressed in white pants, blue coat, and Panama hat, his voice rich and sonorous. Hardly had the vessel turned her head



The incorrigible Editor of the present number calls upon us in the pressure of Examination Week, for "something for the Lit right off." Pardon us, therefore, dear reader, for offering you a chapter of rough notes, never intended and all unfit to be set before you—if they have any merit, it is truth.

towards the narrow entrance of the harbor, before we were hailed by the Castle.

Our knowledge of Spanish was insufficient to comprehend the import of the salutation, but our Captain, who had been somewhat annoyed already by missing an entrance the night before, and by delay and obstinacy of the Pilot, seized his trumpet, and thundered back an answer which rather intimated to the garrison that he should go through if they blew the timbers out of the ship, and on he went.

The entrance to the harbor is through a narrow channel, which, running inland, turns suddenly to the right, and expands into a circular bay of over a mile in diameter. Only a single vessel can enter at a time, and as we passed in, we saw the buoys still anchored over the wrecks of British ships which had been sunk in the attack upon the city. On the heights at the left, stood the buff walls of the Cabanos, surmounted by the ensign of Spain, and as we rounded the point and steered towards the center of the bay, the whole city lay before us upon the right. Before we had dropped anchor the little wicker covered boats were alongside, with oranges, limes, pines, bananas, poodle-dogs, and other less familiar products of the tropics. The Custom House officers were not long behind them. Then came the struggle for permits, and the demand for baggage and passports. Finally we found ourselves stowed away in a cock-boat and approaching the shore. What a strange place! The traveler who goes over all Europe, (except perhaps the Moorish parts of Spain,) may come to Havana and find everything different from all he has ever seen before.

We had the traveler's usual experience with Custom Houses, and then with our trunks mounted upon a primitive truck, we tracked our way to the Hotel. It was an ancient building, of coral rock; at the front was a wide double leaved gate or door-way, through which both man and beast enters; emerging from this we stood in the hollow square of the court-yard, the home of the horses, cows, dogs, chickens, peacocks, and just then of two formidable stag-hounds. By a flight of stairs we ascended to a gallery running around the interior of the building and overlooking the court-yard below; from this the doors open into the parlors and sleeping rooms. We entered one of the former; it was a spacious room paved with red tiles, hung round with blue, and a large bow window, from ceiling to floor, without glass, opened to a balcony upon the street. We sat down here; opposite was a low wall enclosing a deserted and wild looking yard, where a solitary goat was browsing beneath the shade

of a cocoanut tree. This was the rear of what had once been a nunnery, but now was the barracks of a large detachment of the Spanish army. The walls were moss grown, and the iron gate-way looked as though it had not opened for centuries. In a little tower upon one of its angles, stood a soldier, whose duty was to toll the hours upon the old bell that swung above his head.

It was near midday; the sun beat fiercely upon the city; keeping under the shadows, we sauntered forth for a bath. By direction we entered a little enclosure resembling a garden; it was filled with strange looking shrubs and flowers, and an air of oriental calmness and mystery hung over it, broken only by the soft notes of an invisible guitar. The baths were of marble, and a grateful perfume impregnated the air. What a luxury that bath was; its memory lingers with us yet. It was dinner time when we returned. They have but two meals commonly in Cuba—breakfast at nine, and dinner at three o'clock. The Cubans are early risers, and are generally at their work by six in the morning. Merchants go on 'change in Havana at that hour, and by nine their day's work is done. The heat is too intense to do much between breakfast and dinner, except within doors; and after their last meal they spend the day in riding and other amusements.

But to return to the dinner; the table was spread in the gallery near the parlor, and overlooking the court-yard beneath. Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley, the somewhat celebrated English authoress and traveler, was a guest at the same hotel with us, but coming a few days after we arrived, there was no room left her but a sort of dark pantry, which, despite its closeness, she, with her daughter, occupied as bedroom, dining-room, and parlor, prefering to submit to this inconvenience rather than contaminate the Duke (her father's) blood by sitting in the airy gallery at the table d'hote, albeit not a few of the real sovereign people beside ourself sat there.

One nowhere sees handsomer cattle, or poorer beef, than in Cuba, unless it be in the northern part of Maine. Perhaps it is to be explained by the sailors' proverb upon the "respective origin" of meat and cooks. The fish, however, are fine and in great variety. Vegetables, fruits, made dishes, confections and such things, you find in perfection. The table was bountiful; claret is served in pitchers like water, and is a favorite drink all over the Island.

The sea-breeze begins about this time in the day, and is very refreshing; so when the heat of the day had somewhat abated, accompanied



The volante resembles the old-fashioned gig or chaise, except that the body is swung far forward of the axle, and nearly the whole weight falls upon the horse's back, who, in addition, carries the black driver. The driver himself is picturesque enough-frequently a tatooed savage from the wilds of Africa, his usual dress a scarlet coat with lace trimmings, and a pair of boots that project far above his knees, armed at the heel with enormous silver spurs, the whole dress giving him the appearance, when off his horse, of an overgrown grasshopper. The horse's tail is carefully braided and tied fast to the saddle, a contrivance, probably, to enhance his beauty and render him more comfortable in a climate where flies and muskitoes abound. The seat of the volante is just wide enough for three, and pulling up the front screen, we dashed on over the smoothly-paved and narrow streets, toward the outer gate. The gate is very narrow, and a sentry with his musket, kept the guard. Crossing the most, and winding among the angles of the outer fortifications, we were in the city "outside the walls," which is much more modern and airy than the old town. The great drive of the Havanese is the Passeo de Tacon, a broad macadamized road, lined with royal palma, and skirted on each side with two paths, which are shaded by flowering shrubs. Fountains and statutes adorn the whole line, and on pleasant evenings the avenue is crowded with equipages, each vying with the other in the splendor of its outfit and the livery of its driver.

The police of the city is military, and, indeed, everything in Cuba is done at the point of the bayonet. This road is kept in repair by the state prisoners, and we often saw them under the guard of a soldier, chained to a ball, pounding the hard surface of the carriage track. A

gang of these wretched creatures used to pass our hotel every night on their return from work to prison. The clanking of the manacles with which they were chained together, always told us of their approach.

Driving in, towards sunset, we encountered a division of the army returning from review. There were some five thousand men, and they presented a striking contrast to the prim militia which semi-occasionally parade our streets at home. They had an air of easy home-feeling in their rolling march, and looked as if they were intended for actual service. They were of dark olive complexion, with short hair upon the head, and none on the face except a black mustache. Their dress was white linen, gilt buttons, white shoulder-straps, black patent leather caps, and white gaiters and gloves. The officers' dress was a little longer coat, in the frock style, sword, sash and plume; in other respects like the rank and file. And as the long column rolled in towards the city, the arms flashing in the slanting rays of the sun, and the fine martial music swelling up from numerous bands, the sight was one to stir a military enthusiasm in a more peaceful breast than ours.

Those who do not attend the opera at Havana, usually stroll off in the evening to the Plaza, before the Captain-General's palace, to hear the music. The palace is an immense building, with a large court within, and facing the Plaza des Armas, a charming little park, ornamented with a statue of one of the Ferdinands, and planted with palms and flowers. After a light tea, for the Cubans themselves as we said, eat little or nothing after dinner, we went there. A large crowd of gentlemen were already quietly promenading, waiting the bands' arrival, and "bright harnessed" ladies, meanwhile, in full dress and with uncovered heads, were sitting in their volantes, for a Cuban lady upon no occasion adventures to set foot upon the ground.

A French traveler says, that recently when the wife of the Captain-General, wishing to reform the custom, "essayed to walk, the scandal was so great, that she relinquished the attempt, as likely to add one to the other causes of a threatened revolution." Women's rights reach farther than we think.

At eight o'clock, the band appeared. No description can convey a tithe of the beauty of that scene. On one side stretched the long front of the palace, its arched windows hung with rich curtains and brilliant with gas lights, on another stood the somber residence of the Intendencia, opposite the white and glistening gate-way of the barracks, its arch surmounted by the crown royal of Spain, and near it the little chapel, half hid beneath the shadows of the tree planted upon the spot where Columbus first said mass upon the Island; in the distance, the

cathedral in whose chancel still sleep the ashes of the great discoverer himself, near by, an antique fountain from which leaped a fairy-like cascade, whose tinkling waters sparkled in the silver light of a full moon, riding in a sky of the deepest blue, the palm leaves above us just stirred by the bland sea-breeze, and over all the rich music of the finest band we ever heard. It was a scene almost unearthly fair—"beautiful exceedingly."

Literary Notices.

Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day. By Edward About. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co. For sale by T. H. Pesas.

This book, by one of the best known of the young French litteratures, effectually dispels all the rose-colored fancies which he had entertained of the modern Greeks, especially since their war of independence. M. About shows modern Greek as destitute of courage, of common honor and honesty, as generous only to his countrymen, and suspicious to the last degree of foreigners.

"The Greeks," he says, "have made for themselves abroad a detestable reputation; in any country, the name of Greek is used for a sharper or a swindler. I am obliged to say that they do not deserve more than their reputation." (p. 48.)

Again:

"Europe believed at one time that all the Greeks were heroes; I have heard some old soldiers affirm that they were all cowards. I think I am nearer the truth in saying that their valor is discreet and reflecting. During the war of Independence, they fought chiefly as skirmishers behind bushes. No doubt there have been found among them some soldiers brave enough to venture on the plain, but they were not the greater number. Camaris, who used to set fire to a fleet by laying alongside of it, has a subject of astonishment to the whole nation. It must not be supposed that all the Greeks were like Camaris, and it is always a bad plan to judge a nation from individuals. It was not the Greek fleet that attacked Xerxes or Salamis; it was one man—it was Themistoeles. The Greeks wanted not to fight; and Herodotus relates that a voice was heard in the air, which exclaimed 'Cowards, when will you cease to flee!' The Greek nation is not born to make war, whatever it may say. Had it as much courage as it pretends to, discipline, which is the principal strength of war, will always be wanting."

We might cite many other passages which we had marked, intending to give the book a longer review, if our space had permitted.

But since we cannot give more quotations, we commend every one, who wishes to read a most entertaining book of travel, to the work itself. We know not how much confidence to give M. About's views of Greek character, but they certainly are deserving of attention, as he had unusual facilities for observation.

Brittany and La Vendee; Tales and Sketches. By EMILE SOUVESTER. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co. For sale by T. H. Pease.

A volume of short and graphic tales, some of which have been made familiar to the public, by translations in the magazines. They are, apparently, truthful delineations of character and life for a field comparatively unknown. Prefixed to the translation is a biographical notice of the author.

Life of Tai-Ping Wang, Chief of the Chinese Insurrection. By. J. MILLON MACKIE. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co. For sale by T. H. Pease.

We hardly know what to make of this book. Its outside is fancifully decorated with Chinese characters, and English letters that look like Chinese, and the internal matter consists of a strange mixture of facts, and fiction founded on fact. The book is very entertaining, as indeed everything is which the author writes. But it is unpleasant to peruse a book which is neither fiction nor history, as this seems to be. You cannot tell whether to believe or disbelieve, for the author has such a proclivity for thrusting in the humorous, at every turn, that you half expect when your read a serious statement, to find it all end as a joke. The appendix, however, is very carefully compiled, and contains some very interesting information as to the progress of the Chinese Revolution, and with a due degree of caution as to incidents in the life of Tai-Ping-Wang the book may be considered as reliable as it most certainly is interesting.

How to Write: A Manual of Composition and Letter-Writing. New York: Fewlers & Wells. For sale by T. H. Pease.

A very useful little book, and written so as to exactly meet a great many wants. It is by no means a common letter writer, filled with samples of fustian correspondence, but one which gives in a few brief and terse rules, all that a man of common understanding need to know.

The Confidence Man: His Masquerade. By Herman Melville. New York; Dix, Edwards & Co. For sale by T. H. Pease.

Mr. Melville's new book outdoes in strangeness and eccentricity even his own later stories, which have made people wonder, by the odd kind of metaphysical wildness which pervaded them. We can use no terms

which will adequately characterize this his last production. It has evidently a moral, and yet this is so hidden by grotesque incidents and strange situations, that we cannot be sure that we have hit upon the right key to this metaphysico-romantic novel, in which there is no word of love, no heroine and a hero who appears and disappears in as many parts and characters, as the sole actor in a small theater. The conclusion seems to promise a continuance of the Masquerade, and we shall be glad to see it, for we are in a state of utter bewilderment as to the real faces under the masks of the present book. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks to the complete understanding of the book, we could not best be charmed by its pure style and by the beauty of many of the thoughts. If its plan is poor, (which we cannot decide without further light,) its execution is sufficient to redeem it. The book may attract by its novelty, but we doubt if it adds anything to the reputation of the author of "Typee."

This book, as well as the others published by Dix, Edwards & Co., is issued in that neat and elegant style which marks all the publications of this house.

Memorabilia Palensia.

THE Yale Chess Club, numbering nearly 40 members, has been formed in order to indulge in that most honorable and ancient game. They have played two trial games in the Brothers' Hall, in both of which the representatives of the Junior Class, were victorious.

Mr. Daniel'C. Gilman, Assistant Librarian of the College, embarked for Europe by the Persia, March 18th last, intending to be absent a few months. During this, his second trip to the eld World, he intends to pass through England and France, but more especially to see Switzerland and Italy, countries which he left unvisited on his former tour. While abroad he will make purchases for the College Library, which his extensive knowledge of books and book markets qualifies him to do with great advantage. He is also commissioned to obtain for the Hall of the Linonian Society, a copy of The School of Athens, a painting of Raffaelle's, which justly bears the title of the Magnificent.

The following persons have been elected by the Senior Class to deliver the Valedictory Oration and Poem before the Societies:

Brothers: Orator,-Moses Tyler, Detroit, Mich.

Poet,-John M. Holmes, Chicago, Ill.

Linonia: Orator,-Wm, E. Doeter, Bethlem, Pa.

Post,-George Pratt, East Weymouth, Mass.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The annual Exhibition of the Junior Class came off, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, the 7th inst. The exercises were generally very interesting, and some of the addresses were excellent. Dodworth's Band discoursed most excellent music.

The following is the order of the speakers, with their various subjects:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

AFTERNOOM.

Latin Oration, "De Veri Amore," by Josian Willard Gibes, New Haven.

Dissertation, "Public Opinion, the Severest Tyrant," by George Fairlamb
Smith, West Chester, Pa.

Oration, "The Dreamer," by ARTHUR NELSON HOLLISTER, Hartford.

Poem, "The Sacred Band of Thebes," by Charles Boardman Whittlesey, Berlin.

Oration, "Time's Contrasts," by JOHN TAYLOR BAIRD, Cincinnati, O.

Dissertation, "The Religious Teachings of Nature," by GEORGE EDWARD STREET, Cheshire.

Oration, "The Ideal as an Incentive to Excellence," by Daniel Augustus Miles, Worcester, Mass.

Dissertation, "The Superstitions of the Soul," by Edward Thomas Elliott, Towards, Pa.

Oration, "The Civilizing Agency of Science," by ARTHUE MATHEWSON, Woodstock.

Dissertation, "The Courage of an Honest Life," by GEORGE MILIS BOYNTON, Orange, N. J.

Dimertation, "The Influence of Science on Poetry," by Gidzon Welles, Wethersfield.

Philosophical Oration, "Conscience," by George Boardman MacLellan, Oklibbeha Co., Miss.

EVENING.

Greek Oration, "Οί Έλληνικοι αλώνες," by Robert Chandlee Haskell, Weathersfield, Vt.

Dissertation, "Humanity, a Characteristic of our Age," by Elisha SMITH THOMAS, Wickford, R. I.

Dissertation, "The Philanthropist," by David Marks Bran, Sandwich, N. H.

Oration, "The Fall of Poland," by LOUIS DEMBINSKI, Tarnow, Galicia.

Poem, "Trees," by Isaac Riller, Montrose, Pa.

Dissertation, "The Age of Beauty," by HAYDN KELLOGG SMITH, Madison, Wis.

Oration, "The Moral Element in Civil Government," by Edward Seymour, Bloomfield, N. J.

Dissertation, "Liberality of Opinion," by WILLIAM HERRICK WOODWARD, Woodstock, Vt.

Dissertation, "The Earl of Chatham," by EBEN GREENOUGH SCOTT, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Oration, "The Skeptic," by HENRY ANDREWS PRATT, Litchfield.

Dissertation, "Individuality," by SAMURL HENRY LEE, Lisbon.

Dissertation, "Hero Worship," by CHAUMORY SEYMOUR KELLOGG, Bridgewater, N. Y.

Dissertation, "The Elevating Influence of Labor," by MARTIN SYMBER EIGHBLERGER, York, Pa.

Dissertation, "Incitements to American Intellect," by WALTER STANLEY PITEIR, Hartford.

Philosophical Oration, "The Relation of Theory to Practice," by Addison Van Name, Binghamton, N. Y.

Editor's Cable.

April showers Bring forth May flowers;

But the showers are oftentimes more abundant than the flowers. Yet in the woods of pilgrim Plymouth there is one little flower, which earliest springs from surrounding desolation, and heralds the approaching army of blossoms,—it is the May Flower, or Trailing Arbutus. Generally before the close of April, certainly by the first of May, it may be found creeping under the dry leaves which winter has strewn around, sheltering itself and growing by the sunny side of some rock. We well remember the eager search for the first blossom when we were boys. And some who read these pages will recollect a year ago, when in Plymouth woods, we pushed our way through briars innumerable, and thickets almost impregnable, to find its fragrant blossoms. But we will not obtrude our recollections, pleasant though they are, upon you, dear reader, but just close with this bit of prossaic advice, drawn from a varied experience. If you go Maying this vacation with young ladies, persuade, entreat, nay, command them to don their oldest dress, for if they seek the May flower it must be by a thorny path, and dresses are apt to be reduced to an elementary condition.

Speaking of youg ladies reminds us of a table of matrimonial statistics of the present Senior Class. It has been carefully collated from the most reliable sources. Of the class of '57 there are,

Engaged,	28
In love, but not engaged,	. 7
Deep in a flirtation,	.21
Wholly heart-free,	
Confirmed old beshelors	

This last number was much greater at the commencement of our College course, but by degrees the majority have fallen off from their first faith, being influenced thereto by certain members of the "female persuasion." We pity the remainder, and trust that in good time they will see the error of their ways. So mote it be.

Prevented from speaking by sickness.

While we are in a statistical mood, we will give a few items which may afford matter of interest to any future political economist of College. The Shanghai Club, over which great and glorious institution we have the honor to preside, during the last two years, has paid bills amounting to nearly five thousand dollars. The average number of students in the Club has been rather less than twenty-five. The truth is, we think that the catalogue misleads as to the price of board. It gives the range of the price for board as from \$2.25 to \$3.50 per week, making an average of less than \$3.00 per week, whereas the price actually averages at least \$8.50, and this is the least at which we can procure tolerable board, except that some clubs may bring it a trifle lower. But it was not our purpose to write a dissertation on Board and Boarding Houses, although the theme is a fruitful one. We merely wished to present the following estimate. Assuming that the price of board per week averages \$3.50, then the six hundred students in the various departments of College pay annually for their forty weeks' sustenance in New Haven the very pretty sum of seventy-two thousand dollars, (\$72,000.) This excludes all those extras in the shape of oyster suppers and lager bier, which would add one half to the bill for college eating and drinking. Truly hunger is a grievous thing.

Here is one who seems to be in a very bad condition. He sends us some "Lines to a Young Lady who daily passes my Window," and, in a note appended to the verses, states that "his constitution has been broken down in fruitless endeavors to discover the fair object of his soul's adoration. We give the first and last stanzas, fearing that the whole might be too much for our readers. The lines are very good, and the author deserves to find out the name of his lady-love. If any young lady is guilty of daily passing the window of any student we hereby demand her name.

LINES

Addressed to a Young Lady who daily passes my Window.

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the lone breast a blossoming tree,
And the bright bird of Hope is singing
Sweet songs of enchantment to me;
For this morn, while the spring sun was smiling,
Dissolving the cold bonds of the snow,
A lily white hand waved, not beguiling,
A ruby ray flitted below.

Say beauty, (whose name, not whose grace is unknown,)
When the little white moen is above,
And Venus in the night seems alone,
Do you never wish for a leve?
I'm sure the rib God toek from old Adam
Carried with it a little of heart;
Shall then the conventional "Madame,
Or etiquette, keep us apart?

H. M. R.

The Selectmen of New Haven, previous to the recent election, decided that they would not qualify any students to vote who had come of age since the last election. They have made the discovery that a student has no right to be a voter here, because he is not legally a resident of New Haven. We have heard it suggested that the one hundred votes cast for Fremont by Old Yale was the eye-salve which enabled the Democratic Selectmen to see this new construction of the election law. We will not argue the point at this time, but simply say that if a law is so loose that it can be construed in any way to suit the polities of the dominant party, it is high time that it was mended.

The following parody is intended as a sort of appendix to the "Art of Sleeping Over," in the present number:

T

How do the students go into prayers?

From the rooms where they dwell, at the sound of the bell, Rushing and crushing, and brushing down stairs, Rubbing their eyes in ghastly surprise

At being obliged thus early to rise,
Ripping the stiches, in manifold breeches,
And swearing and tearing, whene'er the cloth hitches,
In a flurry, in a worry,
They rush through the dark,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
For fear of a mark.

TT.

Grumbling and rumbling and tumbling, And falling and brawling and sprawling, And thumping and plumping and bumping, Unshaven, unshorn, and very forlorn Is the way that students go in at morn.

TTT.

And so never ending, but always attending, Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending, All at once and all o'er, with a might'y uproar, The students rush in at the old Chapel door.

Perhaps we ought to say a word upon the "Condition of the Lit." We have only thanks to extend to our readers for their generous patronage, and assure them that Maga was never in a more prosperous condition. Notwithstanding our expenses have been at least twenty five per cent. greater than those of former years, they have been fully met by our subscriptions.

The remainder of the "Table"—of course the most brilliant part—was crowded out.

EDITORS' GOODBYE.

In our great cloister's corridors we have walked another annual round. One after another its hitherto unknown gateways have risen in our path, we have peered curiously through them at what lay beyond, we have entered and heard their massive doors one after another close behind us. At length we (Seniors) stand before the last gate, opening, not into the quiet mossgrown court within, but into the dusty, bustling world without.

We (Editors) too, have done our task, to us a pleasant task, with what success, in the elegant phrase of a female philosopher, "it is not for us to say." If, gentle reader, we have ministered to your pleasure, for we have not aspired to instruct, if we have beguiled the toil-worn hour with innocent chitchat, and helped to brush away the cobwebs which the twin spiders of study and no-exercise ever spin across studious brains—then are we content, so content that though the scene is ended, and the curtain, classically speaking, has "rolled up," we feel no temptation to imitate the naïveté of the Roman actor and cry, "vos plaudite."

What with Valedictory Orations, Class poems, Autographs, Lithographs and Steel-plates, "the air" at this season "is full of farewells to the" departing. We too add ours—To classmates, to collegemates, to our editorial successors, to you, gentle reader, to all say we, sadly, yet cheerfully, that good old

word, goodbye.

F. E. BUTLER,
J. M. HOLMES,
H. S. HUNTINGTON,
N. C. PERKINS,
GEORGE PRATT,

Reditors for the Class of 1857.

MOST Tother

VOL. XXII.

No. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

27.700

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



" Dum trees grate manut, monum imidesque Valureus Camataint Susalum mentimique Paraga."

JUNE, 1857.

NEW HAVEN:

PRINTED BY THOMAS II. PEASE.

MERCHANIL

CONTENTS.

To Our Headers, -	-1					-		
College Refinement, -	- 8				-			
A City gone to Sood,		-	1		-		+	
"They knew not then	what	War	was,"			4		÷
Navalia,	-	-						
Chess-Its Origin and								
"What may be,"		-	8		- 8	-		-
The Topplers of Yore,								2
Se Good,	+			8	- 4	-		
Growl,	-	-						
Book Notice,		4	4		-			-7.
MEMORABILIA YALES	STA ?							
Obituaries, :								
Society Elections								
EDITOR'S TABLE,	16	181	41			-		

TO OUR READERS.

FELLOW STUDENTS:—When the Yale Literary Magazine first came into being, the continuance of its existence was a matter of doubt. Time has answered the question favorably. It has lived to see many of its kindred, and the companions of its earlier days, pass away forever. And now, having attained its majority, it comes to us, in the twenty-second year of its age, in a sound and healthy condition. In taking charge of it, we have but one promise to make. We will be faithful. We are not insensible to the generosity which placed us in this position, and we trust that, when you criticise our work, the same spirit will temper your judgment.

Since the Magazine can neither be conducted successfully, nor criticised justly, without a clear understanding of its purpose, we wish to set forth briefly our idea upon that matter. Looking at the Prospectus of the first Volume, we find its object to have been originally, "To foster a literary spirit, and to furnish a medium for its exercise; to rescue from utter waste the many thoughts and musings of a student's leisure hours, and to afford some opportunity to train ourselves for the strife and collision of mind which we must expect in after life." Its object is not changed. Evidently the Lit. is the property of no one man and no set of men. It belongs to the members of all Classes. It aims "to foster a literary spirit" throughout the whole of Yale, and "to furnish a medium for its exercise" to all her loyal sons. It is not an institution for the honor and gratification of five men in every Class, but an "opportunity" to take advantage of which is the privilege and duty of all. Accordingly, we ask of you, Fellow Students, to contribute VOL. XXII.

Digitized by Google

liberally to its pages. We want whatever is good literature, whether it pertain immediately to College life, or to anything interesting to educated men. Let every contributor, writing nothing for popularity, candidly tell what he thinks and feels. Depth and power are of great value, but they are not all that is excellent in writing. Let the profound man be profound, but let no other try to be so, for the effect will be a failure. this Magazine wit is very desirable. The inhabitants of this College world love to laugh. Let the humorous man be humorous, but let no other make himself ridiculous by attempting it. The advice of Sidney Smith is golden. "Look in thy heart and write." We want your honest, outspoken sentiments. We want thoughts which come clear and strong from the stirring brain, full and earnest from the manly heart. Let there be independent thinking and fearless utterance. what College needs, and it will give the Lit. character and interest. We say these things because the success of the Magazine depends on you, as well as upon ourselves. If you will strike hands with us in this work, we shall engage in it cheerfully, and, so far as we can, prove ourselves worthy of the confidence reposed in us.

EDITORS.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXII.

JUNE, 1857.

No. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '58.

E. F. BLAKE,

J. E. KIMBALL,

D. G. BRINTON.

S. H. LEE,

H. K. SMITH.

College Refinement.

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart."

HANLET.

REFINEMENT is twofold in its nature. There is refinement in character and refinement in manners. The former pertains to what a man is; the latter to what he appears to be.

Refinement in character is fineness and purity of soul. It has for its basis that pure taste, that lively sense of propriety and delicacy of feeling, which prompts the exactly appropriate word or action, on every occasion, and under all circumstances. It perceives intuitively the feelings of others, and regards them tenderly. It is keenly sensitive to injury, highly appreciates kindness; and is warmly grateful for favors. It has an ardent love for whatever is pure and beautiful, is deeply diagusted with impurity and coarseness, and hates with perfect hatred all that is ugly and foul. It delights in fine thoughts and elevated sentiment, and mourns that it is ever compelled to breathe the atmosphere of any other.

Of such character, refinement in manners is the legitimate expression. It is the graceful and pleasing deportment in which a noble nature chooses to stand forth.

Yet not unfrequently, genuine refinement exists with manners rough and repulsive. We have often seen a rude and awkward backwoodsman. possessed of such purity of thought and delicacy of feeling, as might well put to shame those who, too stupid to see through the seeming into the real, would laugh at his uncultivated expressions and uncouth appearance. Endowed with native nobility, such a man is made pure by communing with the rocks, the hills and the streams amid which he dwells in innocence. But because the nature and ease of one's manners depend upon the kind and amount of his social intercourse, the secluded countryman does not learn the forms adapted to set forth his excellence to the best advantage. Such a man is gold, but he is gold in the ore. We love to meet him out among his native hills and woods, and talk with him. We always leave him, better satisfied with human nature—feeling that true character and manhood are realities. We like him, not because he is ungainly and apparently harsh, but because in spite of this, he is really fine and gentle. In disagreeable contrast, however, there are scores of men in every community with a polished exterior, but coarse nature. Men whose ordinary conversation is laden with impurity, and whose practices are too base to be mentioned, move in what is called "best society." appearing there with unexceptionable conduct. They "do sugar o'er the devil himself." They dress in good taste; by their deportment they please, perhaps fascinate; conversing, they display talent and culture; the sentiments they express are adapted to the company they are in. and on the whole, unless they remain too long in one circle-long enough for the cloven foot to appear—the impression they leave is favorable in the highest degree. With such, refinement is an art, not an element of character. With them it consists in something to be said and done on certain occasions, not something that is to grow up in the man, permeating and pervading his whole being. The lives of such men are lies. They palm themselves off for noble, when they are mean. They go through all the appropriate motions and offer all the fine remarks. But that is not refinement, any more than getting on one's knees is praying, and in the long run, it will avail little more with the world than mockery will with heaven. Such men are not gold; it is only the gilding that shines, and it will soon wear off. "Murder will out." So common are refused manners without the corresponding character, so numerous are those who employ a finished exterior and courteous bearing, merely as a veil for their coarse nature, and a snare by which to accomplish their base ends, that the world has learned to regard a man's appearance only as a alight indication of what he is, and to subject every individual to scrutiny so wakeful and penetrating, as to make the concealment of the truth impossible. The expression of the eye, the lines on the face, the tones of the voice, the carriage of the head, are constantly revealing to others a character which we can get rid of by no temporary expedient whatever. Here it is hard to counterfeit. After a time, a man is sure to pass for what he is worth. None but the most unsophiscated get cheated permanently. Those who trust to what they can put on for the occasion, who have faith in any appearances except the natural outflow of a pure soul, will find that they have been leaning on a broken reed, and will prove themselves to be not only criminally deceitful, but also contemptibly shallow.

Just here, we believe, is the great failing in our college world. Among six hundred students, there is not one who cannot appear to good advantage. But it is a matter of regret, that so many are content with the power to seem gentlemen, and accordingly make no effort to be such. However, we believe, in no sphere of life do the mass of young men possess so much of fineness and delicacy of feeling. There are many constant and powerful influences to bring this about. Our studies, reading, the associations around us, are favorable. All truth is in its tendency elevating. Its acquisition is not only disciplinary, but also purifying. There is not a truth of God, whether it pertain directly to Him, or to the constitution of things He has ordained, but that while it expands the intellect that comprehends it, also lifts the soul that receives it, upward to its Author. Truth is the thought of God. It is pure, for its Source is Purity. He who deals with it, though it be abstract and far from the practical, is under a good influence. If he be coarse, he is so in spite of a refining power. The student of natural science is led forth into the boundless realms of boundless wonder. Everywhere, be it in the contemplation of atoms or of worlds, ineffable beauty waits to charm, and transcendent sublimity to exalt. The student of language holds converse with the minds, whose works have withstood the heavings and surgings of the ages, simply because they are full of the true, the beautiful and the good. Turning over a lexicon, he finds, multitudinous as the stars, single words that are poems-histories of far-gone times-revealers of the thought and feeling of buried nations. The student's reading, too, is the same in nature and effect. So far as he will, he breathes the sentiment and purpose which inspired the author. A book is a companion. Whoever goes into the college library, finds himself in the society of great and good men. If there, in the sacred presence of those who have lived and wrought for all time, he can be ignoble, he is strong in baseness. Moreover, the very

atmosphere the student breathes on college ground, is fitted to make him pure. These college halls are rendered sacred, by the holy aspirations of the good that have moved here. Within these brick walls, many of America's sons have laid the foundation of their greatness. If we will listen, these old, patriarchal-elms will tell us such a catalogue of the noble and true, whose young manhood they have seen unfolding here, as shall inspire us with higher purposes, than can consist with the slightest tendency to coarseness. Such are some of the influences to which a student is liable. But these are not all. The intercourse of students with each other, so constant and intimate, is, perhaps, more effective than any other power in forming their character. This, since nothing so develops manhood as close contact with men, is one of the chief advantages of college life, yet it must be confessed, it is not altogether what it should be. None of our privileges is more generally, or more flagrantly, abused. Just in proportion as a man's work is intense, his relaxation is free. Hence, the spirit of abandon which characterizes the student's leisure hours. This feeling should be indulged largely, but it never need to tend towards coarseness. If a man is what he should be, keeping aloof from all that is not fine and pure, will be no restraint to him. There are those, who think that this delicacy of feeling belongs solely to woman, and in man it is unmanly. According to their theory, strength is the essential characteristic of manhood, and fineness that of womanhood. This is true, but a strong man without tenderness for others, and purity of taste, may be a monster.

"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer,
Dreat in a little brief authority,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder;—
Merciful Heaven!"

We may as well remember that, when on earth, the Mightiest among men was the most delicate and pure. No better tribute can be paid to manhood, than the eulogium of Antony over Brutus:

> "His life was gentle; and the elements So mixed in him, that nature might stand up, And say to all the world, This was a man."



There is among us, an unpardonable tendency to coarse fun. idea prevails to no small extent, that there can be no real, capital sport without vulgarity. Now the fact is, on any subject, high or low, a man of genuine wit can say things, which it would be almost impossible not to laugh at. But laughter is not always delight. Therefore, perhaps, it may be admitted that low conversation is sometimes really laughable, yet it is always so intolerably disgusting, there is no enjoyment to be derived from it. He who lets his wit run in that direction, criminally abuses a rare gift, and is doing more than he can in any other way to corrupt his companions. By the intermixture of the mirthful, he renders attractive to those most easily tempted, what is in itself diagnsting, and leads those who add stupidity to grossness, to think that vulgarity, even without the ridiculous, is an object of laughter, rather than loathing. The idea, that vulgarity and irreverence are indispensable elements in wit, or are the best, is born of a beastly nature. It finds lodgment in none but degraded souls. It is an insult to human nature—a libel upon our manhood. Yet this philosophy pervades college life widely enough, to give rise to several barbarous festivals annually. The student has not been here three weeks, before he is dragged through an initiation to a freshman society, (provided he joins one,) that shocks him and the better part of every man who witnesses it. We do not object to initia-. tions respectably conducted. We care not how much fun is made at the freshman's expense, if it be innocent. Let initiations be as ridiculous as human invention can make them. Mingle the absurd and the fantastic-horrible, make humbug as impressive as possible, but keep profanity and indecency at a distance. Putting a man in a coffin for sport and kindred operations, are profanations which trample on the finest feelings of our nature. Death is a terrible reality. The grave is sacred as our last resting place. To trifle with these is a mockery, shocking in its enactment and brutalizing in effect.

A Pow-wow is not a bad thing. An unrestrained glorification with music and banners, with torches and transparencies, over the transition from Freshmen to Sophomore seats, we heartily sympathize with. But we do hate the ordinary proclivity to vile, insufferable buffoonery, which generally attends it. Of the same kind is the burial of Euclid—an institution which might be venerated for its age, were not an outrage exercable in proportion to its years. Night is made hideous, by a grand burlesque of the most solemn of human experiences. Respectable men are ashamed to be present at the performance, undisguised. We believe that most who attend, do so, not from any sympathy with it, but from

curiosity or a sickly fear of unpopularity. The custom is kept up, not by any general demand, but by the absurd notion, limited to only a few, that there is no fun without vulgarity and sacrilege. We are thankful that such things are doomed to die, and we are glad that the custom of which we speak is dying. We are aware that in saying these things, we make ourselves liable to an incalculable amount of bitter reproach. We cannot help that. Our subject requires us to say soft words of nothing, which crushes out the refinement that is essential to a true character. We might talk of the immorality of some practices mentioned, but that is not our theme, and this is no place for a sermon. We only appeal to men in behalf of decency.

The spirit we denounce is almost unlimited in its influence. It not only originates the bad, but poisons the good. We have never attended a Wooden Spoon Exhibition, where things were not said, to some extent, insulting to every lady in the hall. Some men cannot make a speech, of five minutes, even in the presence of the fine and fair, without letting out something which will show their gentlemanliness to be of very doubtful character. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

Our Literature, occasionally, is tainted with the same thing. But we will not continue to specify. It is to be regretted, that there is so much unpalatable truth to be told. Our earnest desire is, that genuine refinement, consisting of finenes and purity of nature, and delicacy of feeling, without which, a man, though he be proud, can have no self-respect; though he call himself a gentleman, can have no high sense of honor; though he excel in scholarship and in general ability, cannot be of the highest use in life; without which, in short, a man is not a man; may exist throughout the college-world, in reality as well as in appearance, and that whatever abuses have sprung from the want of it, and prevent its culture, may be banished from Yale forever.

A City gone to Beed.

In the afternoon they came unto a land, In which it seemed always afternoon, All round the coast the languid air did awoon, Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

THE LOTOS EATERS.

Away down upon the Atlantic coast nearly to the jumping-off-place of this free and independent country, dozes in the sun a little city. might call it town or hamlet, but venerable Spanish folios show la Ciudad de San Augustino, and as they (not the folios but the nation) built it, they had a right to dignify it with the most telling name they could. It is a very dull, lethargic, little city, where Spanish blood forbids people to work, Spanish tongue to read, and Spanish religion to think. A glance tells us it is past its meridian, is slowly setting to nothingness and oblivion, through long, dreamy years of indolence. Yet it is beautiful, lovely; sleeping like an odalisque by its quiet bay. What if its beauty is that of "the dying day and the autumn woods" ! Nobody goes there to speculate in lots, or to kick up a row. We could not if we would. All day long a tropic sun shines through an Indian summer sky, all day a gentle sea-breeze sways to and fro the pendulous fronds of the palm, and shows the golden fruit of the orange among its dark green leaves. All night the moon pours a lustrous light

"on castle walls And snowy summits, old in story,"

all night the land breeze comes fraught with perfume from southern gardens and primeval forests, softly fanning the Spanish maidens that trip along the sea-wall, or silently listen to the splashing wavelets at its base.

Need we do more than mention the famed harbor of St. Augustine! Shut in between the narrow island of Santa Anastasia and the mainland, circling in a graceful curve around the shore and out to foaming banks of breakers at either extremity, it sleeps in the sun or heaves its waters in long, low undulations. From the center of this bay we see the city spread out along the beach like a panorama, its white houses in strong contrast with the green foliage, flanked on the right by the dark gray battlements and wave-worn curtains of Castle San Marco, now called Fort Marion, and on the left by a long level stretch of

meadow extending westerly and southerly to the blue, pine forests, while over castle, town, and sea, hangs that mellow, Italian sky, known to northern eyes only by the landscapes of Claude Lorraine.

No ships ride at anchor. Nothing disturbs the waters of the harbor but a few fishing smacks and superannuated canoes. As we approach the only pier, divers ancient negroes become visible, doing nothing very lazily, and other modern ones sucking sugarcane and playing in the sand.

Skirting the shore in front of the town runs the sea-wall, built of massy granite to hinder the encroachments of the waves, whose top furnishes a delectable promenade. As we leave this and enter the city we meet everywhere a alumberous calm; we are no longer in the busy, scrambling, hurry-skurry world. A few men with broad brimmed sombreros walk sedately along as if they very well knew that art is short and life long; grass covers the pathway, and very rarely does some presumptuous carriage traverse the narrow, balconied, over-shadowed streets; monotonously hum the bees around the drooping flowers; softly, sleepily the ripples break on the sand; ruined walls fretted and sculptured portals, waste, overgrown lawns, shafts of drowsy sunlight through ancient windows, all tell the death of Thought and Life, of Work and Will.

In the center of the town is a little square, where stands a small solitary pillar, bearing the device

PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION.

Fronting the north side of the plaza is the old cathedral of Santa Helena, surmounted with an antique belfry, where a chime of five bells is occasionally rung with a past-and-gone, far-off sound, as if from out years long hidden in the crypts of the past. Joined with the soft melody of the organ, its burden seemed to be that of the song of the bride of Lammermoor,

Empty heart, and hand, and eye, Easy live and quiet die.

Everything is finished, ripe, going to seed; it is a second lotus-land, and "the time, the clime, the spot" whispers e dolce far niente.

In the evenings Castilian ditties sung to the guitar by hidden voices float from closed balconies, perchance an amatory ode of Lope de Vega, perchance that pensive cantinels of Gonzaga, so popular on the Spanish main:



São estes os prados, Os sitios formosos, Aonde passava Os annos gostosos f São estes ; mas eu O mesmo não sou. Marilia, tu chamas, Espera que eu vou. Are these the smiling meadows,
Is this the shady wild wood,
Where in simple happiness
I passed the years of childhood?
Ah, yes; these are the same, but
I the same am not,
For thou hast left me lone, love,
And misery is my lot,

The frowning old castle north of the city is a unique remnant of mediaeval architecture. The wide and deep fosse, the frame of the portcullis, a defaced and ancient inscription, conjoin to transport us to an older world and an earlier time. Nor is it altogether scant in legendary lore. Sixty feet above the exterior surface is a little loophole; from there the Seminole chieftain Coacooche, when prisoner, made a daring leap, and won his liberty and life.

Far under ground in the northeast corner of the fortress is a sunless chamber. On entering this the guide will light a torch of fat pine, and with the close musty atmosphere of the room around you, watching the water as it trickles down the reeking walls, will tell you how some years ago a portion of the interior masonry gave way, disclosing this, previously walled up, apartment, and how its only tenant was a human skeleton, still clothed in tattered fragments of garments, and an empty cup. Who shall say what dark deed of crime, what drama of vengeance, guilt, or bigotry, has been enacted here? About the center of the eastern curtain, you see where many stones are fractured by cannon balls. More than a century ago Governor Oglethorpe left these marks as enduring testimonies of his valor and energy.

No, my friend, this little city has not always dozed. There was a time when its streets recchoed to the tramp of mail clad warriors, when on those gray battlements the Castilian banner floated over the flower of Spanish chivalry. For forty years before a stone of another permanent settlement north of Mexico was laid, had busy, fluctuating life trod these pathways.

Close to the shore a deserted, ruinous house is shown the curious visitor. Rats and scorpions haunt its vacant chambers, the rain pelts pitilessly through its rotten roof, its rude walls are almost crumbled away. Yet that poor, tumble-down, insignificant old hut, has more of interest than the noblest edifice of modern opulence, is as venerable to the American as the old South Church or Independence Hall. Its

foundation was laid long ere that stormy day when the Mayflower anchored off Plymouth rock, years before Oloffe the Dreamer had his prophetic vision on the greensward of Mannahatta, nor had the adventurous Iberville erected his little fort in the swamps of Louisiana. It is the oldest house of the oldest settlement in the United States. Wilder than any tale of Charter Oak, would be its history. The haughty Spaniard, the fiery Frenchman, the ruthless Bucanier, the determined Englishman, the noble Indian and our own countrymen, have all fought and bled and died, within its shadow. The fosse of that old castle has flowed with the blood of many nations, and the incidents of its history are, perhaps, the most varied, most notable, and least known of any one spot in our land.

But stirring events and rapid change are now no more. A tranquil apathy, a stagnant senility, has settled down upon the town. The Indian pony feeds peaceably in the dry fosse, running vines clamber over ramparts, and old walls loom up at night, cracked and weird as those of the House of Usher. He who spends a short time there lives as in a pleasant dream, and going away, doubts the reality of all he has seen and heard and done. Would that we could spend all our years under the same hallucination, for

Death is the end of life; sh, why Should life all labor be?

D. G. B.

"They knew not then what War was."

T.

In that lovely land where the beautiful Rhine,
With its banks enlaced by the trailing vine,
Glides along to the see 'neath the castled steeps
That are mirrored far down in the watery deeps,
They tell an old tale of a glorious time,
When war was unknown in that sweet, sunny clime.
And, they say, all mankind were as brethren then,
Ere this spirit of ill had appeared among men:
Before the curst demon of strife had his birth,
And went forth to lay waste our fair home on the earth.

And, they say, that men dreamed 'mid the birds and the flowers,
By the soft-sighing streamlets, in dark leafy bowers,

And, in the clear blue of the pure vaulted aky,
Oft saw the bright pinions of seraphs on high;
And they dreamed and they seared in vision divine,
In that land of the soul on the banks of the Rhine.

TT.

Since those days in that land by the fair-flowing Rhine, War's bloody battalions have trampled the vine, For men live no longer in peace and in love; And the falcon of strife has o'ermastered the dove, And the dark clouds of battle have veiled the blue sky, And the pinions seraphic have vanished on high. When the battle came on in its might and its power, Oh! then was a dark and an ominous hour! For the innocent birds flew in horror afar, When they heard the first sound of the maddening war. -And dying groans loaded the breeze on the plain, And the flowerets were dabbled in blood of the slain, And the children of nature lay cold on the sod, For the souls of the dreamers had gone to their God, And the red stream of life was the terrible wine That was pressed out that day on the banks of the Rhine.

Navalia.

SOMETIME about the Spring of the year 1850, some of the more adventurous of the youth who were under the care of our Alma Mater, put their heads and pockets together, and established a boat-club. The boat was built in New York, and having been duly paid for, was forwarded to the City of Elms.

History does not inform us where it was kept, whether at Riker's, remarkable for its convenient situation and perfect adaptation to the wants of the Navy, or at Brooks', which, at low tide, commands such an expansive view of mud. Whether they overlooked the natural advantages which both of these locations present to the amateur mariner, and sought out some spot at present unknown to us, is, and ever will be, a mystery.

Nor are we informed whether a clause in their constitution, ordering that "no one should enter the boat with his boots on," was the means of furnishing the small boys in that neighborhood, who were more troubled with bare-footedness than conscience, with an abundant supply of patent

leather pumps, till experience taught their benefactors wisdom, and marks of boot-heels appeared on the bottom boards of the boat after the fourth generation of slippers had disappeared.

Still less, on account of the negligence of cotemporary writers, are we able to discover whether they paid the paltry sum of twelve dollars, for the privilege of traversing the docks for a mile in that vicinity every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, in search of a small punt, recognizable from its containing a piece of a broken oar, an oyster-keg and an old shovel, and being from half to two-thirds full of water, according as circumstances were favorable or unfavorable.

With regard to all these important items, we are unhappily left in darkness. Were we to judge from the experience of the present day, we should be inclined to imagine that such things might possibly have happened. Man is fated to have his trials, and we cannot be justified in supposing that so complex a thing as a boat-club—an amphibious corporation blown about by the winds, tossed up and down by the waves—involving so many interests both by land and by sea—depending upon so many principles, mechanical, hydrostatical, hygienic, social and commercial—that so complicated and diversified a system as this, should occasionally be obliged to contend with difficulties, is not to be wondered at.

Difficulties then they must have had, but whether these difficulties were similar to those of the present day, we have no means of ascertaining. Certain it is, however, that in those times of one boat club, it must have been a blessed satisfaction to any despairing individual searching the upper loft of Riker's spacious edifice for a sponge with which to bail out the boat, or a boat-hook or a stretcher, to know that if he found any of these, they inevitably, according to syllogistic principles, belonged to the boat-club. Now-a-days, everything belongs to everybody else, and if any person wishes to bail out his boat, he must sit upon one side of it, "squat like a toad," for the greater part of the afternoon, waiting for his turn for the sponge to come.

But for the present, laying aside these minor considerations, let us contemplate the main fact that in the Spring of 1850, a stout boat, manned by six sturdy Yalensians, and steered by Winthrop, shoved off from the pier; six oars rose and fell, and away went the Atalanta with her flags flying in the wind. The Atalanta was the first boat on record, that is, on the Yale record,—giving this correction through fear that some might be led by similarity of dimensions, to confound the Atalanta with the Ark, the first boat on record outside of the Yalensian world.

In the year following, we find four more boats recorded.

The Excelsior, a six-oared boat, built by Brooks, and owned by the class of 1852.

The Shawmut, eight-oared, built in Boston, and owned by the class of 1853.

The Phantom, five-oared, built by Brooks, and owned by the same class. That larboard bowsman must have been a Hercules.

The Halcyon, eight-oared, built at Boston, and bought from the Harvard students by the class of 1854.

During the next year, the Undine, a six-oared boat, built by Brooks, and owned by the class of 1853, was added to the list. This boat at present astonishes the natives on the banks of the Connecticut river by its lightness and speed.

The Atalanta and Haleyon yet survive in the navy, and are the exponents of the two styles of modern naval architecture, boats built for speed, and those built for pleasure. The devotees of Mercury must have a boat consisting of forty feet of quarter inch plank, brought together at each end, carrying nothing but the crew and two boat-hooks—gliding swiftly and gracefully past with its ambitious load. The claims of Venus are not to be despised, however, so a broad, strong craft goes struggling on after, laden down to the water's edge with its fair burden.

In respect to the build and speed of boats, the Navy has made great advances since its first establishment. Not so with uniforms, however. Once or twice a week, Chapel street is variegated with men who look as if they had been melted and poured into their tight-fitting white pants. They wear shirts of all the different colors of the rainbow, and carry red and white handbills on their breasts, informing the curious spectator the precise spot in the college world from which the bearer hails. In those old times, a modest, dark-blue flannel shirt, with an "A, '54," on the breast, constituted the sole uniform of a boat-club man. A change of our present style of uniforms in this direction, would be advantageous.

During the Summer of the year 1852, a race between the club-boats of Yale and Harvard Colleges, took place at Winnipisiogee Lake, in New Hampshire. "Sat verb. sap."

We come now to the establishment of the Yale Navy in 1853. The first Commodore was Richard Waite. One of the fleet-captains, N. W. Bumsted, afterwards became a Commodore. The boats included in the Navy, were the Atalanta, Halcyon, Thulia, a six-oared boat, built by James, of Brooklyn, in 1858, and owned by the class of 1854, Nepenthe, four-oared, built in New York in 1858, and owned by the class of 1855.

Ariel, four-oared, built in New York, and owned by the Engineering Department.

A. H. Stevens was the Commodore for the year following. Three new boats were entered by the Freshman Class: the Alida, six-oared, built by Ingersoll, of New York; the Nautilus, six-oared, built by James, of Brooklyn; the Rowena, four-oared, built in New York. In addition to these, the Transit, a six-oared boat, built in New York, was entered by the Engineering Department.

On a dark night, in the year 1855, the Nepenthe slipped from her moorings and wandered down the harbor. The only tidings ever heard from her, were that a few weeks after, a piece of thin board, painted red, floated ashore on Long Island, and was immediately confiscated by an avaricious clam digger. During this year, also, the Halcyon retired into private life. The Nereid, a six-oared boat, built by James, of Brooklyn, was the only new boat purchased; the Atalanta and Rowens, however, passed into the hands of the Freshmen. The Commodore for 1855, was N. W. Bumsted, who had the management of the second race with Harvard, on the Connecticut river, at Springfield, resulting in a second defeat. He was succeeded in the ensuing year by A. W. Harriott. new boats were purchased. The annual race at Commencement time came off with great eclat. The only boats which entered, were the Transit and the Ariel, the latter having a crew selected from the bystanders about a quarter of an hour before the race. It succeeded in reaching the end of Long Wharf in time to meet the other boat coming back, and cheered them with that magnanimity which has ever characterized defeated race-crews.

At present, the Navy consists of but nine boats. Their names are as follows: Ariel, Atalanta, Nereid and Wa Wa of the Junior Class; Nautilus and Thulia of the Sophomore Class; Transit and Wenona of the Freshman Class; and the Alida owned by a club principally composed of the engineering students. The present Commodore is S. Scoville. The Halcyon having been rejuvenated by the addition of a coat of black paint, and the euphonious title of Wa Wa, again graces the Navy with its presence. The Wenona, the new boat lately bought by the club in the Freshman Class, merits particular attention. She was built by James of Brooklyn, who has the credit of building four of the best boats of the Yale Navy, viz: the Thulia, Nautilus, Nereid and Wenona. She rows aix oars and is forty-one feet in length. Her model is one of surprising grace and beauty, and as a whole she is a credit to the skill and taste of the builder and the enterprise of the club who own her.

Besides these row-boat clubs, there is said to be an association in the present Junior Class, dignified with the name of the Yale Yacht Club. It has nine members, and nine offices, the latter being: 1. Captain; 2. First Lieutenant; 3. Second Lieutenant; 4. First Quartermaster; 5. Second Quartermaster; 6. Bailer; 7. Sub-Bailer; 8. Assistant Sub-Bailer; 9. Horse Marine. The names of the members of this club have not yet transpired.

We have occupied so much space and time under this head, because the Navy comprehends so large a proportion of our numbers. Averaging fifteen to a club, we have, as the whole number comprised in the nine clubs, one hundred and thirty-five,—no small proportion of Yalensians interested in naval matters.

The exercise of rowing is of such a nature as to bring into play more muscle than any other known, and when united, as it is in the present case, with the bracing sea-air and the social enjoyment received in an afternoon's cruise, it becomes a promoter of health which rivals (we say it reverently) even the great Langdonics themselves.

But though we are equal in numbers to the Harvard students, and enjoy superior water privileges, they surpass us in Naval matters. We subjoin the names, &c., of the Harvard boats: Huron, six-oared, length forty feet; Oneida, eight-oared, forty feet; Ariel, six-oared, forty-two feet; Undine, four-oared, thirty feet; Iris, six-oared, forty feet; Lotus, six-oared, forty-five feet; Sabrina, eight-oared, forty feet; Urania, six-oared, forty-three feet; Orion, six-oared, thirty-seven feet.

In addition to these nine boats, there is the "Harvard," an eight-oared race-gig, fifty-one feet in length, built in New Brunswick, and owned by the whole college. She has a boat-house of her own, and has already distinguished herself by taking the second prize, a fifty dollar goblet, in the regatta given by the city of Boston, on the last fourth of July.

Attached to all the boat-clubs of Cambridge, there are one hundred and ninety-one members, some fifty or sixty more than the number of our Navy. Harvard claims the palm in naval matters, and justly, too, for she has a greater number of boats averaging superior to ours.

During last summer, an attempt to establish monthly reviews and drills of the boat-clubs, failed from having been begun upon too large a scale

A movement was also made towards the building of a boat-house suitable for the accommodation of all the boats, and subscriptions amounting to quite a sum were obtained, but the project was finally abandoned - VOL XXII.

because the only site which could be obtained was such as to preclude the possibility of its being built for a reasonable sum.

At present, the spirit of rivalry seems to have vanished from amongst the crews. They are content to row quietly down the harbor once or twice a week, stop at Morris' Cove and sit in the shade for a while, and then come as quietly back.

It is to be hoped that the Commencement regatta will excite the old-fashioned racing spirit among us, so that if we should ever, in the course of human events, become so rash as to challenge Harvard to another race, we shall be better able to make good our boasts.

In the event of such a thing happening, a sarcastic friend of ours has proposed the following as rules to be adopted on that occasion by the Yale boats:

- 1. For three weeks previous to the race, the Yale Navy shall resolve itself into a committee of the whole to brag.
- 2. No boat shall be allowed to enter from Yale, which will not give bonds to keep in sight of the last boat of the Harvard crews.
- 8. No man shall be chosen for the racing-crew, who does not weigh over two hundred and fifty pounds, and is not able to hold two pounds at arms' length for the space of five seconds.
- 4. The crew shall be required to diet themselves upon raw beef and out meal, for six weeks before the race.
- 5. The captain of the boat chosen to compete with Harvard, must stand up when the wind is blowing against him; must steer into the middle of the opposing current, and must run the boat into the stake boat while attempting to turn around it.
- 6. The strokes of the oars must be at the rate of twenty a second, and must take a sweep of six inches.
- 7. The crew of the Yale boat must be allowed to look at the prize before it is awarded to Harvard.

E. F. B.



Chess-Its Origin and history.

PERHAPS there are some readers of the Yale Lit. to whom a brief account of the origin and history of chees may be interesting. For the gratification of such, we have taken considerable pains to consult the best authorities, and have endeavored to deduce, from their conflicting opinions, one that would, at least, be satisfactory to ourselves. The task has been no easy one to perform. For every invention which has come to us as the gift of the middle ages, is involved in great obscurity. And this seems to be peculiarly true of chees, as it is quite impossible to ascertain with absolute certainty any facts respecting its origin. The name of its author has long ago been lost, and we have to rely upon the most vague and uncertain traditions for its date and primitive locality. The latter has long been disputed, and almost every writer upon chess has had a theory of his own respecting it. Some have thought it originated in Egypt, some in Persia, some in China; but the more probable supposition is, that it is of Hindoo origin. Sir William Jones seems to be quite sanguine upon this point. "If evidence were required to prove this fact," says he, "we may be satisfied with the testimony of the Persians, who, though as much inclined as other nations to appropriate the ingenious invention of a foreign people, unanimously agree that the game was imported from the West of India, in the sixth century of our era." Gibbon concurs in this opinion, and fixes the time more definitely, by stating upon the authority of Dr. Hyde, a very celebrated oriental writer, that the game of chess was brought by the Hindoos into Persia during the reign of Nushirvin, or about 530 A.D. From thence it was spread by the Arabians and crusaders all over the civilized world.

One cause of this discrepancy in authorities, seems to be that many have confounded chess with the ludus latrunculorum of the ancients, a game very much more like modern checkers than chess. It resembles chess only so far as checkers resembles chess. It was played upon a board of sixty-four squares, and some of the men were obliged to move in a certain direction, and were therefore called by the Latins, ordinarii, while others might be moved any way, and were called vagi. It must have been this game and not chess, to which Homer alludes in the Odyssey, where he represents the suitors of Penelope amusing themselves with execusion.

There is quite as much doubt respecting the origin of the word chees, as of the game itself. This, however, is not strange. For if we could

ascertain the origin of the one, we might readily, perhaps, trace the derivation of the other. Nicod derives it from scheeque, a moorish word for king, whence schacchi and the French echecs, chess, which also, by some whimsical concurrence of circumstances, has given birth to the English words check and exchequer. Shah, the Persian word for king, is claimed by some to be an original word, and the root of chess. These seem to us the most probable derivations of the term, and best to accord with the generally received tradition of the origin of the game. The grand object of chess, namely, to check-mate the King, affords an additional reason for supposing this the true derivation.

It is a remarkable fact, that the game of chess has undergone no important change since it was first imported from India. Can we have a more conclusive proof of its wonderful perfection? We are wont to suppose that the middle ages were almost barren in inventions, and this is well nigh true, yet it is also true, that we are indebted to that dark period for some of the richest legacies of modern times. They are few in number, but were brought to such a degree of perfection that they seem scarcely susceptible of improvement. For this reason, if for no other, we would assign the invention of chess to the middle ages. know nothing of chess in its crude state, we know nothing of the toil and thought, and perhaps years, it took to bring it to its present condition. During that period of universal gloom, it had ample time to spring up and progress in the beauty and adaptation of its parts, unknown to the civilized world, till it burst forth, like Minerva, full grown, perfect. We cannot believe that a game so intricate, so perfect that it has defied the genius of the world for a thousand years to improve it, was brought to its present state by any one mind. Were the progress of invention blotted from the pages of history, and the modern steam-engine left to succeeding generations as a relic of the present century, they would have no more reason to suppose that this wonderful machine must have passed through successive stages of improvement, than we to believe that chess has had an infancy, youth, and maturity.

There are one or two unimportant changes that have been made in chess within the last four hundred years, to which it may be well to allude. These are in the moves of the king and pawns. The king, originally, was not allowed to move except when in check; now he is permitted to move at pleasure. Castling seems also to have been a late invention; it was substituted for what was formerly known as the "leap of the king," that is, when the king had not been moved, he was permitted to move once like the knight. Pawns primarily moved,

at no time, but one square. This was more consistent with the character which they were intended to represent, (that of a peasant or foot-soldier,) yet such a restriction must have made the "openings" of the ancients slow and tedious. Other changes have been made at different periods by eminent chess players, some of which, like that of Tamerlane, would have materially altered the game; but these changes have never survived their authors, so that the game of chess remains to-day essentially the same as it was thirteen hundred years ago, the few alterations alluded to above, having really affected the game very little.

Although the moves of the pieces have been preserved with such carethe names by which they are designated have undergone a considerable change. The queen was once called "vizier," or king's minister. Bishops were called "runners," (these were elephants with giants upon them,) and pawns from the old Germans, received the name of "Vandals." Pawn seems to be a very proper name. It was derived by the French, from peon, Hindoo for foot-soldier; but the other innovations we consider barbarous. It is certainly very inappropriate that the most powerful warrior in the game should be styled a queen. Napoleon was so much offended at this, that he never would employ his queen at all in attack, and consequently never became a successful player. It is said, also, that Charles XII, of Sweden, though very fond of the game, persisted, like Napoleon, in making the king take a too active share in the contest. "To this day, a chees king who advances too boldly into the fight, is called Charles XII." Had the ancient name, vizier, been retained for the queen, it is most probable that chess would have found its greatest champion in Napoleon. The hero of an hundred battle-fields, must have been the hero of the chess-board. We never could see any propriety in giving the name "bishop" to a chessman. The French name "fous" (fools) for the same pieces, seems scarcely less appropriate. Neither do we understand why the term "castle" should have been applied to the rook, though it has been suggested that it was taken from the tower which was sometimes employed on the backs of elephants, as a protection against the spears and arrows of the enemy. This piece was formerly a war-chariot, as is indicated by its name rook, from the Hindoo, rock. There is a beautiful myth still preserved in the East respecting the origin of chees, which accords so well with the character and apparent design of the game, as to claim more than ordinary attention. It is said that there once existed in India a very tyrannical prince. His disposition was cruel and temper irritable. The least provocation was often punished with death. No one dared to reprove him. At length, a courtier knowing

his passion for games, invented chess, whose design was "to admonish kings that they are strong only in the strength of their subjects." As was expected, this game became a great favorite. The courtier was rewarded with the highest honors, and the king having discovered the moral of the game, was taught a lesson of humility. Let us for a moment examine this wonderful invention of the courtier, (if to him the honor of the discovery is due,) and observe how perfectly adapted it was to the accomplishment of his purpose.

The game of chees is the representation of an oriental contest. The scene is chosen from the battle-field; the actors are two kings with their respective armies, and the entire plot carries out the system of war. the center of his army, stands the king, by his side the "vizier," on either hand their attendants or "runners;" next in order come the knights on horseback, and finally the whole army is flanked by the ponderous warchariots. These are seldom brought into action till late in the game, when they can sweep across the board unobstructed by the smaller pieces. In this, they preserve a perfect analogy to nature. For the scythe chariots of the ancients were found most effective in an open field, when they did not interfere with the movements of the light troops, and consequently were most used at the close of the battle. In front of this long array of nobility, are arranged the footmen or peasants. Their strength and efficiency, like the rank and file of an army, depends much on the closeness of their lines. When unprotected, they fall an easy prey to the major pieces; but arranged in close order, mutually supporting one another, they become formidable opponents to the highest dignitaries of the board. All expert chess-players value the little pawns. Quiet and unobtrusive, they often insinuate themselves into the enemy's king-row. and win back, by the sacrifice of their own lives, even the "vizier" him-But the author of this game was not satisfied with an accurate representation of the characters of war, but has faithfully carried out its principles in the play. That party is almost surely victorious who combines the highest skill with the greatest celerity of movement. until one can learn to calculate the time, which the accomplishment of his plans will require, he cannot become a successful player. As in war, moreover, it is important that no part of the forces should be in the way of another part, that each should have plenty of room to move, and be so stationed as to protect as many points as possible. The weak points of the enemy should especially be made the objects of attack, and if found pregnable, the advantage thus gained should be vigorously followed up before he has time to recover. We might trace the analogy still farther, but enough has been shown for our present purpose. The design of the author is manifest, and that design has been admirably carried out.

We find the king surrounded by powerful warriors, but has little power himself. His strength is the strength of his subjects. Whether the myth respecting the courtier is true or not, this is evidently the moral of chass.

E. S. T.

"What may be."

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

SEARS.

"Brutus and Omsar: What should there be in that Omsar?"

ID. Sallust.

"Meminerie to virum coss."

SHALL the hours be bright before us?

Life's arched span yet looks high,
And the golden sun is yet to elimb

A dark or cloudless sky.

Here—here we stand in footsteps

From which the flight of time,
The merest minutes, bore away

Men who are now sublime.

There it stretches out beyond us,
Life, with its hopes and fears,
In sunny shapes and darkhued shapes,
Through the vists of long years.
There is many a winding valley,
There are slopes all bright and green,
And further onward rounding hills
With crystal brooks between.

There is many a spring of pleasure,
And many a shady bower,
With dreamy foliage drooping down
To charm away the hour.
And distant cliffs all rugged,
Loom wildly to the view,
But higher, golden mountains
Bathe in the liquid blue.

And oh! the heart that's swelling
The bright pathway to pursue,
Let it grasp the iron maxim,"
"First to yourself be true."

Leap forth on the bright morning,
Sweep through sunlight and through shade,
And with hope glowing on you,
Grasp and wield the goodly blade;
For in the Arcadian story,
Though full many a dream we feel,
There are battles and stern glory,
Won with arms and hearts of steel!

Then let fifty years—your sunrise
And sunset—a mere rhyme
In the great poetis volume
The eternal book of time—
Let those fifty years roll onward,
And then lift up the veil,
And where are they whose murmured hopes
Still breathe down on the gale?

The host who dreamed in spring-time,
Ah! they have passed away,
And in another dream-land
Rest through eternal day—
You watch their graves with sorrow,
And number them all o'er,
And ah! you number too the hopes
That were, but are no more.

Some lingering there about them
In their sunset too are seen,
Who in a mournful retrospect
Think of what might have been.
Thus the world goes: its history
Would be this on every page,
Save for the strong willed here
Who gilded o'er his age.

Where is he? In years now faded,
He saw his gloried name
In brilliant letters graven high
Upon the shaft of Fame.
Twas written there with Honor,
With Bravery, with Truth,
And there had manhood realized
The dazzling dreams of youth.

He has gained the far-off mountains,
And still stands bold and high,
With one hand on his good sword,
And the other towards the sky.
Though his eyes have not their clearness,
Though his head is now all hoar,
Yet the God-like, high resolve still smiles
As it had done before.
Aye—he stands upon the mountains
That bathe in the liquid blue,
And he tells you—word with action—
"First to yourself be true!"

RL BA

The Tipplers of yore.

Ubi sunt ô pocula, Dulciora melle?

COLLEGE SONG.

A JOLLY set they were in the good old time,—sturdy tosspots who drained beakers easier than Skald or Viking in Valhalla; palmy days of yore, when good Queen Bess,

"In maiden meditation fancy free,"

and equally free with firkins of stout Berkshire ale, ruled her happy isle; when sturdy Drake, that sea-fighter so "stiff in stowre," and debonair Raleigh lived; when, above all, that jovial crew of staunch topers used to meet at the Devil's Heart in Fleet Street, where famous Simon held out, hero of the stave.

Sing old Sir Simon the king,
Sing old Sir Simon the king,
With his ale-dropt hose,
And his malmsey nose,
Sing hey, ding, ding, a ding ding;

or still oftener, protected by the "Leges Conviviales," at the Mermaid tavern in Friday Street. Here "rare old Ben. Jonson," Will. Shakspere, Cotton, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Elderton,—peerless Elderton, whose deathless thirst some crabbed poetaster has celebrated in the Epitaph—

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus. Quid dico? Hic situs est? hic potius sitis est. a villainous pun, and none the better for being on a dead man in a dead language—here, I say, these good fellows were wont to congregate, noble disciples of Pantagruel, genuine Bon Gaultiers, every mother's son of them. What conversations, what ana, were there! Would that some phlegmatic Boswell or Jocelin of Brakelonde had sat in a corner, and with busy pen retailed us a modicum of these quirks and happy hits, so lovingly remembered by Beaumont.

Blessed be the man, said Sancho Panza, who invented sleep; thrice blessed, say we, be generous King Cambrinus, stout old northman Yarl, who first brewed malt, potent disposer to sleep. We are Saxons; and let every Saxon know that Dryasdust reports the first Saxon words ever historically known to have been uttered, were drinkheil and washeil. Ever since then Saxons have been always dry; they have possessed an avidity as inappeasable as Sahara deserts or Danaidean seives. So thought that crusty curmudgeon Johannes Havillius, Sancti Alban Monachus, who surlily said of us Saxons in distasteful Latin,

Jamque vagante scypho, distincto gutture, washeil, Ingeminant, washeil: labor est plus perdere vini, Quam sitis: exhaurire merum vehementius ardent, Quam exhaurire sitim.

But Lauriger Horatius knew a great deal more than Johannes, when he said,

Qui Musas amat impares, Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet;

and if Johannes had had a little burnt sack or heady metheglin down, methinks his verses would have had more readers. Better than any monk do I like that queer joker and good Christian withal, Walter of Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford,

Right jolly old elf, with a little round belly, That shook when he laughed like a bowl of good jelly;

and it shook often, and shook long in many a bout and many a deep carouse, in diem protractum. He it was, says genial Camden, that "filled all England with his merriments, and confessed his love to good liquor, with the causes, in this wise:"

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;
Ut dicant, cum venerint, angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius, huic potatori;
etc., etc.

Who does not recall with kindly feelings Duke Hildebrod, all-imbibing sand-bank that he was, with more than Falstaffian love of stone pottles and burnt sack, though his jerkin be claret stained and his galligaskins smack of Alsatia!

Drinks are national, was the profound generalization of Monsieur Petitesse, when he choked on a foaming mug of Berkshire. "Them's my sentiments," echoed Tony Weller, and we coincide. Let the French praise claret, the Dons become ecstatic over Amontillado, the Dutch burshen adore their hundred liquors, from unutterable Ehrenbreitsteinberger down to simple Lager, let Highland dhuinie-wassels tipple and stutter over their darling usquebaugh, but give the Saxons ale,

A jolly wassel bowl,

A wassel of good ale,

Well fare the butler's soul,

That setteth this to sale;

ale, such as the Miller of Mansfield set forth when winsome king Harry—he of uxorious memory—dropped in on him one night;

Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowle, Which did about the boarde merrily trewle.

Always in a brown bowl; not but that we can take it from divers other vessels, but preëminently we love the bowl, as hath been daintitly sung by that famous American poet, Mr. Sparrowgrass:

And we will drink from the barrel, boys,
A health to the barley mow!

The barrel, half-barrel, firkin, half-firkin, gallon, half-gallon, quart, pint, half-pint, nipperkin-

And the Brown Bowl, A health to the barley mow!

Skulls of mead in halls of Valhalla, amphoræ of nectar in Elysian fields, flagons of regal Montepulciano, goblet of Edelstone, cup of Samian wine, punchbowl of Magnus Troil, any canteens, tankards, "kags," or jorums whatsoever; what are each or all of these to a brown bowl of nutty ale ?

I would prove my point here by a quotation (marvelously pat too) from a certain bard of the olden time, had not Dr. Johnson stigmatized his roundelay as a scandalous, ribald, tavern catch, and I have altogether too great a respect for that "ungainly lout," as Lord Chesterfield irreverently termed him, to do more than slyly hint—unbeknown to him I hope—that the stanza begins:

Bryng us home no sydyr, nyther no palde wyne, For, an thee doe ——

so that readers (if I get any) having a relish for "pure antiquity" and "English undefiled" may burrow it out.

Our ancestors kept up a continuous stream down their capacious throats. An quis vetat? Was not winter cold and damp, spring relaxing and variable, summer dry and hot? And if they ought to have kept sober in autumn, when the barley waved yellow on countless hills, when the purple grape burst with its own rich juice, when the bee finished its last hexagon, I would mildly submit the question, when ought they to have drunk? Far be it from me to insinuate those old worthies were sots; no; like Will Waterproof, they bore

Seasoned brains about,
Unsubject to confusion,
Though soaked and saturate out and out
In every convolution.

Where, in these modern, most degenerate days, will we find the peer of Sir John Suckling, who, I'll wager, never shirked his turn, and lived his character as he wrote it,

> No woman under heaven I fear, New oaths I can exactly swear, And forty healths my brain will bear Right stoutly!

On special occasions our lusty progenitors turned spiggots and tapped hogsheads with uncommon alacrity, and however these times might resemble angels' visits in other peculiarities, they certainly did not in the "few and far between." Births, wakes, weddings, Nowell, Pasquee, Martinmas and Halloween, had their full share, but most notable tempus of all was Shrovetide or Pancake Tuesday, which Will. Shakspeare very well knew when he quoted that antique snatch:

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,
For women are shrews, both short and tall,
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.

Then did fritters splutter, pancakes splash, beakers jingle, horns grow empty, bungs fly out, corks pop, noggins clatter, and a hundred other "sounds of revelry by night" make the welkin ring in a manner I leave the brilliant imagination and personal experience of the sagacious reader to portray. But hold! no! mille pardons! I forget. We have

no personal experience of any such wickedness—nary spec. We live in the nineteenth century, in the most renowned College of the most glorious Republic that ever did or is ever going to exist, voted the Maine Law ticket straight, last election, and are deeply rejoiced to perceive the crushing stringency with which it is enforced. In fact, the more we think of it, the oftener we take a quiet laugh to ourselves, rub our hands, and repeat Barham's parody of the Anti-Jacobin as singularly applicable:

Whene'er with pitying eye I view,
Each operative sot in town,
I smile to think how wondrous few
Get drunk, who study at the University, we 've got in town,
niversity, we 've got in town.

The night, however, has passed its vertex, or, as quaint Sir Thomas Browne says, the quincunx of the heavens runneth low, the larks are up in England, and to prolong our vigil would be acting our antipodes, resembling New Zealand rather than New Haven, so with an Au revoir to those who have accompanied us thus far, we relapse into blank.

D. G. B.

Sa Gaod.

In the course of my wanderings up and down the earth, it has been my lot to meet with many who were so saintly—so good—that I have been charged with the grossest heresy in entertaining the smallest doubt of their immaculate perfections. Now my tongue has been so bridled—my sentences so nipped at the very breathing of an if, or a but, that I find it necessary to resort to the pen to say what should have found utterance among those alone whom it most concerns.

Said my aunt Tabitha to me, one Sunday, after church-

"Now, my dear Robert, before you leave you must call on Deacon Bigpurse."

"Why, dear sunt? Should I be interested in him !"

"O, I'm sure you would, he is a very wealthy man and so good! Why, he owns those four large factories, and indeed, almost half the village is his. Don't you think he gave —— college \$10,000 and built ——

seminary, all himself, besides supplying the funds to erect a whole half dozen churches in the adjoining villages; and there's no telling how much he has given to the American Tract Society and other benevolent institutions."

"But, aunt, giving to seminaries and colleges, and tract societies builds up a reputation for benevolence."

"O!" interjected my aunt.

- "And he knows that churches and seminaries in his immediate vicinity make his operatives more steady and industrious than they otherwise would be, and greatly enhance the value of his real estate."
 - "'M, ugh !" snapped my aunt.
 - "And then he has hundreds of poor women who must clothe, feed and house themselves and their children on wages which he pays them, not exceeding $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per day."
 - "Wyh, why, how you talk," spit aunty.
 - "Yes, aunt, a thousand are pinched and starved by his stingy wages and monopoly, while he grins and counts his tens of thousands a year."
 - "Now, Robert, stop!" I am ashamed to hear you talk in such a strain about Deacon Bigpurse, when every one knows that he is so good!"

So, rather than do violence to my aunt's feelings, I cut short.

Now, by some accident, I learned that Dea. Bigpurse had a partner—a Mr. Plainbody—who continually persisted in going about and sewing up the tears which his senior partner made in the hearts of the poor. He never gave to a College, Seminary, or Tract Society, or if he did, no one ever knew it. When I spoke of him to my aunt, she said,

"True; he has money, but you never hear of his giving anything."
But though the community did not lift up its hands in admiration,
yet he continued giving secretly, well content with the blessings of the
poor.

Soon afterwards I departed from my aunt Tabitha, and went to the far west, and there took up my abode with my aunt Dorcas—sister to Tabitha. She was a good woman, and with others whose hearts yearned towards the naked, was busied weekly in a "sewing circle," under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Kindheart. Yielding to her importunities, I went one evening to the sew-ciety, and there learned that Mr. Kindheart had established this and a number of kindred institutions in the vicinity for the exclusive benefit of the poor children of Boston. I was aware that there were many sewing circles in Boston for the benefit of the poor children of the far West. So I asked the Rev. Mr. Kind-

heart whether the same good might not be done in such a way as to save the expense of transportation. The Rev. gentleman in the blandest accent replied that there were two substantial supports to the system, as it then existed.

"First," said he, "the poor children of Boston are, indeed, in a most squalid condition; every means should be devised to raise them from their heathenish degradation; whereas the fertile fields of the West are amply sufficient in extent and fecundity to feed her poor in a style of princely magnificence, and we ought to scorn the aid of those who should be caring for their own paupers. Hence it is our place to give, not theirs.

"Secondly, such a reciprocity of kindness is necessary in order to cement the heart of the East and the West. Coarse breeches, hickory shirts and 'hard times frocks' make capital arteries for the warm current of sympathy to flow through, and a sort of generosity sunqueduct ought to be constructed of these cheap fabrics between Boston and Owagapoomenuck Minnesota."

While the meek man of benevolent thoughts had been reading me the foregoing homily, I had been ransacking my pocket diary, where I found entered the following:

"Boston, May 18th, 18-. Introduced to the Rev. Job Kindheart."

"May I ask," said I, "if your first name is Job?"

He replied in the affirmative, and I pursued-

"Then I see you are Gen. Distributing Agent for the Boston Ladies' Potawotamie Relief Association."

"What did you observe?" said the Rev. gentleman to a lady who was industriously moaning over the poor children of Boston. And turning from me, regardless of my last remark, he proceeded to pour holy stimulus into the ear of widow Spindles.

After partaking of a supper which cost more than the ladies had earned since the founding of the "circle," and after a long and unctious prayer by the Rev. Kindheart, whereat the ladies all shed tears, my aunt and I set out for home. On the way I asked aunty whether the poor children of that village received any aid from the Boston Ladies' P. R. A. "No," said she. "Does Mr. Kindheart have the disposal of your society's funds?" "Certainly," she replied. "Then," I observed, "his pocket is unquestionably filled with ill-gotten ——"

"Hush, sir! How can you breathe a word against Mr. Kindheart, and he so good!"

Now Mr. Kindheart had year, after year, labored in the Potawotamie cause in Boston, and his monthly demands had become grievous. The

copper color could not be obliterated from the skin of the savage, and yet "more money!" was his cry. Some of his flock presumed to enquire why he would have more money when the experiment had so long been tried in vain. The Rev. gentleman used a reply which Tom Hood had prepared for him.

"Why," replied Kindheart, "with an accent bland,
And gentle waving of his dexter hand,
Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
More filthy lucre, in a word, more gold?—
The why, air, very easily is told,
Because humanity declares we must;
We've acrub'd the" 'Indians' "till we've nearly killed 'em,
And finding that we cannot wash them white,
But still their" 'copper looks' "offend the sight,
We mean to gild 'em!"

Now we would not breathe a syllable against Mr. Kindheart. If we should, a thousand mopsticks in the land would impend over our devoted head, and a thousand treble voices would exclaim, "How dare you, sir, how dare you say a word against Mr. Kindheart, and he so amiable, so tender hearted and so good!!"

It is rather embarrassing, dear reader, to listen to a sermon of about the stupidity and consistency of a jelly fish—extending up to "tenthly" -and then when you get home to have the parson's wife's pretty sister ask how you like their preacher. Venture, if you dare, to say you don't like his preaching! Ten to one she, and all the old women in the room, will look "I could tear your eyes out." All at once will exclaim, "He is such a good man, though,—so gentle in his manners—such a comfort in the sick room—always cheerful—and then he visits so much he cannot be expected to preach the best of sermons—but he is so good? The Rev. Dumps, then, palliates his opaque intellect with a stolid smile and with a torrent of inept tears over the tailed men broiling in the interior of Africa. His head is as obtuse and spongy as the butt end of a pin-oak rail, and yet you must submit to three hours of sermons sung once a week, and avoid all interjections when widow Grimbles thrusts a pin into your neck for fear you will fall asleep; you must admit him whenever he chooses to call, and listen to two hours of senseless twaddle, and all because he is so good?

Young intellectual paupers find an asylum in some theological school (poor) house, and come out so good that all the old women wonder why they prove unmitigated bores to men with souls.

Did you ever feel as though you were boiling in a caldron of indigo?

If not, you can procure the delightful experience by dropping in where four old maids and a lanthorn-jawed white cravat are forever droning over human depravity, forgetting the maxim that there is a time to laugh as well as a time to weep. The Rev. Mr. Glumkin is in an agony of solicitude for Sam Stokes' soul, because he ventured a smile when the Rev. Dumps took his text "From the forty-first to the forty-second verses inclusive," and then talked about the "annual, diurnal and nocturnal revolutions of the sun, moon and stars."

Mr. Glumkin advises that young men should be educated to walk a sort of moral tight-rope through the world, and never to "lie down in green pastures," never to list to the melody of warbling fountains, never to pluck the blushing fruit that grows thick and ripe by the wayside. He advises the parent to beat the sensitive heart of his confiding child from its little throne, and plant in its stead a stoical theory—an empty semblance of soul, indifferent to abuse and devoid of genial sympathy. He would give the parent a sole-leather tenderness; he would freeze and embitter the warm and balmy spring-tide of childhood. At sixteen a smiling face is both undignified and unholy. A righteous youth should put stays in his face, and brace his head with spiritual martingales. Too-many parents, also, follow his advice, lock their brimming salamanders, and send forth their sons into the world in rags—good, pious rags.

But the Rev. Glumkin loves his enemies, and bitterly hates the man who can't swallow his cast-iron creed. He is benevolent. A poor man asks his charity. In the fulness of his philanthropic soul he asks, "Are you orthodox?" The starving man replies, "No." Mr. Charity says "Well, then, I'm out of change. Let us give thanks!"

Mr. Glumkin preaches hospitality, locks his millions in a fortress, starves his family, and kicks the exile out of doors.

Yet we must suffer the dear, excellent Mr. Glumkin, nor ever breathe a syllable to his discredit, because he is so good.

Out upon such theory-riding monsters. Their theories are a kind of moral iceberg, splendid with their domes and pinnacles glittering in the sun. But we to him who is allured upon the gleaming mass. His features shall never relax with human sympathy again; nor shall he ever reck as his ice-berg plunges down the tide, crushing to miserable waste the souls who cross its path.

There are diseases enough in life without the doctors killing us.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves that there are many, very many Christians, who are *truly so* good as to merit our esteem and love.

Would the residue were like unto them.

H. K. S.

VOL. XXII.

Growl.

"The world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.
For if we scold or fret all day,
From dewy morn till even,
This world will ne'er afford to man
A foretaste here of Heaven."

HARDLY anything is more intensely disagreeable to one walking along the street, than to hear near his path a low savage growl—the expression of a surly dog's opinion and purpose. The pedestrian instinctively quickens his pace, desiring no further acquaintance with the premises or their occupant. The bark of a dog-earnest and loud-is not an unpleasant sound. There is music in it. It rings through the air, clear and full, waking the echoes all around, varying from the shrill, piercing treble of the veriest puppy, to the deep, bass baying of the mastiff. There is honor in it. It is a frank, open statement of the posture of affairs. It gives fair warning of pending hostilities. The dog that barks, says, "If you come on to my ground, where you have no right, you do it at your peril." The dog that growls, says, "I'll bite, tear and mangle you, if I can, anywhere, on any occasion, under any circumstances." The barking dog we respect; the growler we hate, despise, dread. growls, and the bear. The baser part of the canine species, the uncivilized of the feline, and the whole of the ursine, are addicted to this ungracious propensity of growling. But there is still another animal prone to the same. He is a biped, carnivorous, of the genus homo. kept chained, generally, but is avoided as much as possible. like the wild cat, carried about in a cage for exhibition. It is unnecessa-Specimens of his kind are everywhere. His sole habitation is not the forests of Maine, nor the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. reason is obvious. The bears and wolves would not tolerate in their society, a spirit so destitue of geniality. This character is in every sphere of life; but let us consider him as he is in college, as the representative of his kind. The life of the man who growls, is the most cross-grained existence imaginable. It is like dragging a tree top foremost. all his powers, he catches hold of everything, little and great, within his reach, and holds back. Putting the worst possible construction upon everything, looking at it through all the darkness he can bring to cloud his vision, his view and opinions are worth no more than an idiot's. man who sees wrong habitually, is little better off than one who does not see at all. Perpetually, over every occurrence, trivial and important, this man growls. That is it exactly. That old Greek, Flemish, Dutch word, describes him precisely—Grows. The first thing in the morning, he growls; he keeps it up at noon; he growls the last thing at night. His days are protracted, unintermitting growls. It is fortunate he sleeps during the night. It would be more fortunate if he slept all the time. The weather is a constant theme for his lugubrious discourse. If on a summer's day the sun shines, it is too hot. If clouds gather, it is "mighty mean." If it rains, it is "perfectly insufferable." Meet him before recitation, and the lesson is too long by half; meet him afterwards, and old --- called him up in just the worst place, and bored him abominably. His acquaintances form another subject for his Bruin-like consideration. Hear him talk about them. Not a mother's son of them has a single excellence. He thinks everybody is hateful, and that everybody hates him. The latter opinion is probably correct—the only one of the kind he has.

Perhaps he pretends to belong to the church; perhaps not. If he does, he growls about the sinners. If he does not, he growls about the saints. The world in general is bad—becoming worse. Nothing is right, everything wrong. No hope. "O, tempora, O, Mores!!!" We verily believe that if he ever stand within Heaven's gates, he will growl that the celestial battlements are not higher, and that the streets are not paved with purer gold.

Now we do not intend to spend much time on such a character; a very carbuncle on the face of society, to hold him up to view, even though it be done imperfectly, is enough for our purpose. Fool that he is, he is a nuisance to others and his own worst enemy. The faults he sees in things, all dwell within himself. He is out of harmony with nature and the world. In the illimitable orchestra of creation, wherein continents and oceans, mountains and valleys, rocks, rivers and trees, beasts and birds, together with innumerable stars, are lifting up to their Creator one grand, united Hallelujah chorus, from eternity to eternity, his soul is merely a single discordant string, whose vibrations are annoying mainly to himself. His philosophy is without foundation; his practices are in defiance of facts. In spite of his doleful assertions, we believe that the world which, when created, called forth from the Infinite Soul the deep and joyful utterance, "Very Good," is better than could be devised by the man who growls, and all his kindred. So we

1

are content that the sun should shine on in his glory, that the showers should fall to make the grass grow and the flowers bloom, and that the winds should forever breathe through the trees their Æolian music. In a world of such light and joy, we beg to be delivered from the man who growls. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." Give us the headache, earache, toothache, backache, sideache, heartache, and "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," but deliver us from the man who growls. We will

> "bear the whips and scorns of time, The pange of despised love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

but will ever beg to be delivered from the man who growls.

8. H. L.

Book Notice.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.-Whoever has read "Jane Eyre," will take deep interest in the life of its remarkable authoress. Here we have it, drawn out excellently by Mrs. Gaskell. The writer has collected the events in the life of "Correr Bell," so as to bring out clearly the rise and growth of every feature in the character of her subject. Having read Jane Eyre, one perusing this book will see how a living soul-a genius-throws its own interior life outward-making the subjective, objective-and thus holds the mirror up to other souls. Whoever would study this—the highest phenomenon of the mind-will do well to read the Life of Charlotte Bronts. For sale by T. H. Pease.

Memorabilia Palensia.

OBITUARIES.

Digo, at Westport, Conn., on Tuesday, April 14th, Arthur Disbrow, a member of the Sophomere class in Yale College.

At a meeting of his classmates, held May 7th, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WERREAS, God in his infinite wisdom, has called us to mourn the loss of our classmate, Arthur Disbrow, by death; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in this sad bereavement we have lost a much beloved associate, the influence of whose modest deportment and Christian character still lingers with us, and whose memory will ever be affectionately cherished.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the parents and other relatives of the deceased,

trusting that they will receive consolation from Him who was his support in the hour of severes trial.

Revolved, That as a token of respect, we wear the usual badge of meurning for thirty days.

Revolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to his family, and also be published in some of the New York and New Haven papers, and in the Yale Literary Magazine.

A. COMSTOCK, M. LYON, H. G. NEWTON,

DIED, at his residence in Danbury, Ct., June 4th, 1857, Alexander McDonald, a member of the Junior Class in Yale College.

At a meeting of his classmates, held immediately on the reception of this intelligence, the following resolutions, presented by Mr. John E. Kimball, Chairman of the Committee, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the mysterious dealings of Divine Providence, the Messenger of Death has again been among us, therefore,

Resolved, That, while in the sudden removal of our beloved classmate and friend, we acknowledge the wisdom and goodness of Him who gave and who hath taken away, we deeply mourn the loss of one whose sterling worth has won our affection and esteem, and whom we fondly hoped to see long spared, a blessing and an ornament to society.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest sympathy to the relatives and friends of our departed brother, in this, their deep affliction.

Resolved, That in token of our respect for his memory, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and to the Press for publication.

S. H. LEB, Chairman.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

President.

The elections on Wednesday evening, April 8th, resulted as follows:

LINONIA:

BROTHERS:

S. O. SEYMOUR.

JOHN M. HOLMES.

Vice Presideent,

W. B. WILSON.

N. C. PERKINS.

Secretary,

S. H. LEE.

C. RICHARDS.

Vice Secretary,

E. H. PERKINS.

E. B. Allis.

AWARDS.

Berkeley Scholarship—Class of 1857.

LEVI HOLBBOOK.

Bristed Scholarship—Class of 1858.

JOSIAH WILLARD GIBBS.

A gift of forty-two valuable books, was recently received by the Brothers in Unity, from a graduate Brother, too modest to give his name. Whoever the donor is, he has shown the unobtrusive spirit of one who loves a good deed for its own sake. In the name of all the Brothers, and all college, we thank him most heartily. We wish we knew his name, that we might expose him to the gaze of all grateful eyes.

Editor's Table.

READER, did you ever know a College year that contained two winter vacations, before this same one of '56 and '57? Spring is gone but we have had no spring vacation. Yet we have had a suspension of College exercises, and we enjoyed it intensely. The reason was, we were out in the country. That's the place for vacation.

"God made the country and man made the town."

We were in the country, where we could witness the operations of the old Storm King to the best advantage.

Eclus let loose all the winds at once, and the way they compounded the rain, snow and hail, was a caution. When, for a day or two, the sun did appear, we were glad enough to go out, and lying down on the ground, bask in his genial rays and hear the birds sing their joy. We are thankful that we were born out among the woods and hills. There is not a stone, not a laughing brook, not a cozy glen about that native home, but is sacred with childhood memories. And there they will remain, to help us live our glad days of innocence over again, every time we visit them. But the unfortunate city youth finds the place of his early days constantly changing—his past associations are broken up—and the golden chain of memory, which linking together Childhood, Youth, Manhood and Age, binds all into one, whole, harmonious life, is sundered forever. Reader, we advise all hereafter, to be born in the country.

But vacation, like every other good time, must have an end. Then it is, that we realize how good it is for us to be here. None but students know how to shake hands. They are the best fellows in the wide, wide world, and when they meet they do not fear to let their souls out. They shake hands as if they did not begrudge the strength spent in the operation.

During our absence, according to her usual custom, Alma Mater progressed. Indeed, if it were not for incurring the everlasting displeasure of all pun-critics, for getting off an abominable pun, we should say that Alma Mater never took so long a walk before, as any one who used to flounder through the mud from North College to Divinity, but who now travels the same route with firmness beneath his feet, can testify. Flagging stones are magnificent. We wish they might be laid across the yard in the rear of the Colleges, in every direction necessity demands. The beautiful, as well as the useful, has received some attention. A new strip of healthy turf borders the base of North College and South, giving to the piles of brick an appearance of standing on a rich, green carpet.

Among the pleasant things that have occurred since the commencement of the term, we are happy to record the resurrection of the custom, on the part of the President, of inviting the Senior Class to his house, on some evening during the first part of the third term, to have a good time. If anything is clear, it is that it would be pleasanter and better for all concerned, if the social intercourse between Professors and students were more free and frequent.

Of the fifty-seven soiree, we know nothing, of course, except what we heard. And we have heard enough, certainly. It is our exalted privilege to room in the immediate neighborhood of Seniors, and we happen to know something about

them. Their distinguishing characteristic is noise. They usurp the privilege of the Sophomores and fairly "out Herod Herod," in keeping up such an unmitigated, ungracious and unpardonable Bedlam, as is an insult to every Junior in the neighborhood. But on the night of the above-mentioned levee, the customary din was ten-folded an hundred times. Such a blacking of boots whose ordinary covering was several layers of mud, such breaking of combs in tousled heads, whose locks had not been disentangled since they were smoothed in gentle dalliance, by fair fingers, during the honeyed times of last vacation, such futile efforts to tie cravats becomingly, by hands accustomed to the tuck-in principle, have been known never before in the history of Yale. After the Seniors had rigged themselves out as well as they could with their own means. they visited the Juniors, borrowing all the watches, chains and other jewelry they could get trusted with, to adorn their bodily frames. It reminded us of a pig we once saw at a fair, decorated with a blue ribbon around its neck. They went to the Presidents'. They had a good time. What they found to drink we will not say publicly, but they came home more noisily than they went, seriously interrupting the lucubrations of an Editor of the Yale Literary Magazine. We trust that when the year comes round, another soirce will be held at the same place, but we hope that all College will require the rights and privileges of Editors to be respected.

Just at the present time the Seniors are desperately busy, cramming. They get out on the grass under the elms, and with their mouths plugged with tobacco, their eyes filled with smoke and their heels higher than their heads, they are enabled to comprehend the most subtle metaphysics, and to practically apply the highest moral philosophy. There they lie, scores of them—

Per tota novem quibus jugera corpora Poriguntur

The Juniors are making the best possible use of the best term in the College course. Study being an "optional" with them they employ their time lounging on the grass, walking, riding, boating, &c. Speaking of boating, reminds us that Harvard has been beaten in a boat-race. The fact is stated by the Editor of the Harvard Magazine, the where, when and by whom not mentioned. Perhaps the Editor has a poor memory of such things. Courage, Yale; Harvard's down. Speaking of Harvard, induces us to offer a word of comfort to those secret Societies of Yale, which have not obtained all the men they wanted, The Societies of Harvard can obtain no men at all. The whole Sophomore Class is pledged not to join. There is one exception to the above remark with reference to the employment of the Juniors. It is that of the Hebrew Class. What was never known before, since the establishment of optionals, the number pursuing the study of Hebrew is nine—the same as that of the Muses. If progress means anything, it is evident that all are in the habit of relying on the Muses for the knowledge of the language. To show that this is no mean branch of study, we will just state the composition of the Class. Foremost are three Editors of the Yale Lit. who lead the Class. Next comes the First President of the Brothers, who goes to recitation occasionally. Moreover, there are the Vice President of the Brothers, Censor and Collector. There is one Pole, who has come all the way from Warsaw to Yale College to study Hebrew. The other

two may be designated best, one of them as a Delta-Phi man, the other as a neutral. Such proficiency is made by all, that the Editors are expected soon to be able to write Hebrew poetry, which shall rival the songs of Moses and Miriam. The President is expected to deliver his statement of facts speech in Hebrew—the Vice-President to keep silence in Hebrew—the Censor to issue his mandates in Hebrew, and the Collector, becoming inspired with the Jewish spirit, to collect more taxes and appropriate more money to his own uses than any Collector has done for years. Inasmuch as it is one of the highest of College honors to belong to the Hebrew Class, we will state for the benefit of the Freshmen Societies, that four of its members are Sigma Delta men, three Sigma Epsilon, the remainder neutrals. Sigma Delta's ahead. Delta Kappa nowhere.

The Sophomores are cramming themselves full. Every night they give all College the headache singing "Biennals are a bore." We would respectfully suggest, that if they desire at any time a change of tune for their standard lines, they can refer to the index of the Musical Collections of the Handel and Hayden Society, or to that of any popular Ethiopian melodies. The Freshmen are doing, what Freshmen alone have not learned not to do, studying.

The elections to Phi Beta Kappa came off two weeks since, with the usual bell tolling and peanut collation. So great was the joy of some of the elected, that they knew not soberness for a week. We are proud to state, and all the readers of the Lit. will be proud to hear it, one of the Editors is among the happy number.

To show that poetic wit is not extinct among us, we quote the only four intelligible lines of a sublime effusion that came to us through the office:—

"He understands his p's and q's
As well as any Tutor,
Particularly in xq's
F—q—liarly 'cutor."

To show the power and beauty of a beautiful metaphor, we quote from a poem found in an exchange:

"Unmantled, dismantled, awreck
The sea-sick merchantman lay,
The breakers champooing her deck
With the foaming brine of the bay,"

The next time you go to the barber's, reader, you will be enabled to appreciate the third line, and if you ever take a sail on a gusty day you may be led to sympathize with the poor "merchantman" mentioned in the second.

Notices.—No. 1. One of the Editors—the long one—would have formally acknowledged the reception of a Hat from his class, had there been room.

No. 2. Any person having Nos. 2 and 3 of the XIX Vol. of the Lit. and No. 9 of Vol. XXI, and willing to dispose of them, will confer a special favor by selling them to T. H. Pease.

To Contributors.—The article entitled "Blue" we were happy to receive, and regret that we cannot find room for it in the present number. It shall appear in our next.

Thoust attins

VOL. XXII.

No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mesa erata manot, nomen landosque Valence e Carcaleunt Sopoles, mondolique Patrice."

JULY, 1857.

NEW HAVENT

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS II. PEASE.
PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

MEGOCLYII.

CONTENTS.

College Amusumunts, -	1 11					290
Presentation Day,	~	- 1	12			300
When the Weary World is	Sleeping	p)				301
Томанию Рези Езнача:						
The Logic of Revoluti	nu,	2	-	2		802
Mystery: its Influence	in the J	keligion	s Traini	ng of M	an.	305
Fame	1		10			311
Popularity,		-	- 1	1		812
"Hine,"		2 3				316
Man, seen through quaer oy	ves.					318
Book Notices,		5 9				322
Have a Hat,						328
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA:						
Society Elections, -				3		325
Prizes,		-	1313			326
Senior Appointments,			2.0	-	-1 -2	327
Enror's Table, -	- 1	- 4	- 1			328

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vor. XXII.

JULY, 1857.

No. VIII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '58.

E. F. BLAKE,

J. E. KIMBALL,

D. G. BRINTON,

S. H. LEE,

H. K. SMITH.

College Amusements.

"Cocachelunk, chelunk, chelaly,
Cocachelunk, chelunk, chela.
Cocachelunk, chelunk, chelaly,
Hi o cocachelunk che."—Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"Little Boy Blue, go blow your horn !"-Mater Anser.

Or all classes and conditions of men, students most need amusement. Rest restores the laboring man and the morning sun finds him fresh and strong, but the student needs something more than rest. His mind must not only from time to time be released from its confinement, but it must be permitted, nay, even compelled to run at large over the green fields and pleasant valleys which lie in sight of its prison home. Hence the necessity of recreation for the student, a need soon felt and supplied wherever a band of students collects.

The arguments which call for it have their influence in determining its character, and therefore, as a general thing, College amusements are not particularly quiet or dignified.

We run from Euclid to his Burial. We thrust the half-dissected corpse of a dead language back into its coffin, and shutting down the VOL. XXII.

cover, blow out the light and run over to the 'Pow-wow.' We drown every thought of logic in 'Lager,' and whistle away all cares of syzi,—apo,—peri,—and the thousand and one other 'gees.' We vanish from the 'chorus of nymphs and satyrs,' to reappear beneath the window of some fair one and roll out living choruses in a living language.

Amusements must be unconstrained or they will cease to be amusements. One thing, however, we must learn, and gradually are doing so; that they may be unconstrained and yet be civilized. Any one who remembers the time when Yalensians had no public amusements of their own,—when the Caliathumps went drumming round the city at midnight, carrying off gates, breaking barbers' poles, changing signs and amashing windows,—when the Burial of Euclid procession was little more than a noisy, drunken crowd, led on by the music of tin pans, broken gongs, horns, and stolen dinner-bells,—when participation in the Wooden Spoon Exhibition was a sufficient ground for expulsion,—when the signal for the 'Pow-wowers' to assemble, was a bonfire built of chairs, posts, signs, and whatever other movable combustible could be found in the vicinity of the Colleges;—any one who recalls these facts to mind, will see at a glance how great a progress we have made towards the elevation of our amusements.

We have no organized Caliathumps, and when a few drunken wights take it upon themselves to relieve a citizen of his gate, they do it quietly, both for his sake and their own.

> They are the mildest mannered men That ever hugged a lamp, or stole, a gate.

Our Burial of Euclid processions march in order through the streets and are preceded by fine bands of music. Our 'Pow-wows' are conducted according to printed programmes, and are led off by the most respectable men of the Class; and the character of the audience of a modern Wooden Spoon Exhibition, is a sufficient evidence of its advance.

All this has been brought about by men acting upon a common sense view of the nature and degree of our need of amusement. It is like a Republican Government. If orderly men will not take part in the elections, rowdies and bullies will, and the staid and sober citizen is suddenly struck with astonishment when he beholds the highest offices in the hands of demagogues and scoundrels.

Experience has shown, and will continue to show to the end of time, that students must have amusement. 'Where there's a will, there's a way,' and hence exhibitions or sports of some kind or other will spring

up among students, especially where so many are gathered together as in our own Yale. Now it is for our own interest, as well as for our credit, that these exhibitions should, at least, not be a disgrace to the College. To try to prevent this by holding back and attempting to frown them down indignantly, is simply absurd. As well might a Sunday-School teacher say to the little ragged boy in the street, 'Boy, your face is too dirty, I shall not have anything to do with you!" The car of progress very often runs off the track, and should men refuse to get out and assist it on again because the engineer happens to swear? No good would ever be accomplished if good men were afraid of touching anything back. Nor should we despair of reforming anything. The filthiest soil will bear the brightest flowers.

But to drop moralizing. Much has been done to this end within the last few years, but there are still a few points which need attention.

In the first place, therefore, a reformation of this kind involves expense. Our word 'vile,' is derived from the Latin word 'vilis,' cheap. The transition from cheap to vile is a natural one, which it would be well to notice in this connection. It is impossible that a Pow-wow can be made respectable without some expenditure. Students will have noise. If not melodious, it will be discordant. If they don't have brass trumpets, they will have tin horns. If not drums, tin pans. Now the one of these makes music, and the other din. The one is respectable, the other rowdy. And so of the other things, lights, printing, &c. All these are necessary to give a celebration of the kind under discussion a species of dignity and respectability, yet they involve expense. We must not, therefore, expect to bring about a change of this nature without an increase of expenditure. Yet here there is danger that we shall run into extravagance, and that the reaction from that will throw the custom back to where we found it.

This leads to a second remark; that such amusements should never be supported by a tax. There are often men in a Class who cannot well afford it, yet from a kind of false pride feel compelled to pay it because it is a Class tax. Especially is this apt to be the case in the younger Classes, whose members have not yet acquired that independence in regard to such matters, which they will in the course of their College life. Let all such performances be based upon a subscription list. Then, if there is a general desire that the custom should be carried out, the funds will be forthcoming; but if not, then it is best to let it fall through, for such a thing is like a law,—if public opinion will not sustain it, it is sheer folly to atempt to carry it out.



But again; of late the disposition of the speaker seems to be, not so much to glorify his own Class in the orthodox College way, by fair argument and 'splurgification,' as to make it appear exalted by decrying the others. This gives rise to a great deal of ill-feeling between the Classes, and in the performance itself, causes hissing and shouting, and a general disturbance. Now this is wrong, and the speaker is, in a great measure, responsible for it.

Let him be as keen and sarcastic as he wishes, but not vituperative. Billingate is not wit. Abuse is not funny. We listen for wit. We come expecting to hear something funny. Instruction we receive in the recitation room, advice and admonition we get in the Chapel, rhetoric and logic we find in the library, but what we wish outside is fun. Sound, healthy fun, free from everything ungentlemanly. Give us that and we will applaud.

Presentation Dan.

Among the rich days of College life, preëminent is Presentation Day. On that day, our Alma Mater presents to our country and the world an hundred men—all of them, her own well-nurtured sons. It is emphatically a Class day. Throughout the College world, one class is the absorbing theme of thought and conversation. It is the closing chapter in its history. The influence of its members as individuals, will be felt hereafter, but as a united body, as an organization created by circumstances, its days are numbered, and its power is laid aside for ever.

But it is to each student personally, that this day has its deepest meaning. It is an epoch in his history to which Hope has led him on for years gone by, and to which Memory shall often lead him back in years to come. It marks the accomplishment of one of life's greatest and most cherished plans. The College course is traveled through. College days, flying swift as the weaver's shuttle, have woven the character he is, and wrought out the man he is to be. Is all well? Is all as it should be? Ah! the misgivings, the unavailing regrets of that day!

We believe that while most would neither hasten nor delay its coming, all meet it with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. The

sense of new freedom, the realization of a long hoped for time, bring gladness. Yet the soul is full of wishes, sincere but useless, that all may be begun and lived over again. How different would the years be spent! But relentless Time never rolls his wheels backward. The Past is passed. The careless irresponsible days of Youth are gone, and Life, real, stern Life is opened. Now our tremblings and weakness shrinks back. But it is of no use. Ready or no, be the ship caulked, ballasted, equipped or not, to day it must be launched on that Sea which ever widens outward and onward till its waters lave the far off shores of Eternity.

With a heart saddened by such contemplations, the graduating student enters the chapel in the morning of Presentation, and in the long accustomed place takes his seat with all his classmates for the last time. There is deep sadness in that word last. It is often, but not oftenest, applied to the departure of that which we are glad to see going. In this world we bid farewell to more good things than bad, to more we love than hate, and every farewell is another tolling of that solemn bell which is ever telling us that all is passing away. The Old Chapel, whatever may have been his feelings hitherto, is sacred to the student to-day—sacred with the hallowed memories of former years. However irreverent he may have regarded it in the past, he worships there to-day—worships with a full heart. He is presented. From revered lips, fall the last words of counsel and blessing. All seems a dream. Four years gone! Whither?

Then comes the Poem. The tender feelings of the hour can find expression in none but the most delicate terms. Poetry is their natural channel. Their soft sadness is best breathed in measures mild and subdued as the whisperings of the summer air, as it floats through the forest leaves. Thus fond associations always seek to be embalmed. Where is the Poet who has not sung of his childhood—his past? The Class Poem is to express the emotions of the class. If it does this, the author is successful. It is the work of the Poet always to say in the best manner possible what all feel.

After this is the Oration. Here we have always thought to be the most favorable opportunity for good speaking that occurs to any one in College. It is the only real occasion. Junior Exhibition and Commencement are gotten up mainly to show off. The whole performance then is mechanical. It is a display of powers, not the legitimate use of them. But Presentation day is full of reality. A living man speaks to living men on a living theme. It is no time for cold speculation.

The orator is in the midst of the college world to move the college heart. Four years he has lived here—the sum of that life he is now to tell. Four years he has held communion with these hundred men, and this last hour he is to speak to them what no other man can. The one great requisite for the orator on this occasion is Soul. Brain is not enough. He must be a man alive to everything noble and true in life, to whom the occasion shall suggest a theme, and who, strong in the inspiration of the hour, shall sway its conflicting emotions to some high end. The hearers are not cold, disinterested spectators, but men eager and anxious to hear. No man often has such an audience. At length comes the farewell to instructors, to fellow students, to classmates. How the orator can go through this part of his duty, we have always wondered. He must have learned the art of self-control to perfection. The warm student heart is full. No empty sentimentality is there. Like a cloud, deep sympathizing sadness settles down upon the whole assembly, and hot tears are ready to gush from an hundred pair of eyes.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise from the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no mere,

"Freeh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

The Parting Song is but another expression of what has already been said, in which all engage. It is a general good bye set to music. Thus close the public exercises of the day, exercises the like of which in depth and meaning, in respect to the emotions they excite, the high

resolves they inspire, and their formative influence over the life, we know not of on another occasion, in College or out of it.

Of the dinner that follows, we know nothing. It is one of those experiences which come to a man but once in his life, and of which there may be no spectators. Our time is not yet. As Uncle Tom said, "I tell ye what, Mas'r George, the Lord gives good many things twice over, but he never gives ye a mother but once," so we say of the Faculty and their dinner.

The afternoon is intensely interesting, because it is a truthful exhibition of the genial, social life of the student. Our work here is mostly head work, but the heart that does not grow much in these four years, must be made of rock. Out under the old patriarchal elms, (the tent being the rainy day exception,) which have witnessed many a good time, the class assemble to have another, their last. The windows of the Lyceum and adjoining Colleges are filled with fair ones, not a few of whom, we fancy, have a deeper than friendly interest in the exercises of the occasion. Thither are many glances cast, not without the desired response. Probably there are those in every class, how many we know not, who, during their College sojourn, cultivate a finer feeling than brotherly love for classmates. Wayward young men those. Perhaps, however, they are not the least happy of to-day. To them, sitting on the grass beneath the gaze of such a galaxy of bright eyes, the long pipe is passed around, and whatever have been his principles or practices in the past, every man smokes. We take this to be the Calumet of Peace. There have been rivalries and enmities even among classmates. Now they all vanish in smoke. To forgive and forget is the desire of every heart.

The songs are full of that ardent enthusiasm which thrives only in the souls of young men. With less of the abandon than is usual in College songs, they unite a certain, tremulous, hopeful looking into the future.

"We've gained some friends, and studied some,

But Life must tell the story,

Let's cling to all the joys we have,

And strike for Love and Glory."

The Class History is a very interesting document. It fulfills its end as well as Macaulay's History of England. Its subjects are various, and they are treated in that happy, spicy manner which always gains attention. The observations, though not always profound, might be very



instructive to the individuals under consideration. All men love to laugh, and students especially. Hence it is delightful to call up, by way of variety, the most ridiculous reminiscences of Freshman year.

After a while comes the standing round in a ring for a general shaking of hands. This is the most affecting exercise of the day. This shaking of hands—the kind, glad greeting throughout the civilized world. It is a most beautiful custom. Of all the men in the world, students know best how to use it. Heartless fashion sometimes dictates a cold extension of the finger-tips, a lifeless laying together of hands, destitute of interest and expressive of nothing. The student is bound by no such notions. He extends his whole hand with his whole heart in it. His is a glad welcome, a full assurance of friendship. With regard to this performance on Presentation, we cannot find words to express our feelings. We always witness it with a heart too full for utterance. Of those who participate, the harshest are subdued into sad tenderness, and strong, manly hearts, give themselves up to weep and sob like children.

The ivy is planted. About its roots is placed a little nourishing earth by each member of the Cluss, to perpetuate the memory of the band he loves. Let it grow. It shall be an emblem of that friendship begun here, ever to grow upward. As each season, it is dressed in a fresh garment of green, it shall tell of the perpetual youth and beauty of classmate devotion. We may come back here in future years to find the Library buildings all mantled with ivy, the growth of brotherly love.

Then are cheers for the several Colleges. Stand firm, Old Buildings and Spires: yours is the reward sought by the aspiring of all time—the applause, the grateful homage of earnest, intelligent men. Many shall dwell beneath your roofs, who, departing, will leave you as the sacred repositories of associations dear as life, and numberless as the sands of the sea. We regret that amid this cheering, the old elms are neglected. They deserve from us everlasting gratitude and honor.

After a good-bye round of applause for him who in times past presided over the interests of the institution, and for him who now discharges that high duty, the class crowd into the galleries at prayers, and thus close the exercises of Presentation Day. And what does it all mean? It means that men have hearts as well as heads, which receive development here. It means that the sons of Yale love her and each other. To them her name is a bond of union throughout the world. And as the children of Israel went up to Jerusalem to their grand festi-

val every year, so do the graduates of Yale assemble annually, to renew their strength within her bounds.

Presentation of fifty-seven is over—a day which will be long remembered with pleasure by those who were spectators, and never be forgotten by those who participated. Fifty-eight comes next, and that right speedily. To us there is but one more long summer vacation—one more in the winter—one more in the spring, then come examinations, then the interchange of autographs and pictures, then Presentation, then Commencement, then Life.

8. H. L.

When the Weary World is Sleeping.

When the weary world is elseping, Sleeping at the midnight hour; When the stars above are weeping Dewdrops on each tiny flower;—Forth from cloudy curtain creeping Shines the moon.

Lo! athwart the darkness leaping,
Leaping with a noiseless speed,
On, and ever on is creeping
Silver sheen o'er hill and mead.
In each hidden nook a-peeping
Shines the moon.

Mystic light through casement beaming, Beaming with its ghostly gleams, On the sleeper's pale face streaming Breaks the fetters of his dreams. On the sleeper that was dreaming Shines the moon.

Where the fairies too are dancing,
Dancing 'neath the forest glades,
Where the elfin music trancing
Charms the night till starlight fades;
On the merry scene a-glancing
Shines the moon.

In the deep mysterious ocean,
Ocean where the mermaids sleep,
Where the waves with ceaseless motion
'Mid the rocky chasms leap;—
Through the wild and mad commotion
Shines the moon.

When the weary world is sleeping, Sleeping at the midnight hour, When the stars above are weeping Dewdrops on each tiny flower;—Forth from cloudy curtain creeping Shines the moon.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

The Logic of Revolution.

BY NORMAN C. PERKINS, POMFRET, VT.

MEW fashion systems mightier than themselves, and of marvelous beauty; for God has builded them all in the human heart, and we but fulfill His purpose in embodying our own deep impulses in the living forms of human government. The structure of all social organization rests upon principles universal as humanity itself; and where these are lost sight of in institutions which spring from them, it is not strange that men should dig deep, and strive to build anew upon the broad groundwork of truth that underlies the whole fabric of social life.

Such is the work of Revolution—going back, in its mode of thought, to those unseen springs of action which lie in the very constitution of our being, and reaching forward, in the development of that thought, to the recognition of immutable rights in the visible organisms of government. The leading idea of a Revolution is the popular conception of the best government; and its aim, not to establish the State upon a newly invented basis, but to bring it back to those primeval foundations which God himself has laid in the hearts of all men.

The germs of all government are the seeds of all Revolution; both are the outgrowth of the same first principles of our nature, identical

in their origin, and differing in result only as their development is gradual or sudden.

Hence it is that revolutionists ground their action upon those simple doctrines which alone uphold and modify governmental institutions, and which men receive as ultimate truths. These elements of Revolution are two-fold; the objective notion of the relation between society and the individual, which varies among different people, and finds its expression in the ideal man; and the subjective feelings, which are common to all men, and the same in all ages.

The ideal man forms the type of every government, and determines the character of every Revolution. A low ideal drags the government down to its own level; a lofty one elevates, or destroys it. The ancients regarded the individual as a mere creature of the State, and thus rendered Revolution, in its modern sense, impossible. To the people, the government was all in all, and it left them no foothold for opposition. Europe made great advance in civilization through other agencies, before she was prepared for that of Revolution. Feudal Aristocracy, the Clergy and Royalty, each gained the ascendancy for a time, and each in turn fulfilled its mission in the great labor of enfranchising the race. But there was a result they had not the power to achieve. They commenced the work Revolution was to finish. The elevation of the people was beyond their reach, and foreign to their purpose. Their struggle was for particular classes and special privileges, while there was a battle to be fought for the great mass of mankind, as opposed to all classes, and for universal rights, as opposed to all privilege. At length men began to understand their own nobility, and to regard government valuable only so far as it sought their own highest good. Then came Revolution. The philosophers of the 18th century were the fathers of the struggle of ninety-eight, not because they taught rebellion, but because they instilled into the popular mind a higher notion of humanity, and because from them people learned to regard themselves as superior to venerable corruption, and all the institutions of unjust government. They gave to France a new ideal; and striving to realize what was shadowed forth in the national mind, she wrought out the mighty conception in fire and blood.

Individuals sometimes rebel from motives less comprehensive than the elevation of their kind; nations, never. Revolutions are for the attainment of something nobler and higher; for the establishment of the government which most nearly approaches a people's notion of the perfect form. All systems are estimated by their conformity to, or departure



from, this ideal standard. The security of all the rights with which they invest the individual, is the great end to be gained; all things else are to them but means, or hindrances, to this accomplishment. This estimate of man as man—the ideal of any age or people—stands forth as an ultimate fact, the authority of which as a ground of action men never dare to question, and beyond which they never seek to penetrate. Such is the first great elementary principle of Revolution.

But the loftiest conception of man and his attributes is insufficient of itself to produce Revolution. Men feel before they act, and resolve to do something before they determine what. Their idea of things external to themselves may guide their efforts, but the vital energy lies within. Theories are empty speculations till the deep consciousness of men gives them a significance and a power. Revolutions spring from the heart rather than the head, and originate in untaught impulses rather than reason. When the inherent right to life and property is disregarded; when the kindly feeling of benevolence, which goes out toward all human kind, is outraged by the suffering of others; when the sanctities of domestic life are invaded, and the love of family and kindred set at naught; when the desire of power, which leads them to abhor servility, is thwarted; when freedom of opinion and of expression is wrongfully checked; when the aspirations of patriotism are crushed by the degradation of their country, men feel the wrong they suffer, and wait for no homily on human rights to rouse them to action. It was not his doctrine of kingly prerogative that cost the First Charles his life, but the practical measures which resulted from it. It was not their colonial dependence that roused our own fathers to resistance, but the forcible violation of what they conceived to be their dearest privileges. A paltry tax on tea did what no mere theory of oppression could have effected. Intolerable suffering among the people gave the French Revolution a fierceness which, in destroying dynasties, well nigh overturned society itself.

Still, these subjective principles of our nature, when acting alone, are unequal to the work of Revolution. They cause uprisings and fearful struggles, but in the absence of other aid are a destructive force, without definite aim, capacity for choosing better forms, or power to re-construct. When these are united with a high conception of the ideal man, the movement possesses at once energizing and directing agencies, and the essential conditions of all Revolution are fulfilled.

This universal peculiarity of Revolutionary attempts—the fact of their being grounded on what men receive as ultimate truths—is fraught with deep meaning, and gives to them their chief significance, by determining

the occasion of the contest, shaping its features, and thus influencing the character of its results.

- 1. It limits Revolutions to cases where such measures have become an absolute necessity. Imaginary evils never endanger kingdoms, or disturb the operation of systematic government. Intuition never confounds real wrong with the seeming. Men do not engage in Revolution as a pastime, but as a sad labor for the accomplishment of great good. The principles upon which Revolutions depend are the same that teach the advantage of government itself, and they render men slow to destroy one system, while they direct how to establish another in its place. "There are no instances of resistance," said the elder Adams, "until repeated, multiplied oppressions have placed it beyond a doubt that their rulers had formed settled plans to deprive them of their liberties;" and even Machiavel declares, that not ingratitude to their rulers, but much love, is the constant fault of the people.
- 2. It gives them a right direction. Revolutions never travel backwards, and never fail of accomplishing some good. The advance may be small indeed, but it is a step in the true path, and cannot be utterly in vain. A tyrant may seize the government by a coup d'elat, or by gathering military power in periods of anarchy, but never by a Revolu-A popular outbreak has for its object something more than the elevation of a despot, and men are too true to themselves to compass their own subjection. They chant the Marsellaise to sacred Freedom, but sing no triumphal songs to Tyranny. Revolutions may not finish their work, but they prepare the way, and do something in the great cause for which they are instituted. France to-day, with all her humilintion, is better than of old, for the vestiges of an overpowering Feudalism have been swept away, and she but bides her time for the full realization of what she has half accomplished. Her transition state came later than with England, and advances slowly, because her degradation was great. When men rebuild a city they first tear down lofty walls and stately dwellings, and amidst the ruin there springs up many a shabby hut, and people mourn that for this the builders have destroyed so much; but underneath the rubbish, all silently the workmen lay the deep foundation stones whereon shall one day rise a new city more beautiful than the first. And so it is with the progress of Revolutions.
- 3. This characteristic of Revolutions produces a unity of effort among large masses of men, and thus invests the undertaking with the attribute of almost unlimited power. We read that when Godfrey led the armies



of Europe to their first crusade, and at length the toil-worn legions beheld the Sacred City, a deep sound rolled through the mighty host like the murmur of a tempest, as with one impulse each man of that great multitude cried out, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" So in Revolutions are men moved by one feeling, and a universal murmur rises up from the nation, as with one voice the people utter the great truth for the success of which the contest is entered upon. Revolution must arise from principles comprehended and felt by all men, and upon a basis broad as the object to be gained. When the whole people are thus filled with a single idea, and striving for a single purpose, their united energy becomes powerful to overcome all difficulty and to bear down all opposition.

- 4. Moreover, it produces earnestness of individual exertion, and thus secures perseverance of effort. Men feel sure of being in the right, and the principles which move them are too deep-rooted to allow feebleness of execution, or a pause in what they have undertaken. At such times men act from a stern conviction of duty, and it may be with the fearful energy of despair. They may not always have the ability to guide their action wisely, but they have hearts to feel, and suffering makes heroes of them all. Men thus actuated by principles which to them have all the authority of inspiration, and by which they become imbued with a fervor that not unfrequently approaches madness, do their work with a sweeping power and thoroughness; and herein lies at once the hope and the danger of Revolution.
 - 1. In seeking to embody the abstractions of governmental theory in practical institutions, men are liable to overlook the modifications demanded by human imperfection and weakness, and to forget that possible systems are at best but approximations to the true, and often necessarily blended with the false.
 - 2. In following the teachings of first principles, too, Revolutionists are likely to make insufficient allowance for the peculiar circumstances which surround their undertaking, and the real condition of the nation for which the reform is intended. Leading minds often endeavor to establish higher forms than the people are fitted to receive, or prepared to support. "Circumstances," says Edmund Burke, "give in reality to every political principle its distinguishing color and discriminating effect. The circumstances are what render every civil and political scheme beneficial or noxious to mankind."
 - 3. But the one danger in Revolutions greater than all others, arises from that universality of action which first principles insure, and lies in the fact, that when masses of men act together, the sense of responsibil-



ity is lost, and, by deriving from each other mutual countenance and encouragement, they plunge into excesses which as individuals they would never dare to attempt, and from which, under other circumstances, they would shrink back in horror. Of all the cruelties on the face of History, those of revolutionary fury which degenerates into mob law, are the most terrible, and furnish the most revolting picture of human wickedness coupled with power.

With all these tendencies for good and liabilities to error, Revolutions present themselves, not as irregular outbursts, but as natural and inevitable phenomena in the progress of the race. They indicate the existence of corruption, but are themselves a product, not of the disease which has crept into the State, but of the health there is left in it. They mark the heart-throbs of a nation, and record the phases of the popular thought in their works of destruction and regeneration. They are the pendulum-beats of the public mind, forever oscillating about the point of absolute truth, and ever tending towards what they cannot fully attain. They are an index not of barbarism, but of a growing civilization. Nations gain strength from the struggles of their growth, and often derive their richest benefit from the deepest commotion. The Pool of Bethesda possessed healing virtue only when the angel troubled its waters.

Revolutions are not to be regarded, then, as a lamentable fact, but as the chief remedial agency for unjust government. They are the last great means of deliverance to which mankind can look, and their recurrence must continue just so long as oppression and wrong usurp dominion over the affairs of men. The necessity for their existence will have ceased only when the time for wars and fightings shall have passed away, and the far-off reign of peace and good will shall be extended over all nations and people:

"When the war drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of man,
The Federation of the world.
Then the common sense of most
Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall alumber,
Lapt in universal law."

Mystern : its Influence in the Religious Training of Man.

BY W. C. CASE, GRANBY, CT.

The religious training of man begins in the study of external facts. The mind measures itself against physical phenomena before it can acknowledge weakness or develop strength. Thus man, who is first instinctive, then sensitive, then reflective, goes forth to a new life, learning invisible things of God by the things that are seen."

External facts become influences in this growth, through their fitness to employ the active principles of his nature. They do not mold the character or shape the life. They are the medici through which man does it for himself.

But the study of facts alone is not enough. The mind passes to the investigation of their circumstances, their relations to each other and itself. Hitherto all knowledge has been of isolated fragments—scattered points of light, dimly suggesting the immensity which they cannot illuminate. Study has been the apprehension of facts, and this does not satisfy. Imperceptibly there has grown up a belief in ultimate causes and general laws, and to these the mind labors to ascend. It passes from marvel to mystery. The first was a bewilderment of the sense, the dast is a baffling of the reason.

Mystery is the concealment of the principle by which a fact is to be explained. It is not a quality of anything material or spiritual, but a circumstance, the consequence of human imperfection. Nothing is absolutely inexplicable. This the mind instinctively asserts in all its reasonings. But there is a point beyond which explanation becomes impossible to men. In the region of the infinite, the method and experience of the finite are powerless. The inner sight grows dim and fades before the brightness of perfection. Then the mind goes back, bewildered and baffled, to the full knowledge of its own weakness.

When mystery has stripped off their self-sufficiency, men stand revealed to themselves. With the knowledge of imperfection, positive progress begins, and finds its realization in a "strength made perfect in weakness." Some conce; tion of God becomes a logical necessity, for the imperfect implies the perfect. Without tradition this idea of The First Cause is developed, but without revelation it can find expression only in material forms. The god of heathenism must be invested with the attributes of matter and worshiped through the senses.

But with belief in the unknwn comes the acknowledgment of dependence. The first conception of moral duty takes form and character The relations of man to a superior nature, become rules to which all action is referred. Thus the existence of a religious principle in the soul, is revealed. A religious principle; for if those ideas which correspond to moral rules, are not innate, there is at least a tendency to develop them. Human nature "is a law unto itself;" systems of faith are its interpretations.

Mystery brings the soul to the first rude knowledge of God and duty, but here its influence does not cease. It is especially potent in the after growth, not always working alone, nor producing independent results, but subordinate to one great end, man's perfect development.

The history of religious growth is not the history of creeds and systems, but of individual experience. One life is the type of all. Each stage of progress has its own manifestation characterized by the prevailing habit of the mind. Two periods precede the culmination of this growth in a rational faith; one of superstition, the other of skepticism. In both of these mystery is a necessary and efficient influence; out of both it brings the soul elevated, strengthened and purified.

Men make power their first god. Joined to no attribute of wisdom or goodness, the conception of power is the conception of license. Mystery by concealing inspires Dread, and this is the first Worship. Thus are men driven into Superstition, into belief without evidence.

Dread of the Supernatural overtops, and for a time stifles all growth. Through this ethnic era Reason sleeps. There is no study, no progress, nothing but fear. Religion is only an attempt to propitiate a nameless Horror. Men grope wildly in this haunted darkness, but without hope sink gradually to the indifference of despair. The energies relax—the moral nature stagnates. The soul receives foul, sensual conceptions for its gods—a heathen temple filled with the mummery of unmeaning rights, stained with the blood of unlawful-sacrifices.

But from all this corruption springs a living principle of true religion. This is salutary Fear.

The reason in its slumber has not been shorn of strength. Slowly it rises to break the bonds of a mechanical, stationary worship. Other and nobler ideals modify the first belief, which made all excellence consist in power. The supremacy of Wisdom is acknowledged. Mystery provokes speculation, and speculation inducts the period of Skepticism. All human growth is a series of reactions. Through the tyranny of form and the license of anarchy, individual character is perfected. The 28

VOL. XXII.



weight of Superstition once removed, a natural recoil drives the soul into Unbelief. Loathing the former bondage, it throws off all restraint; for the essence of Skepticism is the total rejection of the Supernatural. The soul is tree. It still has a faith, but in its own infallibility; it has a worship, but of its own supremacy. All the teachings of this conceited philosophy lead to one inevitable maxim: There can be no belief where there is no power to understand.

The refutation of this maxim is found in the commonest experience. Nature and her mysteries demonstrate its falsity. The hidden principle of Life, who has any knowledge of it beyond the outward manifestation? The subtle force by which the spiritual is linked to the material, who can discover and explain it? Science in a thousand lessons teaches men to believe without understanding. Every tree and flower tears the theory of atheism to shreds. God has not left himself without a witness, always present, always forcing home conviction to the hearts of men. Skepticism defeated here, fortifies another stronghold. The old atheism was too hasty in premises and conclusion. Men betake themselves to abstract speculations, covering retreat as best they may, with the catch-words of a false and glittering philosophy. Whatever be the method, whatever the system, it matters not. The beauty of the superstructure cannot atone for the rottenness of its foundation.

The soul sits long in the hopelessness of unbelief, but not forever. The mystery which inspired Fear, which provoked Speculation, still remains. Philosophy finds a limit in human imperfection, which pleads for rest—rest from vain attempts to unravel mysteries not given men to know. But in Skepticism there is no rest. Even Superstition, with all its selfishness and tyranny, was something far better than this.

There must be another revolution. This has been the age of theories. They have shot up with diseased luxuriance, and become rich in foliage but not in fruit. Growth has followed growth only to strew the soil with dead and thriftless fragments. Pile upon pile the shapeless mass increases and spreads out into a dreary waste. But the convulsion which must precede a habitable world shall work out a strength from all this worthlessness. Compressed to rocky hardness, and buried far beneath the surface, this refuse of unhealthy growth shall hold up a habitation fit for the indwelling of the soul. Reason, wi h all its excesses and conceit, is the foundation of a true and pure faith.

The conception of a Perfect Goodness completes the work. After the acknowledgment of this attribute, Faith is only reasonable. The soul demands a resting place. Sick of its own searchings, it will trust no



١

human philosophy. If men cannot comprehend Infinite Power and Wisdom, they can at least confide in Infinite Goodness and Love.

Faith is an absolute need where there is no revelation. The sudest religion demands and inspires it. The old Greek has shown how strong and beautiful it can be, even where there is no other light. Standing on the hither verge of heathenism, he wrought into myth and song, such glimpses of the Unknown as reveal all the secret sources of his character. Theseus was the highest type of moral heroism, but it was Ariadne, the impersonation of faith in the Supernatural, which made him keen to find, and strong to slay the Minotaur in his Cretan labyrinth.

Faith is an absolute need where there is revelation. Human nature is everywhere the same, and everywhere begins at the same point. Revelation carries the limit further back, but does not entirely remove it. It even widens Mystery and heightens doubts. Men always receive its light to a weakened vision, and sometimes add the distorting medium of their own sophistry.

The mysteries which the Word of God leaves unexplained, are absolute, at least while the soul is fettered to the flesh. What power to comprehend them will be added when "this corruptible shall put on incorruption," is itself a mystery. As such it is a potent influence in the adoption of the faith and practice of a Christian Life.

Thus does humanity become sublime. From Superstition to Skepticism, from Skepticism to a living Faith, the soul reaches its perfect stature. The deadly air which poisoned life brought down the whirlwind. Its fury uprooted the old beliefs, and cast down the temples of the old gods; then the clouds lifted and the storm passed. When all its ruin lies revealed in the new streaming sunlight, the soul begins an earnest, trustful worship of the True God.

Fame—s.

Famine drives the trout, Fame the dig;
Both nab a hook.
Fins, tail and bones—a widow and a wig,
Death and the cook.

Popularity.

THE love of distinction, in some form, is an instinct of human nature. It varies in its exhibition from a "vaulting ambition" clamoring for notoriety, to a mere delicate sensitiveness in regard to the opinion of oth-Worthy in its legitimate exercise, if nursed into activity and strength, it becomes a passion, and like every other passion, requires subjugation and restraint. As an insatiate thirst for glory, it sways only the few whose watchword is fume; but as a desire for the homage of the heart, as well as the lips, and the influence thus ensured, or, in a word, for Popularity, it enters into the composition of every character, and so affects every department of society. Its influence is in the direct ratio of sociality. A person's reputation with strangers, as such, or with those between whom and himself there is an essential disparity of rank, sentiment or feeling, weighs little with his conduct. Thus, wherever social caste prevails, and stations descend through hereditary succession, either by avowed right or tacit acknowledgment, there this principle is restricted in its operation; but, on the other hand, the more democratic the public sentiment, the more active and energetic in its exhibition. Republican society, where distinction is conditioned on personal effort, presents in its civil and political aspects, the legitimate sphere of its exercise.

Hence, our own miniature world, uniting perfect equality with the utmost freedom of social intercourse, furnishes a double advantage for the complete practical operation of the above principle; and a moment's reflection on the features of College society, give assurance that an attempt to discover it in this direction, will not be in vain.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we are about to launch into a philosophical disquisition; our theme presents enough that is local and practical, and we propose, merely, a familiar consideration of familiar facts.

That the desire of popularity, under certain modifications, is laudable in College as well as elsewhere, need hardly be averred. Favor with the mass, is a qualification essential to success in any social capacity. As above hinted, it has its foundation in the heart as well as judgment, and the influence which it commands is proportionate. Every person is bound conscientiously to seek that influence which real merit qualifies him to exert, and especially is this the case, where, by identity of pur-

suit and interest, every individual trait leaves its impress on the general character. It may also be urged that the student requires the stimulus and satisfaction of popular favor, as a spur to exertion and an antidote to discouragement. But it would seem, as facts indeed illustrate, that an instrumentality so effectual as the popular favor, would be courted with improper motives and employed for unworthy ends, while the very advantage which it is capable of affording, would be perverted to so many misfortunes; and it is to the abuses of popularity that we would especially turn our thoughts.

As the germ of all this abuse, the conception of popularity, though it must be confessed corresponding to that which is too often accorded under that name, is low and sordid. While it is regarded as a mere venal breath to serve the purposes of faction, and courted as such, there is little hope that it will rise above that standard. This misconception, however, would be comparatively harmless, were its object permitted to pass for what it is worth; but, on the contrary, that which should be an incidental tribute to genuine merit, is permitted to usurp the dignity either of an ultimate end or a means for accomplishing the basest and most self-ish designs. Here appears a prolific cause of mischief among us. The fairy phantom almost invariably eludes the grasp of the eager suitor, or if, perchance, he seizes the prize, her embrace, like that of the fair Virgin of the Inquisition, whose every charm revealed a dagger, proves fatal.

We may, with interest, contemplate some of the evils incident to the solicitation of College popularity. They are manifold, but the suggestion of a few will sufficiently express our conviction of their nature and tendency.

This popularity, in which so many seek a precarious existence, is not the settled conviction of mature reflection, but oftener a momentary burst of admiration, which may vanish with the breath which gives it expression, or as suddenly give place to sentiments of an opposite nature; hence those who would secure it, find abundant occasion to shift with popular caprice, and speedily lose their identity in the fickleness of the mass. Happy for them were this lack of individuality noticeable only in their public acts; but, unfortunately, the same destitution is characteristic in every capacity. Real genuine improvement must be held subservient to reputation, substance must yield to appearance, every step, every measure must be determined by their prospective favor with the mass; no thought, nor opinion, however carefully weighed, is allowed expression which does not "take," and every sentiment or emotion too earnest or too fervent to be "common," is studiously repressed. Now the origi-

nals of this picture, for it is no fancy sketch, we pronounce the veriest slaves, and subject to the vilest servility. Their thoughts and their opinions are not their own, but coined to suit occasions; their principles are but shadows of popular sentiment, and are renounced or colored by every shifting gale. In the man of stern, inflexible determination to do what he believes to be right, we can see something to admire, even though he err essentially in point of judgment. A dogged persistence in what seems to us a palpable absurdity, exhibits something reliable and trustworthy, but he who floats on the current of public opinion, an officious exponent of its varying temper, can neither challenge our confidence nor deserve our respect; but though high in favor with the multitude, he must be deemed an excrescence on the fair face of society, which the impartiality of time will cast off and bury in oblivion.

Again, the means employed for securing popularity are of themselves sufficient cause for condemning its pursuit. Natural endowments have created, even among us, wide distinctions. But for every order of talent there is an appropriate spliere, and while it is proper for each not only to be in readiness to fill the station for which nature and education have prepared him, but also by honest effort to attain it, the clamor of popularity should be shunned as an unsafe criterion of merit. We hold this principle to be self-evident,-that in a community where each individual is known to all the others almost as a member of the same family, worth cannot long be unappreciated, but will, in due time, find its proper level without any gratuitous effort to trumpet its excellence. But what a commentary on this axiom is presented in the internal history of our College world! What a record of infatuation is displayed in those far-sighted plots, for whose successful denoument long years of petty intrigue and obsequious flattery are cheerfully sacrificed! Is it true that "that strange spell, a name," is a sufficient guaranty for all those tricks and excesses that are perpetrated in the name of political shrewdness or partisan devotion? Is it true that public sentiment among us is at so low an ebb as to look with approval on that unblushing effrontery which thrusts forward self as candidate for literary and political honors, and scruples not to employ any and every means which promises success? Is not such policy rather a popular form of low selfishness, despised at heart by every man who reflects upon it, and only perpetuated by the prestige of custom, and the intoxication of its excitement, by which a view of its true character is precluded? If so, self-respect and a decent regard for propriety, require that sterling worth alone should be left to advocate its claims to promotion. Another prolific source of evil arising from this unnatural pursuit, is found in its partial success. A skillful adulation is



too often effectual in cajoling the public into an expression of favor which its maturer judgment and a more just appreciation, retract or essentially modify. Disappointment is the portion of the young aspirant, for human pride cannot brook the withdrawal of henor once fairly in possession, whatever the means whereby it was obtained. Every college generation furnishes numerous illustrations of this latter statement. cocious youths, whose astonishing brilliancy betokens, as our grandmothers used to say, an "early death," are heralded among us as "young lions," and every modest solicitation of notice is responded to with admiring enthusiasm, until the elated favorite finds himself lord of a sphere in which he is totally unable to acquit himself in a manner corresponding to popular expectation. The sequel is confusion, neglect, disappointment, despair! Such is a partial view of the evils which follow in the train of popularity when perverted to purposes of self aggrandizement. Let it not be inferred that we advocate a stoical disregard of reputation in any form; it has its office in the social economy, an office whose noble character requires the preservation of its purity at all hazards. Popular favor may be conciliated without compromising principle; and if he who sacrifices principle to popularity is culpable, he who disregards popularity in acting out his principles, is at least unwise.

Men may, if they will, make this the "summum bonum" of the present golden period of their existence, but as they seek to live in the acclamations of the surrounding multitude, let them not hope to find a place in the enduring affection or grateful remembrance of their companions. Let them renounce their identity, abjure principle and woo the smiles of popular favor. Let them be content to float ignobly on the surface of society, and murmur not if in its earnest progress their burden, being found to exceed their worth, they are cast off to perish on the shores of neglect. And let it be remembered, that if this time-serving policy be adopted in after life, its issue will be but a repetition of College experience. But is this to be the fate of gifts more capable of honoring, than of being honored by, society! Is the "bubble reputation" to preponderate every generous impulse and noble aspiration of the soul? College life, with all its motives to ambition, is not inconsistent with the practice of those virtues which are admired and cultivated in society at large. We hail the day when this fawning eagerness for popular favor among us will be grouped with the foolish extravagancies of the past; when Popularity will be but another name for true excellence of mind and heart; and when the principles of public action in College need only to be exemplified through life to secure for each a name redolent of good deeds, and enduring as immortality.



"Blue."

Our subject, brief as it is, has perhaps as varied shades of meaning as many a more extended theme. This little word has been put to many uses, and too often forced into connections where it cannot have any sympathy with the idea conveyed. Thus we hear of "Blue Laws," "The Blues," "Blue Stockings" and the like, and these are by no means all the ways in which this word is misused. How the ideas connected with it should happen so generally to imply disagreeable things it is not easy to understand. If we look to nature, we find no analogy to support such a signification. The great blue sky above us has connected with it no thought of austerity, pedantry or melancholy, but on the contrary teaches a daily lesson of cheerfulness, simplicity and world-wide sympathy. The wonderful blue sea gives us no impression of conventional exactness or sullen gloom. Its countlers ripples rejoicing in every ray of sunshine, and softly telling their joy to the smiling shore, its broad waters, bound only by the "hitherto and no farther," of Him who made them the very emblem of Freedom that they are, show how unjust are many familiar, figurative uses of this characteristic of the clear sky and the calm sea. It is only when the blue sky is hidden by gloomy clouds, that it loses its depth and loveliness, and only when the deep blue of the ocean has given place to the inky billow with its white foam-crest does it cease to be the "likeness of heaven."

Practically, however, it matters little to us whether this word is used incorrectly or not. We have to do with the idea which is represented by the word. Nothing is more common than to hear an acquaintance called "blue," and yet it is difficult to assign a definite meaning to the epithet, from the fact that there is scarcely any circle among us where it is not more or less used, and thus its meanings vary to an almost indefinite extent. A student can hardly sustain a respectable moral character without being called "blue" by somebody. In all cases, however, we can easily see that it denotes a little higher character than is claimed by the person who uses the expression. Students, like all other people, are great admirers of excellence in the abstract, but when we see a practical exemplification of those virtues we so warmly commend, we ridicule it as unnecessary strictness.

There is an idea quite prevalent among us that college life is a sort of truce in the great warfare between right and wrong, and that hence our actions have no moral quality. But, as it is not altogether easy to per-



suade ourselves of this, we acknowledge a "common law" of ethics which is entirely disconnected with the ordinary laws of right that are supposed to govern the outer world. One of the first positions of this unwritten code is that right and wrong are merely relative terms, and are entirely regulated by circumstances. In order to cover all cases that may arise, the curriculum is regarded as a sort of pitched battle for a degree, and the old maxim, "everything is fair in war," has here a general and practical application. But, however we may practice upon this theory, and endeavor to persuade ourselves that it is correct, still the grand idea of absolute right will now and then claim its supremacy in our minds and give the lie to all our miserable evasions. Hence it is that we are so dissatisfied with any who look higher than we, and who aspire to live according to those laws which in our hearts we know are binding upon us. The ridicule of others arising thus from envy, from unwillingness that they should be better than ourselves, cannot fail to have the most injurious influence upon us. It makes us insincere, and insincerity is a fault which takes away the power of accomplishing anything great or noble. And it not only makes us insincere, but the ridicule is directed toward sincerity itself. For after all it is the "blue" men who are the sincere ones among us. Not that a long face and sanctimonous air form the earnest man. These can be easily imitated. But no man can get hold of the "great idea of the great fact of existence," and be other than earnest and sincere. Such a man is entitled to our honor. "Sincerity, a great, deep, genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any degree heroic." Call him ascetic if you will,-grant that he is too stern,—differ from him in opinion if you will, yet if he has this sincerity and you have it not, he is your king.

Such a man is not narrow-minded. Hypocrisy, not earnestness, narrows the soul. He is not gloomy. Sincerity cannot exist except in a warm, glowing heart.

That man alone is manly who dares acknowledge in every action the "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not," of a Power he may not disobey. It were well if more such were among us. It is these who, looking higher than most of us,

"Let go conventions and spring up surprised, Convicted of the great Eternities Before two worlds,"

Thoroughly filled with this earnestness and looking, past the unreal,

upon everlasting truth they cannot be content with merely themselves possessing the knowledge of reality, they must communicate it to others and thus become

"The only truth tellers now left to God,—
The only speakers of essential truth
Opposed to relative, comparative
And temporal truths; the only holders by
His sun skirts through conventional gray glooms;
The only teachers who instruct mankind,
From just a shadow on a charnel wall,
To find man's veritable stature out,
Erect, sublime,—the measure of a man;
And that's the measure of an angel, says
The Apostle."

There is one commonplace in which our subject-word is used to which we have not alluded,—a use in which nature will bear us out. However the sky may be veiled by mist or cloud, yet when the cloud breaks away we see the same calm expanse rightly used as emblematic of truth. So earnest men, although the clouds of ignorance or prejudice may envelod them, yet always, so soon as we can see clearly, are found still and forever, "true blue."

Man, seen through queer eyes.

They call me a second Joseph—a dreamer of dreams. My coat is not of many colors, but as to my eyes, the ladies have speculated in vain. Their exact color is yet undiscovered. Sometimes gray, sometimes green, sometimes blue, sometimes yellow, sometimes red, evanescent as a twilight cloud, though not half so pretty, it remains to be determined whether I am a philosopher, a fool, a misanthrope, a speculator, or a hard—smoker. Nevertheless all agree that I am easy, odd, poetical and plain, and of course will never be either rich or renowned. Now in view of this state of things I have thought it incumbent on me to supply a deficient rib, all yellow.

In undertaking this doubtful experiment I bethought me to look at men and women, and then sit down and reflect. Whereupon I soon drew the following two fundamental principles of *Manscience*.



I. Every I-and-General-Jackson forms the revolutionary center of all human affairs.

Reflection 1st. "By the dog—the god of the Egyptians"—what a whirl!

II. Every I is Irreproachable and Immaculate. Every You is a graceful and clever fellow. Every He is a Fool and a Rascal.

Reflection 2nd. What a paradoxical genus is man! By the above it is clear that every one is immaculate, clever, and a rascal. Now as I am both I and you and he, I am consequently every one, and there is no escaping the paradox. I certainly must be a rascal. If the Faculty think so, the ladies will, and what one of them would grow into my side and become "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh?" Assuredly no one. Led by such reflections, I decided to abandon the rib project, and spare my knees until my philosophy could undergo a change.

So I am at leisure to pursue my speculations upon Man, his origin and uses.

According to certain very celebrated modern homographers we may not consider man as descended originally from Adam. A race with horns and tails, the baboon and the monkey, are respectively the father, grandfather, and great grandfather of man. And, in like manner, we may trace his genealogy back to the slimy spawns that used to sweat in the steaming and festering abysses of the pristine world.

"From you blue heavens above us bent,
The Grand old Gardiner and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent."

Cause why? They think how their progenitors looked a hundred centuries before them wiggling in the mud.

To assign this origin to the human family renders a clear solution to all the perplexing problems arising out of different races and characters. The blackfish, the whitefish, the sunfish, the goldfish, the shark, the bull-head and the eel, exhibit their several traits of character in their respective human descendants. Said traits in some instances abated, in others exaggerated into monstrous proportions. The blackfish is the ancestor of the negro. The whitefish, of the Anglo Saxon. The sunfish has a gay brood of children gamboling in the sparkling waves of fashion, extremely fascinating with their gloved fins, charming humor, and red gills. The goldfish must have his retinue of blackfish to haul him on his daily swims through palaces—must glitter in gems of all precious stones, and pearls. The shark subsists in New York and

Washington, and in all the large cities and State capitols, and woe be to all the finny tribes that venture near his keenly serrated jaws. The bull-head is found mostly in shallow water. He blows about the great ocean, and thinks himself the only fish of any considerable importance, except, perhaps, the whale, whom, having never seen, he makes his model. The eel is a brook fish, and trying to catch him is a favorite amusement of the faculty-fish.

No wonder the man in the moon always has his face musingly turned towards us. (Vide Olmsted's Astronomy.) No wonder he sometimes turns his head askew and pries into the cracks and crannies of this odd old planet. No wonder he blushes at times long before he goes to bed. He is doubtless all this while observing the uses of man, and never gets time to go round and see his wife on the other side of the moon.

- I, being a tall man, got up on the fence one evening and opened conversation with the said man in the moon.
 - "Good evening, Mr. Androselene."
 - "Good evening, sir."
 - "Is Gen. Walker stopping here."
 - "No. He has removed to Mars."
 - "Yes. Mar will probably be glad to see her son."
- "Good joke," insinuated Mr. Androselene. But he didn't crack a smîle.
- "Sir," said I, "if it would not be impertinent, I would ask what you may be thinking of all the while you are staring at your primary?"
- "Certainly," he replied, "just wait until I get behind this cloud. There is a fellow down there with a smoky leg-of-bacon face staring impudently at me through a hollow log."
- Mr. Androselene then gave me his impressions of men as he had observed them for the last 6,000 years. I shall not give all the points of his discourse, for the conversation continued until two o'clock nearly, (and meantime there was a thunder storm,) and on my return I detailed some of my adventures under the windows of 70 N. M., in a style which clearly proved me moon-struck.
- Mr. Androselene regarded man as a Salamander safe. He had seen men hide their money under the barn in jars, and then rob one jar to fill another. He had seen a man who needed three blood-lettings discharge a surgeon who charged thirty cents for the three operations—employ a barber for twelve, jew him down to nine, then take the three bleedings in one to save sixpence, and give up the ghost in consequence.

He had seen men cut holes in their shoes and plant corns on their toes to save ground. He had seen men with hundreds of thousands grumble about poverty, and shift their shiftless children onto the world to shift for themselves.

"Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu' Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu'."

Mr. Androselene likewise regarded man as a clotheshorse. He had seen many a clothier on Broadway look wistfully upon some gaudy vision of the town, and sigh to have his sign on that man's back in gilt letters. Strip off his gay attire and you will find him no kin to man but merely manikin. Gleaming boots, a glorious vest, an exquisite tie, a lovely moustache, progressive hair, like the branches of a larch, hugging around the head, and aiming at the nose! Don't duck him in North River. "Lo, the poor Indian whose untutored mind" don't see the use of making such a machine of himself. He would be quite comfortable in his buckskin leggins and blanket, if they were clean. Sensible old grunter of the forest! Prowl on, nor ever envy the lot of nineteenth century clotheshorses!

Mr. Androselene likewise looked upon man as a lady killer. He had seen, in the time of Horace, thousands of Roman youth, smiling and flirting with fair-haired damsels in the streets of Rome. He had seen students in more recent times tossing their tallowed locks, waving their kerchiefs and superinducing sweet smiles, and woe be to the unfortunate lasses who meet the glance of their witching orbs. Heaven bless the ladies, though they are sometimes a little to blame for this. But still, think of it! what is half of mankind doing all the time but lady killing? The dead and wounded hearts that flock in ghostly ghastliness along our thoroughfares tell the havoc of the lady-killers. He, the lady-killer, is the most shameless and remorseless murderer. You see him in the acme of his cruelty and glory at a fashionable concert. He occupies a front seat, holds an opera glass in gloved fingers. He is the only one standing. He is plainly no coward as he singles out his victims with his glass, levels all manner of deadly artillery at them, at which they whirl like birds in the air about the eye of the serpent, until they are drawn straight into his Anaconda throat. If he chances to kill a dozen little chipping birds in firing at his duck, why he "cannot help it." Like all the pirates of romance, he is very handsome-very gentlemanly, inasmuch that his victims court so sweet a death.

Mr. Androselene then proceeded to view man in the light of a chimney, of a rum barrel, of a porwigle and of a dig. He and I had both be-



come so opaque by this time, that the discourse and my recollection of it were quite obscure, and showed how truly we shone in a borrowed light.

I got down and went home—met Center Church coming down street, leaned up against the pavement to rest, didn't work, tried a tree, tree got away from me, got into bed, and next morning got out on the back-side and could not find my pants, until a friend kindly assured me that they were on my person.

Now, I shall change my philosophy, look about me for a better half and consult the moon as usual. And, as for my better half, I want one whom I may look upon as a comet, with a broad expanse of tail, luminous and lovely. But the less frequent her visits to the sun the better.

H. K. S.

Book Notices.

The Englishman in Kansas. By T. H. GLADSTONE: with an introduction by F. L. OLMSTED. New York: Miller & Curtis, (late Dix, Edwards & Co.) For sale by T. H. Pease.

This is one of the most interesting books upon the much vexed Kansas question. As the record of an unprejudiced observer and an impartial critic, it must take rank far above those productions which are the fruit of partisan views. It will be a valuable work of reference when the candid history of those troublous times shall be written.

The introduction by Mr. Olmsted, appears to us as altogether too bitter and violent.

TILLAH; or the Child Medium: A Tale of Spiritualism. New York: Miller & Curtis. For sale by T. H. Pease.

We cannot commend the design or the execution of this story. It may, however, interest those who have devoted themselves to the investigation of modern spiritualism—a subject with which we have not the slightest sympathy.

We have also received from Miller & Curtis, through T. H. Pease, Putnam's Monthly for July. This magazine appears under a new form, much enlarged and beautifully illustrated. The new proprietors announce their intention to conduct it upon a "more popular basis." It could not be on a more popular basis with us, as we have always considered it, since its first publication, as the leading American Magazine. But whatever new efforts it makes, may it meet with the success it deserves.







Have a good hat; the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks,
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature soorn the shocking hat.
Mount the new castor,—ice itself will melt;
Boots, gloves may fail;—the hat is always felt!

O. W. HOLMES.

THE undersigned would not prostitute the columns of the Lit. to advertisements—a grievous thing—but would simply tip his hat and return his most sincere thanks to his classmates for the elegant tile he so much needed, and they so magnanimously bestowed.

Classmates, for your generous self-sacrifice you doubtless find ample recompense in your own breasts. Your bounty, gentlemen, consists not more in its sensible representative, than in the obsequious deference of all urchins under twelve, in the respect of all fathers and mothers, and in the smiles of their daughters. To the first a beaver is an object of idolatry, to the second, an evidence of respectability, and to the third, "a thing altogether lovely."

Let me allude to the inscription.

The first half is plainly a mixture of adulation and truth—" Sed nimia pulchritudine non praedito," indeed!

But the latter half—"Ne deformi quidam diotae operculum deest

I am at a loss, gentlemen, whether to regard this as a compliment to myself, or as a reflection on the hat. If you, like myself, deem the plug beautiful, I must be at less thandsome, in order that it should be oppropriate, (suum.) On the other hand, if you would intimate that I am homely, it is clearly offering an indignity to the hat. This manifestly requires explanation.

Setting aside this, however, permit me to say that my gratitude will long outlast the tegumentum, which I shall embalm in all spices, so that generations yet unborn may sing the praises of the mummy beaver.

Your sincere friend and classmate,

H. K. S.

Memorabilia Palensia.

As Presentation week was unusually rich in memorabilia, we will commence with the first day, and following the week through, jot down whatever is worthy of record.

On Monday evening the annual Wooden Spoon Exhibition of the Junior Class took place at Brewster's Hall. As usual, there was no lack of an audience. The Spoon, which was of rosewood, elegantly carved, was presented in behalf of the Class by J. E. Kimball. The recipient was B. D. Sleight. The music was furnished by Robertson's band from New York. The brevity of the speeches was a move in the right direction. The general complaint of Wooden Spoon Exhibitions used to be, that the speeches were too long. The plan of introducing a new tune to the College world at each 'Spoon,' has already grown into a custom. This year 'Litoria' made its debut, and has already found its way into our rooms and under our elms.

We might proceed to speak of how the colloquies were applauded—of how impressively the cochleaureati appeared upon the stage—of how bright eyes glanced admiringly along the line till white veats throbbed visibly, and glance echoed back to glance—of how, when the Exhibition was over and the audience had gone home and were wrapped in profound slumber, the midnight air was awakened by the melodious notes of the band serenading—of how blinds were carefully opened and beautiful boquets found their way into willing hands—of how the morning sun found the cochleaureati still engaged in their romantic expedition, till the jangling Prayer-bell called them back to stern realities and sleepy delinquencies:—upon all these, and fifty more collaterals, we might enlarge to any extent, were it not that modesty forbids what justice would demand.

Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock, the Senior Class was presented by the Senior Tutor, Fiske P. Brewer. The exercises came off in the Chapel, which was well filled, though the weather was somewhat unfavorable. The presentation having been concluded, the Poem, by Norman C. Perkins, of Pomfret, Vt., followed. The Valedictory Oration was by Augustus H. Strong, of Rochester, N. Y. The Parting Ode, composed by George H. Pratt, of East Weymouth, Mass., was sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

In the afternoon, the usual Presentation day performances came off. On account of the drizzling rain a tent was erected in front of Alumni Hall, beneath which the Class gathered at half-past two o'clock. The usual programme, consisting of songs, Class-histories, vocal duetts, stag-dancing and shaking of hands, was gone through with. The song-paper was not so well filled as usual. After dancing they formed for the march. The old Presentation marching tune, "Road to Boston," was this time compelled to yield to a couple of noisy drums and a squeaking fife, which kept up a perpetual din in ill-accordance with the mournful feelings of the departing Class.

At Prayers, the Doxology, the most impressive of the Presentation customs, was for some unaccountable reason forbidden.

In the evening, W. E. Doster, of the Senior Class, in behalf of his Classmates, delivered the farewell address to Linonia.

About nine o'clock, blasts from sundry tin horns in the Freshman quarters, reminded the weary and sleepy, that Presentation day "wasn't dead yet." As it grew later and darker, Freshmen, covered as to their faces with burntcork,-Freshmen, with striped pants,-Freshmen, with hooped skirts,-Freshmen, with hoofs and tails,-mild Freshmen, with coats turned inside out,fierce Freshmen, with big beards and bob tailed trainer-coats,—Freshmen, with bears' heads, and Freshmen with bare heads—in fine, Freshmen with all sorts of conceivable and practicable disguises, each one armed with a banger as big as he could lift, and a tin horn as big as he could blow, issued from their rooms, and marching sternly across the College yard, assembled at the State House steps for the purpose of celebrating their entrance upon Sophomore year. After orating in spite of the noisy Sophomores, who kept up a continual shouting of "Hear!" "Hear!!" "Good!" "Time for you Fresh, to be in bed!" and sundry other equally entertaining and witty remarks, they sang a Greek song that looked quite natural, and then formed the procession. The boarding schools were serenaded as usual, only one, however, acknowledging the compliment. At half past two, in the morning, squads of muddy Freshmen crossed the College green and disappeared among the brick buildings, there to dream for an hour or two of hobgoblins, Greek songs, mud-puddles, serenades, fair faces, morning flunk, and dunning Pow Wow Committees. "Esto Perpetua."

On Friday afternoon, the speaking for the DeForest Prize Medal took place in the Chapel. The weather prevented many from attending, yet the audience was by no means a small one. The Orations were as follows:

- 1. "Characteristics of the Logic of Revolutions," by George Pratt, East Weymouth, Mass.
- 2. "Mystery; its Influence on Religious Training," by Augustus H. Strong, Rochester, N. Y.
 - 8. "Milton; as a Republican," by John Milton Holmes, Chicago, Ill.
- 4. "Characteristics of the Logic of Revolutions," by Norman C. Perkins, Pomfret, Vt.
- 5. "Mystery; its Influence on Religious Training," by Joseph C. Jackson, Newark, N. J.
- 6. "Mystery; its Influence on Religious Training," by William C. Case, Granby, Ct.

The performances of A. H. Strong and J. M. Holmes were judged to be equal, but the prize fell by lot to the former.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

BROTHERS.		LIKONIA.
F. A. Noble,	President.	J. GARRARD.
8. H. Ler,	Vice-President. Librarian.	M. S. Eighelberger.
R. C. Haskell,		E. Seymour.
VOL. XXII.	29	

Vice-Librarian.	
C. H. FOSTER,	S. B. HARTWELL.
Secretary.	
A. H. WILCOX,	P. V. Daniel.
Vice-Secretary.	
L. T. WILCOX,	E. G. Holden.
Senior Orator.	
W. N. Armstrong,	J. E. Kimball
Junior Orator.	
W. K. Hall,	E. CARRINGTON.

CORRECTION.—In announcing the elections in our last Lit, the Secretary and Vice-Secretary of the Brothers' Society, were inadvertently given as Linonian Officers, and vice versa.

PRIZES.

Townsend Premiums for English Composition.

W. C. CASE.	•	N. C. PERKINS.
J. M. Holmes,		G. PRATT,
J. C. JACKBON,		A. H. Strong.
For Solution of Astr	onomical Proble	ms. Class of 1857.

For Solution of Astronomical Problems, Class of 1857.

D. D. BALDWIN, H. S. DEFOREST.

J. T. CROXTON, M. W. ROBINSON.

Clark Prizes, Class of 1858.

1st Prize, R. C. Haskell.
2d Prize, G. B. McLellan, A. Van Name.
2d Prize J. W. Gibbs, C. H. Williams.

Prizes for English Composition, Class of 1859.

	1st Division.	2d Division.	8d Division.
1st Prize,	E. CARRINGTON,	T. R. Lounsbury,	T. A. Post, R. A. Stiles,
2d Prize,	L. H. BRISTOL,	B. N. Harrison, J. E. McClintock,	E. Smith, W. A. Stiles,
8d Prise,	C. H. Boardman, P. V. Daniel,	W. K. HALL, J. C. HOLLEY,	J. H. TWICKELL, A. H. WILCOX.

Prize Poem, Class of 1859.

G. W. FISHER.

Mathematical Prizes, Class of 1860.

1st Prize,	W. C. Johnston,		
2d Priss,	R. S. DAVIS, R. B. BROWN.	E. D. MoKay,	J. M. Morris,
3d Prise,	T. L. B. Howr,	H. L. FAIRCHILD,	M. Shell.

Freshman Scholarship.

J. M. MORRIS.

Clark Prize to Second in Rank.

J. H. Schneider.

SENIOR APPOINTMENTS, CLASS OF 1857.

Valedictary Oration.
[L. Holbbook.

Salutatory Oration. W. Smith.

Philosophical Orations. S. M. FREELAND,

High Orations.

C. NORTHROP.

F. E. BUTLER,	11.9.0 07.000.00.	S. Holden.
H. S. DEFORES	T.	J. M. Holmes,
G. S. GRAY,	,	G. S. Nolen.
,		A. M. WHEELER.
Orations.	Dissertations.	First Disputes.
E. T. ALLEN,	J. S. BURNET,	C. S. Blackman,
O. F. Avery,	J. T. CROXTON,	E. W. BLAKE,
J. Bradner,	A. T. GALT,	W. E. Doster,
J. P. Buckland,	J. P. Green,	A. W. DRAKE,
J. C. DAT,	A. HAND,	C. B. Dyr,
S. J. Douglass,	H. S. Huntington,	J. N. HALLOOK,
V. Hickox,	F. C. Jones,	L. D. Hodge,
J. W. HUBBELL,	A. B. MERWIN,	B. P. Learned,
W. E. HURLBURT,	A. H. Strong,	L. E. MATSON,
J. C. Jackbon,	G. Tucker.	H. C. PRATT,
H. P. McCoy,		W. H. SAVARY,
M. W. Robinson,		S. O. SEYMOUR,
E. Rodgers.		M. Tyler,
		N. D. WELLS.
	Second Disputes.	
J. Q. Bradish,	S. T. FROST,	G. PRATT,
R. Brown,	E. T. Fuller,	L. E. PROFILET.
M. N. CHAMBERLIN,	E. W. HITCHOOOK,	E. F. SANDYS,
J. B. CONE,	J. T. LOVEWELL,	H. M. SERLY,
D. S. Dodge,	N. C. Perkins,	J. L. Smith,
D. F. Forrest,	E. L. PORTER,	G. M. WOODRUFF.
	Colloquies.	
D. D. BALDWIN,	E. J. Evans,	J. E. Palmer,
E. Barrows,	J. GRISWOLD,	W. A. THOMPSON,
T. W. E. Belden,	S. H. Hyde,	M. C. Wells,
J. A. Christman,	J. Marshall,	N. WILLEY.

Editor's Table.

AFTER clearing away the great mass of communications which has been accumulating upon our table for the past two or three weeks, we have at length succeeded in obtaining a level surface, large enough to accommodate our humble sheet, while our editorial pen is busily running over its surface.

Of course we shall commence our remarks with a few words about the weather. We say 'of course,' because custom demands that we should. Every body opens a conversation with 'the weather,' from Miss Seraphina Smith in her afternoon calls, up to the venerable Professor in the optical lecture-room. Why, then, should we hesitate to do sof Moreover, precedent demands it. Ever at the present day, the refuge of bashful youths in company, we have no reason to believe that it is an invention of our age. Imagine a timid Roman youth at an evening party, dragged up half-trembling, half-wishing, to the presence of the fair daughter of an illustrious gens, and introduced. He has no late opera to praise, no 'last new book' to criticise; he asks her to play for him on her lyre, and she doesn't know a single piece; to sing, and she shrugs her bare shoulders and says, she 'has such a dreadful cold!' He stands still, bites his lip, twitches his toga nervously, blushes, and, with a look of blank despair, ransacks his brain for something to say.

Meanwhile, the fair one imperturbably looks around the room, examining the ladies' dresses, waiting until her embarrassed partner says something. Now in such a case as this the poor wretch must have been driven, like all his unfortunate successors, (and their name is legion.) to meekly venture a remark upon the 'tempestas.' The argument from analogy is strong, the custom must have been ancient. Here, then, upon custom, so old and so universal, we take our stand and cry. "O tempora!"

Do not imagine that the topic will be a dry one—far otherwise, as you will see by the observations we have taken and give below. The fact is, we have been Merriamizing lately. During last winter we tried to see how much warm weather we could bear, and so out doors we wore over-coats and shawls, we put on thick boots and rubbers; inside we sat near the fire, we took warm baths, we slept with a warm stone at our feet,—in fact, we did everything that our ingenuity could suggest, and wore everything that our tailor could provide. The result has been very satisfactory. We haven't got the rheumatism. We are now trying the experiment of how much cold weather we can bear.

We have also, in imitation of the great weather prophet, been keeping a memorandum of the weather. We give below our results for the past four or five weeks.

First Week. Bar. P° §.' " ‡—Syz '18' × "". Per. ‡ Ap. Rain. Remarks. Borrowed an umbrells.

Second Week. Sunday, 12 M.—Saturday, 12 M. Rainy.

Remarks. Wet term.

Third Week. First seven days, pouring rain. Rest pleasant.

Remarks. Vanes need oiling. Ground damp.
Fourth Week. Rainy, showery, drizzling, foggy, muddy, sploshy.

Remarks. Wish the Comet would 'dry up!'

Fifth Week. Bar. ¶. ! 1 0 2. Cleared off. Remarks. Umbrelia returned.

The Clerk of the weather ought to be ashamed of himself for getting up such a programme as that!

Of course, such weather kept Yalensians in doors.

The time was well improved. Wooden Spoon Initiations and Pow-wows had stolen that priceless boon, sleep, and, as a consequence, when the rain came on, they betook themselves to the land of Nod. Sleep was the order of the day. Shawla, couches, and excuse papers, were in great demand. Old North Middle sent forth at regular intervals a universal snore. A neutral would go to borrow a pony from a society-man, and would find him fast asleep on his couch with a pair of boots and a lexicon for a pillow. Shaking him roughly by the shoulder he would ask him for his book, and a gruff, "not prepared!" followed by a double bass snore, would be the only answer. Neutrals were everywhere. Neutrals reveled at the boarding-house,—neutrals ran up high stands in the recitation rooms,—neutrals bowed to the President in the Chapel—in short, Yale, for a few days, assumed a kind of 'neutral tint' till, one by one, the sleepers broke the bandagof Morpheus and issued forth to gladden the eyes of men.

Yale is herself again. The Fresh—, we beg pardon, the Sophomores have powowed themselves into Sophomoresence, and begin to watch at the depot for that unfortunate class of beings whom they contemptuously call Freshmen. The Juniors are buying light yellow canes and shining beavers. Some of the more romantic are practicing upon violins and flutes, preparing to soothe the slumbers of some fair one during the moonlight nights of next term. Poor fellows! They know not what a Biennial may bring forth.

Speaking of serenades, reminds us of one we heard the other night. We were coming home, late of course, (for Editors cannot keep early hours,) cogitating upon the mutability of human affairs, when we heard harmonious sounds proceeding from near by. We stopped. It was a band of serenaders. There they were, collected together in a dusky group, looking up romantically at the fourthatory windows of a boarding school and lugubriously singing a song, which we, taking for Italian and admiring it much, copied down as they sang it. Here is one verse:

Obe agade. Obe agade,
Frob a fored zhaw.
And O idvillz bi ard withghaw
Du beed bi vredz wúdz baw!
Eer Idróbbed dêrbarding de'er
Du grause deèozhuds fobe
Bud dow Ib wùdsagade widdôse
Whokidely greedbeobe.

Grum, who was with us, said that we were a fool. He said that every one of them had got a cold in his head from the damp weather, and that they were singing "Home Again!" But we did not pay any attention to him. Grum doesn't like Italian. He can't appreciate it. Grum isn't a bit romantic.

But to return. The Seniors (as they call themselves) are waiting till it clears off, so that they can have an optional lecture; a favorite employment of theirs and apt to produce good recitations at the optional, which comes about half-an hour after the big cloud does.

The Class of 1857 have left us. Soon, like Atlas, they will bear the heavy world upon their shoulders. They have gone forth to be a glory and an honor to Yale, wherever they may be. A noble Class! We bid them God speed, yet sadly feel their absence.

"Around the walls Yalensian, the fleeting years shall flow, But never bring the equal here, of Fifty-Seven, O!"

Long life and prosperity to them, and may they not forget their Alma Mater when success fills their coffers or crowns their brows with laurel.

The following was found among some old College papers, and contributed by a fair correspondent. As Commencement is at hand, we give Messrs. Colon & Spondee the benefit of an insertion.

VARIETY STORE.

TO THE LITERATI.

MESSRS. COLON & SPONDEE.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

VERSE, PROSE, AND MUSIC,

Beg leave to inform the Public and the Learned in particular, that,—previous to the ensuing COMMENCEMENT—they purpose to open a fresh Assortment of

LEXICOGRAPHIC, BURGERSDICIAN AND PARNASSIAN

GOODS,

At the room on the GREEN, lately occupied by Mr. John Shith, The Burgler, (if it can be procured,) where they will expose to sale

Salutatory and Valedictory Orations, Syllogistic and Forensic Disputations, and Dialogues, among the living and the dead; Theses and Masters' Questions;—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and the ancient Coptic, neatly modified into Dialogues, Orations, &c., on the shortest notice;—Talmud;—and Collations after the manner of Kennicott;—Hebrew;—Dead Languages for living Drones;—Oriental Languages, with or without points, prefixes, or suffixes; Attic, Doric, Ionic and Æolic Dialects, with the Wabash, Onondaga, and Mohawk Gutturals;—Synalaphas, Elysions and Eclipses of the newest Cut;—V's added and dove-tailed to their vowels, with a small assortment of the genuine Peloponnesian Nasal Twangs;—Classic Compliments adapted to all dignities,—with superlatives in O, and gerunds in di gratis;—Monologues, Dialogues, Trialogues, Tetralogues, and so on, from one to twenty-logues.

ANAGRAMS, ACROSTICS, ANACEBONTICS,

Chronograms, Epigrams;—Rebuses, Charades, Puns and Conundrums, by the GROSS or SINGLE DOZEN. Sonnets, Elegies, Pastorals;—Epic Poems, Dedications, and Adulatory Prefaces, in verse and prose.

ETHER, MIST, SLEET, RAIN, SNOW,

Lightning and Thunder, prepared after the manner of DELLA CRUSCA, with a quantity of Brown Horror, Blue Fear, and Hissing hot love, from the same

Manufactory; —with a pleasing variety of high colored compound Epithets, well assorted; —Anti-Institutes, or the new and concise mode of applying forty letters to the spelling of a monosyllable; —Love letters by the ream; —Sermons, moral, occasional, or polemical; —Sermons for Texts, and Texts for Sermons; — Old Orations scoured, —Forensics furnished, —Blunt Epigrams, newly pointed, with Extemporaneous Prayers made to order; Alliterations artfully allied; and periods polished to perfection.

AIRS, CATCHES, AND CANTATAS,

Overtures and Symphonies for any number of Instruments; Serenades for nocturnal Livers; with Rose-Trees full blown, and Jokes of all colors;—Amens and Hallelujahs, trilled, quavered and slurred—with Couplets, Minims and Crochet Rests, for female voices; and Solos with three parts, for hand organs.

CLASSIC COLLEGE BOWS-CLEAR STARCHED,

lately imported from Cambridge, and now used by all the topping scientific connoisseurs in hair and wigs in this country.

ADVENTURES, PARAGRAPHS, LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS,

Country seats for rural Members of Congress, provided for Editors of Newspapers; with Accidental Denths, Battles, Bloody Murders, Premature News, Tempests, Thunder and Lightning, and Hail Stones, of all dimensions, adapted to the season.

CIRCLES SQUARED; MATHEMATICAL POINTS

divided into quarters and half shares; and jointed Asymptotes that will meet at any given distance.

SYLLOGISMS IN BOCARDO AND DARAPTI,

Serions Cautions against Bad Habits, Smoking, &c, and other coarse Wrapping-Paper, GRATIS, to those who buy the smallest article.

On hand, a few tierces of Attic Salt:—Also Cash, and the highest price given for Raw Wit, for the use of the Manufactory, or taken in exchange for the above articles."

We clip from the "University Literary," the following, which, while human nature remains the same, will apply as well to Yale as to any other College.

At the seat of Instruction where once she was blest, Fair Science sat mourning with sadness oppressed; Her maps and her volumes lay scattered around, Her globes, all in fragments, were strewed on the ground, There lay, in rude tatters, the relics of sense, The waste and destruction of genius immense. She wept, shook her head, and with anguish began, "Alas! for the boy who conceives he's a man! When his stature grows tall and his fingers begin To stroke the soft down that comes over his chin; When he talks of assemblies, assumes the fine air, Falls in love, (as he calls it,) and dreams of the fair—

This College, these Students I claimed for my own, Here my precepts were uttered, my maxims made known, I displayed the fair honor for wisdom designed, And the lasting content she bestows on the mind: They heard me with rapture! I saw in their eyes, Bright hope, emulation and genius arise; I hailed the glad omen, My children, I cried, Let no pleasing objects your bosoms divide, Till crowned with true virtue, with learning refined, I restore you a blessing and joy to mankind. Ah, fond expectation! I saw with despair, How soon they forsook me to wait on the fair; While I talked of planets that rolled in the skies, Their thoughts were on dimples and beautiful eyes. I laid down positions and strove to construe, They spoke of Miss Nellie, Miss Fanny, Miss Sue! I saw a fine youth, as apart he retired, Who seemed with the ardor of learning inspired. His books and his pens were disposed in due place, And deep lines of thinking were marked on his face; Nor shall my assistance be wanting! I cried, ... I'll crown thy exertions-I sprang to his side-But, lo! an acrostic! the verses were planned, The name was all written, the letters were scanned, The initials arranged to promote the design, And his genius was working to get the first line .-I shut up Legendre-I blushed for myself, I laid Bopp and Kuhner again on the shelf-Disappointed, confused, and o'ercome with regret, I uttered a wish I shall never forget,-That every fair maiden my counsel would prize Aud shun every youth till he's learned and wise."

Pshaw! That is rather severe. We are afraid many Yalensians would never see the fair ones if they were obliged to wait till then.

Among our exchanges We acknowledge the receipt of the following: Erskine Collegiate Recorder, Beloit College Monthly, Philomathean Magazine, Student's Miscellany, University Literary Magazine. In the list of editors of the latter, we notice one, Th. Gordon Pollock, an old friend of ours. We extend him our congratulations for the honor, and our commiserations for the labor, which his college-mates 'have seen fit to confer upon him.'

The following books lie on our table. We have not time to notice them further.

Dutch Exile, in cloth, \$1. Every Lady her own Cooper, by G. Percha. The Wanderer, in calf, 25 cts. Display, a Tale, Taylor.

The YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE for July. For sale at the low price of 25 cents, by T. H. Pease.

Threstotichin

VOL. XXII.

No. 1X.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

SYTEM

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mess grath manet, nomin landespie Yalesses Cuntaburi Sosoins, unminique Patrice."

AUGUST, 1857.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS II. PEASE.

MERCONATH.

CONTENTS.

Enthusiaam,	
THE DEFORMST PRIZE CHATTON: Mystery: its Influence in the Religious Training of M	ankind, 338
Brass, a principal service	
The Age of the Beautiful,	851
Paras Ponas: The Polar Sea,	- 850
The Beauties of Mand,	858
Two Weeks in and Around Landon,	- 302
MEMORABILIA YALESSIA,	266
Clark Scholarship,	- 367
College Premiums,	- 867
Entroids Tables,	- 267
Notice to Contributors,	

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXII.

AUGUST, 1857.

No. IX.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '58.

E. F. BLAKE,

C. S. KELLOGG,

D. G. BRINTON,

J. E. KIMBALL,

S. H. LEE.

Enthusiasm.

THERE is a world of meaning in this single word. Like abstract terms in general, however, it is hard to define. In religion, it suggests the madness of the zealot; in reform, fanaticism; in science and art, the ardor of a noble ambition.

In giving such latitude to the term, we are conscious that we militate against high authority. "Where there is no error of imagination"says Taylor in his Natural History of Enthusiasm-" no misjudging of realities—no calculations which reason condemns, there is no enthusiasm, even though the soul may be on fire with the velocity of its movement in pursuit of its chosen object. If once we abandon this distinction, language will want a term for a well-known and very common vice of the mind; and, from a wasteful perversion of phrases, we must be reduced to speak of qualities most noble and most base by the very same designation." But he has robbed a specific agency of its name without furnishing us a substitute, and if we acquiesce in the arbitrary appropriation,-" language will want a term for a well-known and very common 'principle' of the mind," no less deserving a name than its baser counterpart. To the metaphysician it may convey the idea of morbid excitement, imagination disordered and reason dethroned; but to us it speaks of youth, and hope, and healthful activity.

, VOL. XXIL

80

Excitement is essential to the highest exercise of mental power. Mighty elements in the intellectual world may exist, and, passing away, "be as though they had not been." Society is full of undeveloped genius, whose latent energy needs only to be aroused to startle the world; as the atmosphere is fraught with a dormant agency whose presence is scarcely perceived till its concentrated power arms the terrific thunderbolt. Great emergencies may summon up the energies for the moment, but their action is fitful and spasmodic. Enthusiasm is a living principle, stimulating the whole being and uniting its resources.

It gives depth, intensity and vigor to thought. Socrates, Newton, Shakspeare, and a myriad princes in the realm of mind were actuated by an all absorbing enthusiasm in their favorite spheres. Though enthusiasm does not of necessity imply greatness, there can be no great achievements in the intellectual world without it.

It gives strength and vivacity to expression. Eloquence has been aptly defined as "the Enthusiasm of reason." The secret of the orator's power and the author's charm lies in that lively principle, which, quickening every sentiment and glowing in every word, awakens interest and enlists the sympathy.

It gives efficiency to action. Every record of successful achievement is a record of enthusiastic exertion. Every great reform since the world began owes its success to the zealous devotion of its moving spirits. The studio of the artist, the legislative hall and the battle field, alike attest the stupendous power of an enthusiasm which concentrates all interest, activity and vigor upon the single object of pursuit.

Enthusiasm is an element essential to success. It is true that

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, And some have greatness thrust upon them,"

but Fortune never conferred greatness in any other sense than placing it within reach of enthusiastic exertion. External circumstances may conspire in vain to exalt a passive aspirant. A vital principle within, animating every faculty, quickening every nerve and "urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object," is the only sure guarantee of success. Enthusiasm not only dares to attempt great things, but ignores discouragement. Identifying possibilities with actual achievements, and clothing all with the charm of novelty, it converts toil into pastime and obstacles into wholesome stimulants.

Enthusiasm is the offspring of hope and sympathy; and as such is peculiarly characteristic of youth, when the whole being thrills with



JAN 4 '40

"the joy
Of young ideas painted on the mind,
In the warm glowing colors Fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new,
And all is lovely."

This free, genial, and confident spirit, wherever exhibited, elicits our admiration; nay, we almost do it homage, for its high character reveals its noble function. Age is furnished with other resources in habits of exertion and principles of action, and the force of early impulse may abate without essential detriment; but to the young, enthusiam is a guide in discipline and a support in trial, and woe to that youth, who, thwarted and depressed by the ills of life, experiences no exultant heartrisings in contemplating the joys and conflicts of the future.

Such being the nature and office of enthusiasm, it demands cultivation; and a judicious system of discipline will bring it into frequent exercise. But there can be no enthusiasm in any pursuit where there is no interest or sympathy. Divorced from enthusiasm, exercise becomes a mechanical drudgery, and discipline a painful constraint. Time, toil and talent are wasted by disregarding the law which requires the cooperation of heart and hand in every successful enterprise.

The student, above all others, requires the stimulus of a rational, glowing enthusiasm. In him especially, it should be fostered and encouraged. Under an unnatural and oppressive discipline, it may be supplanted by a forced energy or hopelessly crushed. But with it, perishes the freshness and elasticity of spirit which infuse an attractive interest into the commonest occupations of life. We have no sympathy with that Procrustean theory, which, violating every impulse of nature, forces intellects of every type to measure themselves by the same unyielding process, and judges all merit by its own narrow standard of conceit.

A mind bereft of all natural zeal and warped into an artificial channel, may excel in its own contracted line of exercise, while aside of that, its pigmy proportions are deservedly despised. But show us an example of living enthusiasm disciplining nature, and we will show you the elements of success in any sphere of legitimate exercise. Whatever be the composition of this effective agency, whether an indefinite hope of great accomplishments in future, founded on a vain conceit of superior endowments, the novelty of new pursuits, or both combined, it is worthy to be cherished as an abiding principle at every period and in every department of active life, for it but echoes the Scriptural injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

J. E. K.

The Outcast.

I MET with a youth at a Western inn;
His face was woefully pale and thin;
His great eye was fixed in a vacant stare,
And I shrank from its wild and threatening glare,
The glimmering light burned dim and low,
As his tall form wandered to and fro.
A fear of the spectral midnight hour,
A dread of the wanton madman's power
Constrained me to speak, for I longed to know
The cause of my strange companion's woe.
He turns upon me his fearful eyes,
And slowly, and mournfully thus replies:—

The dismal droning of the drowsy night Falls melancholy on my weary ear. The willow, mosning in the moon's faint light, The wild wolf howling through the forest drear, The frogs that pipe their woeful slumberous lay, The death-watch, ticking in the shadowy room, The lone bird wailing on the leaden bay Can ne'er express my heart's despair and gloom. As some enchanted warrior, keeping guard With stony eye, in pond'rous armor clad, O'er Moslem treasure in the castle yard, So lifeless I. And people call me mad. O young enthusiasm, art thou fled, Ere twenty years have ripened well my beard? O lurid star, that lit my natal bed, Why, raging, hast thou thus my young heart seared? The maiden shudders at my cold, dead eye, My haggard cheek, my wan and wasted form. She never smiles, but like the wintry sky, Lowers cold, and dark. But I heed not the storm! No sympathy on earth? I'll gaze above! Lo, there fantastic clouds do gape and frown; Then proudly wheel and pour their tearful love, On love lorn earth, wide mouthed to drink it down! Ye Moorish hosts, constraind by wizzard spell, Arrayed in Andalusian mountain caves, I'll hie where ye in silent ghost-hood dwell, And join ye in a cup from Lethe's waves!

Cursed be Ambition's oriental dream!

Cursed be the gold our miser kinsmen clutch!

Cursed be Love's glist'ning, treach'rous, mad'ning stream,
Ye splendid phantoms, vanishing at touch!

What! Court them o'er and o'er! Fame's temple seek!
Who'd brave the heat to make the sun his throne!

Would'st fawn on kinsmen! Kiss some maiden cheek!
Kiss Mammon's shrine! Thyself and God disown!

Bring wine! This night an hundred cups I'll drain!
Hail wine's oblivion! Death's sweet antepast!

Hail Sleep divine! Still thou my reeling brain!
Hail shroud! Hail grave! O joy! I'm free at last!

Twas thus he died. And o'er his lonely bier, None dropped the sweet oblation, pity's tear. "O he was naught," the village people said, "Love smitten fool, 'tis better he is dead. E'en as a bubble among mountain waves, So he is lost amid the sea of graves, What use was he! He died a loathsome sot! Pollute his ashes! Let him be forgot!" "What use!" He might have led the throng, To fight for truth, and triumph over wrong! "Forgot!" His mem'ry time can ne'er destroy, What was his anguish is a million's joy! For hear him shout an id the pallid throng, "Young hearts, despond not! Be ye brave and strong! Pause ye who trifle with our buoyant spring! Pause ye who never heard the Siren sing! The drunkard's curse, the madman's sullen moan May haunt your life, and mock your dying groan! Chide gently, and our erring feet reclaim, We'll cheer your winter with love's grateful flame."

H. K. S.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.*

Mystery: its influence in the Religious Training of mankind.

BY AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ANALYSIS.

Introduction. Universality and insolubility of mystery.

Religion has two elements, the latter presupposing the former: I. Knowledge of God (Intellectual Element) and II. The recognition by the heart of our relations to Him—(Practical Element.)

- I. Mystery the condition of the attainment of the intellectual element of religion,—serving to lead the finite to a knowledge of the Infinite.
 - Necessity of mystery founded in the constitution of the finite and its relations to the Infinite.
 - Mystery the intellectual state which follows the failure of the practical reason to comprehend the recondite manifestations of the Infinite.
 - 8. Mystery the condition of the objective conception of the Infinite—i. e. serving to reveal to consciousness the intuitive idea of God. (a.) In the process, a priori. (b.) In the process, a posteriori. The necessity of these processes the only proof of God. This intuition the logical faculty tries to reason away, instead of reasoning from, and from mystery runs into the absurdities of Atheism.
 - 4. Mystery in the Infinite driving us to personality and thence to the character of God. Pantheism denying mystery of personality, for that above reason substitutes that which contradicts reason—while Polytheist, seeking to personate his idea of the Infinite everywhere, generalizes hastily and gets to the fiction of many infinites and many gods—argues from nature alone, not from his own single soul, and to satisfy his intuitions introduces mythic history, fate, chance.
 - 5. Mystery in the character and attitude of God felt in ancient mind, and every separate soul driving us to faith in revelation and its divinity. Otherwise we must be Rationalists. Revelation a mystery, and why. The Deist who denies its truth, has greater mysteries to fight in Christianity and Christian life. Mystery in revelation a presumption of its truth. 1. No mystery in pretended revelations. 2. Faith in a revelation not mysterious would be impossible. Revelation completes our finite knowledge of the Infinite.
- II. Mystery the condition of all practical religion, 1. in itself; 2. in its separate elements; 8. in the successive development of these which constitutes the religious progress of the race; 4. in the perfecting of these in practical life up to the realization of the ideal religious character.

^{*} The speaking for the DeForest Gold Medal of the value of \$100, awarded "to that scholar of the Senior Class, who shall write and pronounce an English Oration in the best manner," took place in the College Chapel on the 19th of June last. The Faculty were unable to decide between the performances of John M. Holmes, of Chicago, Ill., and Augustus H. Strong, of Rochester, N. Y., and the prize fell by lot to the latter.

- Necessity of mystery to practical religion, from the constitution and condition of our present life of Probation.
- Mystery the condition of both great elements of practical religion—faith and reverence.
 - (a.) Faith—two elements. 1. Intellect: this previously shown to rest in mystery. 2. Will: voluntarily trusting the testimony of the higher reason to things above practical reason.
 - Mystery therefore a condition of faith—leading to God instead of keeping us from Him. Unbelief logical result not of mystery but of a wrong heart. Faith rests on reason. Solf-deception of mysticism.
 - (b.) Reverence—two elements, viz: Fear and Love, each conditioned or perfected in mystery.
- 8. Mystery affording ground and stimulants to intellectual progress in conception of a God, secures a successive development of these elements, ensuring a progress of the race from a religion of fear to a religion of love, from reverence of force to a reverence of holiness.
- 4. Mystery leading to the perfection of the elements in practical life, and thus to the perfect recognition of our relations to God. Our discipline is the child's pupilage and training for a wider life—leading to
 - (a.) Straightforward performance of duty, in humility, fortitude, submission and a reasonable faith.
 - (b.) Study of the two revelations. This the proper field of reason. The one great lesson is, that there is no mystery apart from finite weakness. Mystery an argument for an immortal life.
 - (c.) Speculative doubt the trial and perfecter of the noblest souls. Examples. Conclusion.

ORATION.

When Raphael lay in his coffin at Rome, in the lofty chamber made sacred by the toils and triumphs of his supreme genius, high up above the gloom and pall and bier, and the hushed sobbing of the mourners, there stretched away into the broad and heavenly light that work incomparable and sublime, painted with the life-blood of the artist and unfinished when he died-the Mystery of the Transfiguration. Impenetrable and triumphant, it rose above the pallid brow and the withered hand that tried to paint it, yet shone with a calm and hopeful radiance, like the dawn of another and a cloudless life. We are all striving to paint the mysteries. We chase their vast unutterable secrets till like Eurydice, they melt into funereal darkness. To us, as to the world's great painter, the mystery of death alone unravels all the mysteries of life. We are walking over bottomless abysses on the filmy footing of a spider's web. We dance beside great yawning chaems, all black with mystery. Beneath us and around us and above, it eyes us like the grim, ubiquitous faces in our dreams. Mystery in that which seems all lawless and incongruous in nature, and in that methodizing of isolated facts



which we call science and universal laws. Mystery in the age and vastness and regular processions of the universe,—in the shooting sapphire crystal—in the making and motion of the worlds. Mystery in vitality, from the confervae on the water and the lichen on the rock to the complex, crowning life of man. Mystery in mind and its earthborn fetters, in its elements, the origin of its cognitions, the validity of its processes, its knowledge of the absolute and infinite. Mystery in the race,—its destiny, its backward movements, its shameful centuries, its labyrinthine wanderings in history. Mystery in revelation,—its sublime intimations and its awful silence. Mystery in the essence of all things and their final end. Mystery at last in God. Unfathomable gulf of mystery, girdling our little isle of knowledge—a gulf made only blacker as we stand upon its crumbling verge, and hold our rushlights over that ailent waveless main, on whose still waters sleep eternal clouds and darkness, towering with their dusky battlements to the blue and hopeful skies!

This mystery is the condition and perfecter of all faith. The religious training of mankind has for its object the practical recognition by the heart of its relations to God. But no man can love or worship what he does not know. The practical presupposes an intellectual element, and the first step in all religious training must be the attainment of a knowledge of the Infinite. All things in nature and His word and in the upright soul are revelations. From them we learn of Him, and they no less than He must be above the perfect comprehension of the finite. For "the living garment of the Deity" which the earth-spirit in Faust is working out forever, leads us straight back to God, if we would find its The lawless facts in nature are but secret workings of a law above our reason, or wisely hid in darkness, which is itself, with every other, His simple, fathomless volition. And God alone can comprehend the total relations of the simplest thing in nature, for each simplest thing is linked into the Universe, and manifests the Infinite. Much more then, that which can comprehend the essence of the Infinite, must be itself omniscient and divine.

Hence in the very constitution of the finite and its relations to the Infinite is laid the foundation of mystery. We may define it as the intellectual state which follows the failure of the logical faculty or the practical reason, when it tries to comprehend the recondite manifestations of the Infinite. And the office which it holds at every step in the intellectual element of faith, is that of making objective and revealing to the consciousness of men, the intuitions of the soul, by which alone we can conceive the Deity. Not till the sensible reason with its proud vain

searchings is lost in mystery, does the higher reason, like the sublime in nature, lead us from the finite to the Infinite.

We see this in the process a priori by which in natural religion we come to the idea of God. Every use of reason, we are conscious, is limited and imperfect. We know that we are finite. Every motion of our minds is bounded with a wall. Now in this very finite being is shadowed forth the being of the Infinite, as in the watch-tick all the eternities are speaking, and in the grain of sand is dimly seen the illimitable universe of God. But how shall we know these latent grandeurs—how make them objective and consciously real? By the practical reason, which in reflecting upon its operations, will never cease the effort to explain, until it finds itself all at a loss and in a hopeless mystery. Then alone appears this kingly intuition, like another Daniel after the Persian Magi. It declares the Infinite, or rather, in the scorching fire of mystery, the invisible inscription of the Infinite upon the higher reason, comes out all dark and vivid. Thus from the cloud of mystery, God speaks as of old.

So in the process a posteriori, a man will never give ear to the suggestion of a higher cause than nature or himself, until his reason is baffled, and mystery compels him to the Deity. When Adam, the child-man, rises from his sleep of nothingness to an outlook upon Paradise and an inlook on himself, his reason fills with measureless, unanswerable questionings. Not knowing "who he is, or where, or from what cause"-feeling himself imperfect, finite-trying to reason, yet in strange doubt and mystery, he has no other oracle save intuition, which whispers of the Infinite, and content with its responses, he calls out to God. And thus the mystery without us and within, is given to lead us through the mystery of intuition, to the higher mystery of God. In the validity of this process man naturally believes. He gets to the idea of God never by argument, but always by a natural process, and when he would justify to practical reason his intuitive belief, he finds apart from the necessity of these processes, no demonstration of a God. The clearest evidence of Him, is this His own sign-manual, fixed to the human soul.

But the logical faculty rests never. It must try all things in its alembic. It cannot endure an unsolved problem. It is haunted by a mystery. And so, when in its own discomfiture, it finds the mystery of intuition, commanding its belief in the mystery of God, it startles and its rising pride is tempted to reason away, rather than reason from what it cannot explain. Shall the soul accept its own deep consciousness as the basis of all reasoning, or shall it enthrone the logical faculty above God speaking in the soul? The answer makes the Theist or the

Atheist, the one exalting his being by a faith in the absolute and perfect,—the other in the pride of reason and the hatred of obligation, debasing his nature by a denial of its highest facukies, by the monstrous assertion, justifiable in omniscience alone, that nothing in nature shows intelligent design, by the credulity which will not see a God whose existence rests on the same evidence as that of our fellow-men, and which hides from the all-pervading mystery of nature, in the unutterable absurdity of chance.

But practical religion presupposes something more than knowledge of the existence of the Infinite. We can worship only personality and character. When reason accepts the doctrine of the infinite, its mystery drives the intellect to a concrete personation. It may justify its belief by arguing God's personality from its own, and from the marks of kindly and intelligent design around it, it may infer His natural attributes. But here again is mystery. Can Deity be personal yet omnipresent? Can mind create that which is not mind? The Pantheist thinks not. He must understand before he can believe this mystery of the connection between the one great Cause and His great work. . So he bridges the chasm, and makes the two identical. God is all things, or rather all things are God, and the Pantheist's weak reason is the summit of the developed and self-conscious essence of the whole. He solves all mysteries indeed, but only by putting in place of that which is above reason, a system which is antagonistic to all reason,—a system which gives the lie direct to every fact of human consciousness and conscience. The Polytheist interpreted far more correctly this mystery of Cause. He could multiply Naiads for every stream, and woodland nymphs for every flower and tree, but he never could be an underhanded Atheist. He sought to embody his intuitive idea of God, but by a hasty generalization, he derived from it the impossible fiction of many infinites, and many gods. Then too, he invested them with every attribute of their supposed creations, until each one of his innumerable gods had as many mortal imperfections. His reasoning went not far enough, and it could go no further, for his argument for the justification of his intuitions was the argument from nature only, and her mysteries were explained not by a single infinite and spiritual conception corresponding to the soul of man, but by countless agents, working each in its own sphere and cooperating in the whole. This did not satisfy his intuitions, and in the lack of the one God, he stretched back his mythic histories to Chronos, or brought in the strange conception of a god-ruling fate, or sought a refuge from all mysteries in the irrational idea of chance.

The Polytheist needed a purer worship and a holier service than he could render to his gods. He needed besides the knowledge of the one great God, a knowledge of his attributes and government. He might perhaps suspect them from the supremacy of conscience in the soul, and from the tendencies of vice and virtue here, but what mysteries fettered the earliest steps of his belief! From these very mysteries, how many a man has fled, only to shape out for himself an imaginary world, free from a God in History, and a soul insufficient to itself—a world kept vitalized and whirling on by the supreme force of law, while the living God that made it, is banished from the Universe and the Rationalist is king! There were problems here which seemed of old to need solution, yet the divinest conceptions of Socrates or Plato never solved them,-longings for the infinite and perfect which the mystery of inexpiable guilt choked down and smothered-desires for a more intimate acquaintance with the attitude of Deity to men, which dimly found expression in the resident divinity at Delphi and the responses of Dodonian Jove. They sought amid the world's confusion and disorder, proofs of an overruling and divine administration. They sought in the mystery of their own unfettered natures, an external system of moral control, which could alone crown conscience sovereign of the soul. They sought not only to do, but to know what duty was, in the mystery of what seemed a lawless universe and a lawless soul. The world's deep voice in Plato's mouth said God must help to teach men virtue. The world's great cry went sounding up to heaven in that agonizing exclamation of the heathen skeptic: "O God! if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" It is the power of this mystery felt in each separate soul, and seen in the gloom and longing of the ancient mind, from which we rise to an assured belief in revelation. Until men feel this want and need and hopeless mystery, there can be no divinity for them in the message from on high.

But while its single aim is clear and luminous, it is a revelation of mysteries, else it would be no revelation. And as in natural religion, it is only through mystery that we apprehend the Infinite, so in revealed, the mystery in its evidences and doctrines is forever leading us to God. He who like the Deist would deny its truth, must fight the greater mysteries of Christianity and Christian life, and scout its external evidence, by premising that he will believe on no evidence whatever. The Christian mysteries themselves afford presumption of their divine origin. All other revelations have reduced things infinite to the low reach of imagination and of sense. We could not credit a revelation which taught us nothing above reason, for it were contrary to the analogy of nature,



powerless over conscience, and leading us never up to its great Author-And thus through mystery alone we rise to a conception of the being and character of God, and reach at last in revelation the summit of our finite knowledge of the Infinite.

(II.) But practical like intellectual religion, the recognition by the heart of its relations to God, as well as the attainment of a knowledge of Him, has its every element conditioned upon mystery. And not only this, but by giving ground and stimulants to progress in the intellectual conception of a God, it renders certain a successive development of these elements and their continual perfection, so that mystery in the religious training of mankind leads ever from a lower to a higher faith, and at last to the realization of the ideal of religious character.

Here as before there is a necessity for its existence in the very constitution of our finite being. The solemn meaning of this life is in the word probation. It is a long gauntlet of character which we must run. Now infinite knowledge, seeing the end from the beginning, could scarcely be consistent with the power of temptation. And it surely is essential to the end for which we live, the trial and manifestation of our character, that with the law of conscience known to be supreme, we should be left to conflict with the powers of darkness, not knowing in full the consequences of evil, nor the rewards of good. It is the grandeur of our life, that we work as in a long mysterious polar twilight, and only now and then catch radiant gleamings of the sun.

Now the first element of practical religion is faith. Faith is distinct from knowledge. In knowledge is no virtue, for there is no exercise of will. Faith is the voluntary trust in things not seen by sense, upon the testimony of the higher reason. Hence faith is impossible without mystery. At no step therefore in the attainment of an idea of God, is the evidence demonstrative. At every step we are convinced that we know nothing, and mystery sends us ever upward from the dim results of reason to the great Father of Lights. Mystery then in Nature and in God and in His word, instead of keeping us from Him, is meant to lead us to Him. And as the practical element of faith is in the will, unbelief is the logical result, never of mystery, but always of an uncandid and unsubmissive heart. For those who will not see, there is a blackness of darkness everywhere, but light enough for him who in sincerity and truth desires it. Yet faith is as impossible without reason as without mystery. We believe only after evidence. It may not be demonstrative, yet the judgment must always be our warranty. Hence mysticism which puts in place of reason a divine illumination, is pure selfdeception, for belief in such illumination must rest at last in private judgment. Our faith then, while it is conditioned upon mystery is firmly based upon the evidence of reason.

Thus the conversion of the intellect and will makes way for all proper affections of the heart. Sensibility follows ever on the track of intellect, and therefore true affections towards God are impossible without the prior faith that rests on mystery. But true reverence which in itself and its elements, love and fear, is the sum of all proper feeling towards the Deity.—of which all service, praise and worship are expressions,—is itself the child of mystery. We reverence that which is beyond our power of full conception—that which more or less fills up and satisfies the longing of the heart for something infinite and perfect. Hence the sublime in nature, and great men in history, have been sometimes objects of idolatry. But it is only the unsearchable and absolute, the vast inexplicable idea of a personal Divinity, and the power of its mystery in the heart, which can call forth the deep and lasting reverence of the soul. The fear essential to all reverence comes by nature to all men, but only in presence of the dread unknown. Hence the old Greeks. when the power of their mythology was fading, saved the worship of their fathers from the skeptic's sacrilege and the crowd's contempt, only by the secrets of Eleusinia. Hence Egyptian gods sat grim and silent, with finger on their mouths. Hence priests of every age have triumphed over men by working on this natural awe of that which is mysterious and infinite.

True love, that other element of reverence, is made perfect and sublime in mystery. To the perfection of all human love is needed a degree of knowledge, a knowledge of the quality of the affection centered upon us, but its grandeur and beauty are in its surpassing extent and exhaustless resources, which only by degrees we learn to conceive of, and never fully comprehend. Much more then in a love divine, is needed an infinitude of affection, whose mystery we are forever seeking to solve, but never with success,—forever coming nearer, but never fully resching a knowledge of its depth and fullness.

Now these great elements of reverence, love and fear, are each present but in varying proportions, in every attitude of the heart which follows upon faith, and these proportions are determined by the progress of the soul in the intellectual conception of a God. Mystery first leads man to the idea of the infinite, and its various embodiment. The Polytheist's gods are personations of it, drawn from the powers of nature in their calm and their convulsion. He sees not so much the

order and goodness, as the all-conquering might of Deity, and his reverence is mostly fear. But mystery always drives to thought, and with his thought come sights of wisdom and benevolence guiding the helm of force. But as he rises to the faint conception of God's character and a latent love blends tremblingly with fear, the mystery of conscious guilt is thick about him and the weak soul, unlike its God, clamors for revelation, and he knows it comes from heaven. Then as his intellect sees holiness the crown of all divine perfections, and learns that

"Every cloud that floats above, And veileth Love—itself is Love"—

love penetrating all things, educing good from ill, and seeking out the lost, his reverence turns at last to perfect love which casteth out all fear. And thus mystery, without which we could have no intellectual conception of the being and character of God, is not only the condition of every element of practical religion, but by making certain an intellectual progress in our faith, it binds them all together in a successive and harmonious development, whose climax is the perfect love of God. From heathen altars and devil-worship and all horrid, slavish rites, mystery in the religious training of mankind is leading on forever the grand progress of the race from a faith of fear to a faith of love, from a reverence of force to a reverence of holiness. This grand procession of the ages, embracing individual and nation, taking in all times and tongues, comes finally to worship in the single temple of the heart, whose only shrine is the beauty of holiness, and whose one God is Love!

And now in the virtues of practical Christian life, mystery is working out the perfection of religious character. Our training here is the education of children to a higher and wider life. Some things our Father lets us know, and we may see the reason for His commands. Others He lets us know in part, trusting to our faith in his surpassing love and wisdom, as full motive to complete obedience. At times he ordains trials of our patience, some things concealing which he might reveal. By the child's discipline, we grow to the full stature of developed men, strong in a reasonable faith, perfect in fortitude and humility and submission. From the very consciousness of ignorance, we rise to a serene dependence on the Omniscient and the Infinite. Under the broad shade of mystery, grow all the graces, like flowers, which through the leafy shelter of the trees, look now and then into the very depths of heaven! What stimulant like mystery to straight and earnest action! It teaches plainly that the end of living, is the wealth, not of a perfect knowledge,



but a perfect character. It puts to flight the mournful despair of Zenophanes, and the conceit of disputation. In the dark ways of thought, and strange confusion of this life, it builds a narrow but firm footing like the bridge of Pilgrim in the gloomy valley, and bids us walk thereon. And thus the path of duty takes us safely into the thickening darkness, and through the whispering of fiends, and past the flaming gates of hell!

But mystery is none the less a grand incitement to the study of God's two fold revelation. The final cause of intellect is knowledge. We are not made with this desire to know, only like Ponce de Leon to chase a fleeting phantom to our graves. We may go far in reducing to great general laws the seemingly incongruous facts of nature, and in comprehending then, the one great fact, that apart from finite weakness there is no mystery, and that all great secrets of the universe, for wise purposes made dark as night, or forever beyond our ken, are only the recondite manifestations of an infinite and regular design, whose symmetry and beauty are above our knowledge, yet none the less forever sure. The mystery of general laws we cannot fathom. The essence of the Deity, and His sublime volitions, must ever be a mystery. But the dark ways of Providence on earth, the sorrow and the sin, the trial and temptation of this life shall be justified to reason, if not in this world, then surely in the next. What better argument for an immortal life!

In earthly mystery is sorrow. In the discipline of faith through which all men must pass, speculative doubt is preëminently the trial of the noblest souls. Eager to do the right, if the right be only clear, they live in constant struggle with the powers of reason. Tempted to ask knowledge before duty, to demand the why and wherefore of the declarations of the Infinite, in the weary strife of reason with the word of God, they yield at last implicitly to its high guidance, believing in the possibility of things incomprehensible. Gathering questions for eternity, they walk sublimely through the world, waiting "till the day break, and the shadows flee away." I seem to see the noble soul of Foster walking this dim earth as in a tunnel, through whose gloom the heavenly light comes sometimes flashing, lighting up that sad pale face with promise of a perfect day to come! I see the iron face of Luther grow broader and more serene as in some hour of devotion he puts to flight the devil and his doubts, and gazes into heaven! I see Judson in that lonely bamboo hut amid the jungle, tortured for months with doubt, and worn with ceaseless prayer, going to work again at last, with a face shining like an angel's till he died! I see the Christian poet of the later



time, with a brow on which the calm of lonely meditation sat, yet with a heart big as the world he lived for, and full of unutterable sympathies, free at last from all his troubled questionings, and resting in

"——That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened."

As the sun of reason sets in clouds, and the lonely night comes on, each Christian grace comes out like the clear stars above, while climbing the horizon of the mind, like the full round moon, and silvering every cloud of mystery, is that old hope of the apostle: "Now we see through a glass, darkly, but then, face to face!"

Brass.

" κεκορυθιμένος αϊθοπι χαλκῷ."

HOMER.

"The brass that seems to speak."

MACAULAY.

"In the olden time-long ago," men feigned a series of ages which should mark their declination from the good old standard, and to each a name was given, which should serve to characterize the periods. Under the mild and beneficent sway of Saturn passed the fruitful cycles of the Golden age. Then the Silver age advanced, and men's characters no longer rang the tune of the true old yellow coin. But a darker era was approaching, and soon the silver light no longer flooded turret-top and tower, but faded into a grim and ghastly gleam. The Brazen age claimed its own. Though succeeded, and for a time superseded by the age of Iron, it has still retained its place, the natural Age of Man—the proper appellation of "all time." Each succeeding century gives new pledges of its perpetuity. It finds the assurance of its immortality in the grim egotism of Johnny Bull,-in the fantastic politeness of Paris and its strongest hope and fullest expression in the voluble and versatile Young America.

In treating our subject, therefore, we shall enter into no detailed account of its various family branches, but confine ourselves to that particular species which gleams in the eyes and informs the features of the sons of men. Having premised thus much, we shall pursue the usual method, and consider our theme, 1st, Subjectively; and, 2nd, Objectively.

- I. As to its existence in, and influence on, the man. As the ore of the baser metal which bears its name is found imbedded deep in the earth, so brass preëxists in the character and constitution of the individual. Education is the miner, who brings it first to light, spreads it o'er the face, and causes it to radiate from every lineament. When it has thus grown in the man to the dignity of an influence, its effect upon him is peculiar!
- 1. It begetteth in him extreme satisfaction with himself. Himself is the center about which he himself revolves. In the mirror he surveyeth his attire,—his kids,—his cane,—his coat, and lastly, himself, and pronounceth them all "very good." The words of the poet continually recur to his mind:

"Here I stand before thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light
To a' the place."

He conceiveth the universe to derive dignity from the fact that it was all made for his own peculiar gratification. He loveth science as it serveth to render him attractive; art, as it contributeth to beautify his person; and nature, as it setteth off his own perfect loveliness.

2. He becometh complacent. Perfect satisfaction engendereth perfect tranquillity. He pityeth the whole human race. He compareth them with himself, and is overwhelmed with a sense of their own inferiority. He looketh at himself and exclaimeth, "What a piece of work is man?" He considereth himself "fearfully and wonderfully made." He hath

"A certain cast about the eye, A certain lifting of the nose's tip, A certain curling of the nether lip, As if in scorn of all beneath the sky."

8. It implanteth in him self-conceit. Conceit hath in him an abiding place. It twinkleth in his eye. It writeth itself in hirsute characters upon his upper lip. It radiateth from his countenance generally. He resteth in the full assurance of perfection. He hath a "child-like faith" in the superiority of all his endowments.

YOL XXII.

II. Such being the influence of this subtle metal on the inner man, we shall next consider it in its outward manifestations.

As a consequence of his extreme satisfaction with himself, he concludes that others are equally well satisfied. This belief affects his entire conduct toward others.

- 1. He becometh impudent. He sporteth and cherisheth a tawny bamboo, with which he whippeth invisible poodles as he traverseth the street. He stareth through his double barroled opera glass at lovely ladies, and thinketh his stare reciprocated. He looketh daggers and all manner of edge tools at his betters. He expendeth his patrimony upon himself, and considereth that charity, in beginning at home, hath made a very good beginning. He longeth for a return of the fagging system, and thinketh the present immunities of Freshmen a "vain thing."
- 2. He becometh of easy virtue. He circumventeth his tailor. He purchaseth of him costly raiment and fine linen, and remunerateth him by negotiating with him extensive loans for himself. He loveth "to steal awhile away" from college duties. His health and stand decline. He is afflicted with strange maladies. His excuses are pregnant with instances of heroic fortitude in the endurance of pain. They are invaluable as works of imagination.
- 3. He loseth himself in admiration of his genius. He splurgeth before Freshmen, and conceiveth himself to wield

"The wand of eloquence, whose magic sway— The sceptres and the swords of earth obey."

He skinneth rashly. He crammeth his coat sleeve instead of his head. He disproveth the proverb—e nihilo nihil fit. He darkeneth speech with many words. He becometh a "sounding brass'!"

- 4. He becometh cruel. He getteth himself up and perambulateth the streets. Like Brummel, he exhorteth females to gaze and die. He cultivateth the society of ladies. He collecteth from them trinkets and tokens. These he exhibiteth to crowds of envious males. He smileth significantly. He looketh volumes.
- 5. He is "all things to all men," and everything to himself. He thinketh himself happier than the ancients,—for while they erected a statue of bronze to him who served them well, he is his own statue,—portable and omnipresent,—to him a "joy forever." When he cometh to solve the sad enigma of the grave, he "sitteth and singeth himself away"—

Oh—when released from earthly toil, I "shuffle off this mortal coil," May I be buried 'neath the soil,

In brass.

The Age of the Beautiful.

OUR age, though eminently boastful, makes no pretension to the beautiful. A generation made proud by looking upon the fruits of its own mechanical and scientific genius, is uneasy by reason of conscious deficiency in the ideal and sublime; it disrelishes contemplating a race of more tasteful descendants, fused by the mingling harmony of finer sensibilities, and seeks to hide its shame, and to satisfy its pride with complacency, by the plea that the age of beauty is already past. Angelo and Raphael seem to have perfected art by catching and confining to matter the bright soul of beauty. The great old fathers of song seem to have drained dry the springs of Helicon.

This self-complacent theory ill accords with modern experience, and seems utterly at variance with the growth of the soul, and with our brightest anticipations of the future. And your indulgence is now solicited to the proposition that the Age of the Beautiful is yet to come.

The most of us, by religious faith, anticipate a distant period of moral happiness; and, in so contemplating it, we seldom dwell upon its physical and intellectual elements. We are so charmed by the holy intercourse and spiritual harmony among the men-angels with which we people that future world, that we come to regard this as its only, rather its chief glory. While, however, man is of earth, he must inhale happiness in terrestrial air. He must supply with proper and grateful nutriment the body, the intellect and imagination, as well as the faculty of veneration. If we concede that God has put the fountain of happiness in a pure heart, you will suffer the arteries to convey the gushing, sparkling flow, throughout the entire man, and feed every sense with delight. Else were that soul better at once emancipated from the clog of sluggish flesh, and set to endless prayer in the most solemn temples of Heaven. He that is all saint can scarce be man. And an age of complete happiness must be an age of perfect manliness in body, in soul, in variety, in activity.

In such an age, upon what must human powers be exerted? Then will there be no scandals, no accounts of wars, arsons, murders, legislations and litigations to cumber the press and engross all minds. Industry, skill and science will have filled the world's coffers with unmeasured wealth. This, a temperate and pure minded generation cannot squander

in luxuries and gluttonous banquets. They must employ it in the production of the beautiful. Nor has the Deity forbidden this use of gold. Everything, everywhere and always, is full of beauty. The richly freighted argosies of nature, planets, suns and systems, swim in seas of light and beauty. Nay! Even the scales of monsters, and the echoing shells of senseless fish, amaze with their wondrous cast and coloring. And shall man, their proud paramount, walk abroad in sackcloth, and pine in sunless caves? Had God designed man to wander through the earth in sadness and mourning, he would have darkened the whole globe, and filtered the glorious sunbeams through a pall of clouds. Nature has, moreover, enjoined upon man to adorn his person with rich apparel. Else, as the most deserving, had he been furnished with a garb suited to every clime, more varied and more beautiful than the plumage of the bird of Paradise. Solomon lavished upon the Jewish temple the choicest woods, and gems and gold; nor was man ever reproved for acting in conformity to the suggestion. Never did reason nor the voice of God rebuke mankind for loving and elaborating beauty. Nay! rather does the splendor of nature provoke him to the grateful task.

Again, we claim the futurity of the age of the beautiful, because art is progressive and endless in variety.

If there be an incorporeal, spiritual life, it must be one of vital thought. The soul longs for action without weariness, exercise without the necessity of repose. It has the promise of perpetual happiness. Now upon what can the soul act, and in acting be happy, except upon the task of unraveling and admiring the brilliant marvels of the universe! Will the soul be confined to old and familiar forms? Shall the eye sicken and the brain grow drowsy with forever staring at a single object, how beautiful soever it may be? No! They will plunge deeper and deeper into the infinite expanse beyond. Can it be, then, that there is such an absolute and paltry ideal residing in the finite and half developed soul of man, that Grecian art has already realized it! Forbid the cold, ungenial thought! Say rather, that when one ideal has leaped from the brain to animate the canvas or the marble, a brighter and nobler one will succeed to imagination's throne, until the feeble hand shall prove utterly powerless to express the lovely conceptions that throng the rapt and yearning soul. And as man draws nearer an unalloyed spirit life, the more will he abjure the cloying pleasures of gross carnality, the more ardently will he crave that soul happiness found in studying and developing the beautiful.

We have argued a multiplied demand for beauty from the progressive

character of art. We now proceed to maintain this position from the consideration that the development of art is concomitant with moral growth. Wherever and whenever the world has been most fully disenthralled from prejudice, bigotry, and the constraints of tyrants, which are all manifestations and effects of a shattered moral constitution, there and then has been displayed the most zealous devotion to both the fine and the useful arts.

When the appalling brutality of the earliest Greek religion culminated in the sublime mythology of a subsequent period, then it was that forms of real beauty began to issue from the studio of chastened genius. The purified moral sense of artists revolted against the reproduction of monstrous relics of barbaric superstition. And when religious zealots were clamorous for their dragons, centaurs and fawns, the artist, leading a noiseless reform, subdued their distorted features, and clad those abortive conceptions in a rich disguise of beauty. And a generation of affectionate sons palliated the savage crudities of their fathers by inlaying them with splendid myths, comprehending the noblest moral precepts ever yet attained by a heathen people. And our age, as the most morally enlightened, would also be the most artistic, were it only more spiritual. We are dealing with hard matter, and converting the peaceful earth into a bedlam of rattling hammers and furious engines. Among us the honored ideal is the man of the most noise to over-bluster, the strongest arm to overpower, and the most subtle cunning to overreach his neighbor. If we have more spiritual truth, Greece had a stronger spiritual sense, and enjoyed fuller conviction. With us the Idealistic and Mystic are swallowed up in excess of the Sensational. With Greece the subjective and objective, as well as the absolute and phenomenal, subsisted more nearly in their true relations. And art will never find a genial and sympathetic home until the age of reason has merged into the age of soul; until heartless assent has yielded to earnest faith; until the arrogation of moral preëminence has been supplanted by fruition. We have seen that the Beautiful is exhaustless, and that, in the glorious day of the world's regeneration, finer sensibilities and clearer discernments will demand and find brighter beauty. Man's social nature also will make the same imperious demand. For, without pain and sorrow, the present jealous world would be a parched and dreary waste, unwatered by the tear of compassion. When the spiritual age shall bring great exemption from our present ills, there must be a fresh excitant to quicken affections and provoke sweet sympathies in all breasts. That excitant is the Beautiful.

We further argue the futurity of the age of beauty from the more exalted powers and the more extended means which will then be brought to its production.

Through the thick, black curtsin of intervening ages, dawns upon us the twilight of an effulgent day, when the warrior shall smooth the grim scowl upon his brow, and hang his armor to rust in the halls of time forever: when the statesman shall no longer plot the aggrandizement and overthrow of principalities: when the legal throng of noble talent and proud genius shall no longer demean their powers to petty litigations: when the universal earth shall owe allegiance and do homage to but one Sovereign. For then shall the vaunted brotherhood of man, ceasing to be a hypocritic mockery and a snare to innocence, become a sublime and joyful reality.

These thousands of restless minds must find employment. And where, I ask, can this be found so pleasant and so profitable, as in the elaboration of the Beautiful?

And more. Untold millions have been squandered in war. Almost one-half a nation's wealth is absorbed by the intricate machinery of government in the protection of the other half. More than Golconda's treasures are worse than wasted in senseless amusements, revelry, debauchery and gluttony. But the spirit of the Millenium shall bring in His triumphal pageant peace, justice, industry and temperance. Who, then, can estimate the wealth that will be rescued from dissipation? What channel must this seek? Not the pursuit of truth alone, for truth unflavored with beauty, is too unsavory a dish for the mind of man. The world's swolen coffers shall be gladly poured forth upon the shrine of divine beauty; nor need we fear that she will ever withhold her bounty from genius at once chastened by reason, and consecrated by the spirit of the All-Beautiful.

The sculptor and the painter shall in that day, with more exquisite art, portray holier emotions. They will not overshadow their productions with a drapery of hate, terror, revenge, and all their sickening train: but hallow them with expressions of lofty soul and deep serenity; and oftentimes with gleams of impassioned hope and joy and exultation. The sculptor's and the limner's diadem await them in the far-off future!

The clouds of sunset and the emerald forest; the great waters and the warbling rivulet; the caroling bird and the heart of man shall unfold new glories to the *poet's* vision. He shall visit rolling systems, past and future, in his fancy's flight discovering more and more of the boundless

majesty and holiness of the Everlasting. He shall bear away the soul to "lap it in Elysium," on pinions of language grander, nobler and more melodious than any tongue ever yet spoken by mortal man. Believe me! The proudest laurel will shade the poet's brow after long, long ages.

Then shall the minstrel wake a new lay. Music is yet an infant art. The richest harmonies of Germany and the sweetest melodies of Italy would doubtless grate harshly upon the ears of listeners in the spirit land. Music is the poetry of inarticulate sound; and the day may come when heart thoughts, sentiments and emotions will be as well presented in this poetry, as in the poetry of language. Should this prove true, the inanimate organ will be taught to speak a tongue which, as yet, man, the intelligent, but imperfectly understands. Under the guidance of such an art, how will the lyre soothe and delight! How will the human breast echo a response to every note! How will men and angels above unite their voices, tuned to holiest concord, to swell one grand paean of ecstatic joy and praise! Then will be added a new anthem to the songs of Nature, fresh harmony to the music of the spheres. Believe it! The minstrel waits for the Millennium to consummate his triumph, and award to him his rightful scepter!

Thus shall the earth in that coming age, "bud and blossom as the rose." Would we could behold that world, gemmed with blooming garders, lovely homes, stately temples and gorgeous palaces; adorned with a profusion of statues and paintings, and all the enrapturing children of genius; resounding with the chords of wedded poetry and minstrelsy. By Beauty will heart link with heart. By Beauty shall the sons of men revel in the virtuous pleasures of memory, fruition and hope. By Beauty shall they aspire to mingle in sweetest sympathy with the myriad angelic choirs scattered among the stars. Through beauty will they win nearer access to Heaven, and render profounder and more joyful adoration to the Soul of Eternal Beauty. All hail, blessed and resplendent future!

PRIZE POEM.

The Polar Sea.

BY GEORGE WHITEFIELD FIRMER, NORTH WHITE CREEK, N. Y.

WHERE a king of line ancestral
In a gorgeous palace reigns,
Viewing, from a niche fenestral,
Glacial plains;

Where o'er desert wastes are drifted Waves of hoar and crystal sand, And proud pyramids are lifted Loft and grand;

Where a city rich and olden,
Ere began the storied time,
Flourished with its columns golden
And sublime;

'Mid a realm of power imperious
Centred round the northern pole
Surges of a sea mysterious
Ever roll.

Since the hand of The Eternal
First in ether launched the earth,
Ere the beacon stars supernal
Had their birth;

Since the Land and Sea were sundered By the flat of the Word, There its billows loud have thundered Heaven-beard.

Never o'er its echoing water
Booms the cannon's brazen throat,
Nor in wakes of crimson slaughter
Navies float.

Unseen armies guard the regions
Round that weird and wingless deep,
And on palisaides stern legions
Watches keep.

Phoebus' shafts, that, level-driven, Sweep the broad and bristling field, On the ice-glazed mail are riven And the shield.

Then the triumph vaunting blazon
Gleams from iris-painted panes,
And the winds' deep diapason
Fills the fanes.

But when sun-sent shafts returning Catch in pinnacle and spire, Seem the gilded structures burning As on fire.

Far the flames are seen at even, Like a Moscow 'mid the snows, When Aurora glassed in heaven Gleams and glows.—

But Humanity is weeping
O'er her heroes' sacred forms,
While they ice-embalmed are sleeping,
And the storms,

Noble victors, chant a pean
O'er the crystal-cofined tomb,
And white pillars mausélean
Skyward loom.

There a Franklin fallen glorious

Lies beneath some unknown mound,
And a Kane received—victorious!—

Fatal wound.

Vanquished he the guards patrolling, And the storm-king's towers scaled, Aye, he heard thy billows rolling Sea unsailed!

Thou art history's now, her pages
Sound thy name in gladdened strains,
She shall send it down the ages
Linked with Kane's.

Chant, still chant the choral measures
Of thy awful thunder hymn,
In far isles still hide thy treasures—
Far and dim.

But no more in calm defiance
Roll with ceaseless solemn flow,
Given art thou now to Science,
Man shall know

All the beauty neath the darkling,
Moaning, rolling ocean's waves,
He shall dive where gems lie sparkling
In thy caves.

He shall gaze on waves before him Over circling surges far And on thee that beamest o'er him Zenith-star!

He in coming time shall wander
Where as yet no step intrudes,
Where thy tribute streams meander
Solitudes.

The Beanties of Mand.

"Heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages.
'Choose well, your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.'"

MEN have been compared with a great deal of aptness to sheep,—wherever the leader goes the whole flock unhesitatingly follow. In accordance with this principle, when the giant Maga came out in a withering criticism on Tennyson in general, and Maud in particular, every paper-blotter, from the steady quarterly reviewer down to the most insignificant half-editor of a back county weekly, must express his most unqualified disapprobation of the new poem. Even the only appreciative admirer of Tennyson, who has pointed out his beauties,—we refer to the Cambridge Essayist,—hardly dare risk himself to do more than disagree in general terms with his predecessors. Now as some do like Maud, and we among the number, we will make an attempt, though one necessarily imperfect, to show some reasons for so doing.

First of all, what is the object of the poem, what the one idea that breathes throughout the whole, that points every expression and colors each scene,—for without such a leading idea the most skillful poem is but a string of aimless sentences? It is not to please by incident, for the plot is of the simplest, nor yet to allure and frighten to sentimental sympathy; it is to inculcate into the English mind the great moral lesson that life should be earnest, unselfish and active; that the sluggard, the hermit, the scorner of work, are useless lumberers in the world, that

"Life's no resting time, but a moving, Let thy Life be Deed on Deed."

It is to teach us that life is a solemn reality, that we move ever in a twilight land between the Eternities.

"Stars silent rest o'er us, Graves under us silent,"

and that it behooves us all to work faithfully, and work unselfishly, while it is yet day. Our great American poet teaches this in mellowed and thoughtful numbers, the great German minds by thrilling exhortations and words of fiery vehemence. Tennyson prefers to trace the history of a passionate, noble, too acutely sensitive soul, which must suffer keenly and really, which must be tried by bitter mental anguish and heartfelt disappointment, to learn from the depths of its own Personality that man lives not for himself alone. His characters have all the fire and feeling of a Werther, joined to a far higher grade of intellect. They are

"Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will, To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Need we specify Locksley Hall, the Princes, The Two Voices, in each of which we find a varied expression of the same mind? Disgusted with the world, its lies and its cheats, its hypocrisy and hollowness, they seek in the settled gloom of misanthropy, or the quiet of an undisturbed retreat, that peace which a diseased society had denied them. But through an ordeal of affliction, through this Valley of the Shadow of Death, they come to a loftier stage of development, and learn that they were born to

"Live a life of truest breath, And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."

Now, though such characters as these are by no means rare in actual life, they are not easily understood by their fellow men. What we call practical men, stiff conventionalists who have never dared think outside of what is written, and shallow brains cannot comprehend nor sympathize with the erratic and often improper strayings of beings so completely their antipodes.

It is from the difficulty of assuming this stand-point, that Tennyson can hardly be called a people's poet, and Maud, which is peculiarly Tennysonian, is consequently peculiarly unappreciated.

Such is the object of this poem. To attain it, to pass from cynicism to philanthrophy, a certain number of stages must be passed through, each of which is shown in the successive soliloquies. We have not time to do more than glance at the principal divisions of the poem. Besides the first and last soliloquies, which may be regarded as prologue and epilogue, setting forth the first condition and final result, the poem may be divided into three separate parts. From II to VII inclusive, is the stage of doubt, from VIII to XXI, the season of certainty, from XXII to XXV, the period of frenzy.

Let us examine these more minutely. The prologue gives a picture of a mind gloating over the image of a father's suicide, and of a world, irredeemably steeped in sin, misery and death, yet all the while "amiling a hard-set smile." Here, as everywhere, Tennyson's great forte, what has been termed his dynamical treatment of landscape, is most happily shown. A, to us, pleasant and somewhat tame spot, but the scene of a father's suicide, is

"—— the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heath,
The red-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of blood."

The sight of beauty and the love of woman work a change—a very gradual and reluctant change, for it is not an easy thing to believe that truthful passion lives any longer under the sun, very difficult indeed to suppose that the poor and unknown should be blessed with the love of the rich, the famed and the courted. Rarely do we find more powerfully portrayed the rapid revulsions of feeling, the yielding one moment to the instincts of the heart; and the next called back to distrust and hate by the raven of a morbid suspicion, that ever croaks

"Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward, Or thou wilt prove their tool."

Doubt, however, is an abnormal condition; sooner or later truth must triumph, and nought is stronger than the truth of love. Slowly, resistingly, but certainly, we yield to its power. What a change it works on a mind long accustomed to brood over its own deformities! The face of nature resumes her wonted smiles:

"It seems that I am happy, that to me A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass, A purer sapphire melts into the sea." He learns the beauty that surrounds him; his thoughts flow in tuneful unison with the ἀνήριθμον γελάσμα of nature. As an expression of this feeling few sonnets can surpass the much admired soliloquy in the Hall garden.

But this happiness is not complete; a nameless something is wanting.

"Blest, but for some dark under-current woe, That seems to draw—but it shall not be so, Let all be well, be well."

It is the secret dissatisfaction of a spirit destined for nobler work than the dallyings of love. Traveling the beaten track of life, he would never have made a hero. Pain, not pleasure, hastens our natures. Short sighted critics have blamed the poet for not closing his plot at this point. But for us, we always dislike such lame conclusions, always hate that the hero of a hundred dangers should marry, make money, rear children, patronize small charities, acquire

"A fair round belly, with fat capon lined,"

and finally be surmounted by an epitaph in bad taste. The workers of the world were never schooled by such discipline. Hatred and envy had been the cause of his former asceticism; actual anguish must make him know, before he could sympathize with, the misery of others. It comes. In a moment of anger he kills the brother of his affianced bride. She dies with grief. Flight, insanity, the cell of the maniac, are seen in glimpsea. It is a singular fact, mentioned by Bishop Percy, that English poetry surpasses that of any other nation in the number and power of its Mad Songs. If any of our readers would take the trouble to compare this portion of Maud with the poetical ravings given in the Reliques, they cannot but perceive the manifest superiority of Tennyson in this difficult department; yet withal, in the most incoherent portions, there is a certain method in the madness.

The storm passes. A calm soothes the troubled spirit. In the pursuit of the noble and the good, in battling for the right, in the devotion of a life of unselfish action to a holy purpose, the soul finds at last its dwelling place, its long sought home, and own peculiar sphere.

Maud is a lesson of life, and as we close its pages, the solemn words seem to reëcho from the experience of time,

"Choose well, your choice is Brief, and yet endless."

D. G. B.



Two Weeks in and Around Condon.

IMAGINE us at the end of a twenty-day voyage, and just beginning our experience of English life. Our party of eleven all found rooms at the same Hotel, and leaving the ladies, the gentlemen went en masse to the Custom House to pass our baggage, which the Romans rightly named "impedimenta." The officials were obliging, and we soon returned, choosing, after the manner of the newly landed emigrants in America, the middle of the street. Contrary to all hygienic rules we would have a hearty supper of land provender, for the enjoyment of which three weeks at sea had prepared us.

An early start the next day, and a plentiful infusion of American energy into the sure but slow arrangements for English traveling, enabled us to see the harbor and docks of Portsmouth, the gorgeous yacht of the Queen, Nelson's flag ship, many others of the British Navy, the most beautiful part of the Isle of Wight, which to us, fresh from the sea, seemed an earthly paradise, and to reach Brighton late in the evening. The following morning we strolled through Brighton, and then took the cars for London. Away we dashed through tunnel and valley, over plains, until, fairy like, the Crystal Palace reared its beautiful proportions on our left. Soon we passed from it, and St. Paul's, looming through a London fog, met our gaze; then a few minutes' ride over the tops of houses and we stopped in the greatest city of modern times. For the first few days London completely dum-foundered us—its size, the immense current of life ever flowing in the streets, the huge proportions of its public buildings, the parks of hundreds of acres, the docks and bridges, the accumulation of wealth, and energy for good and evil amazed us. We strolled in the streets by day and night, rode over the routes of miles in the city on the omnibuses, lingered on the bridges, sailed on the Thames, looked from the ball of St. Paul's dome, and the top of the monuments, visited churches, palaces, museums, and places of amusement, and more and more felt how great this one part of Britain was, and more and more alone. I have been solitary on mountain tops, and in dark valleys, on lakes and rivers, in mansions gloomy by the withdrawal of the sunshine beaming from friendly faces, in sick chambers when dear ones were departing, in watches by the dead, and in a grave yard where hopes were buried, but never so completely alone



as when jostled by hurrying crowds in London at mid-day. St. Paul's, although the effect of its size is marred by the low situation and the proximity of other buildings, is grand in its extent, and beautiful in the finished workmanship of many parts. I loved to loiter under the dome during the hour of service, listening to the organ's swell, the bass of men, and the treble of pretty boys in the choir, and musing over the monuments. Also, late in the day, when wearied with the bustle of the day, it was refreshing to spend a half hour in its darkening silence, and when a full moon brought out the massive outline, I wanted to spend hours before it. Westminster Abbey is of richer workmanship, but lacks the grandeur of size, when compared with St. Paul's. The Parliament House covers a large space, and has a beautiful exterior, but is badly located, and does not show to advantage except from the Thames. The interior is handsomely finished, and is divided into the room for the Lords, one for the Commons, committee and other rooms for the transaction of public business. The present building is made to include the old Westminster Hall. Through the kindness of Mr. Dallas and Mr. Peabody we obtained tickets of admission to the sessions of the Lords and Commons, and heard several of the public men, as lords Panmure, Derby, Ellenborough, Palmerston, Mr. Roebuck, D'Isræli, and Frederick Peel speak. Except lords Derby and Ellenborough, none displayed much oratorical power; the general manner was tame, a simple, business-like style. Lord Palmerston, despite a hesitancy in speech and lack of effective gesture, has a certain indescribable something which commands your attention; you feel that a strong man is speaking. I have experienced the same when listening to Seward in our Senate Chamber. Both houses are magnificently decorated and furnished; that of the Commons pleased me most; except when speaking the members kept their hats on. Buckingham Palace is somewhat imposing in appearance, externally; we did not see the interior as the Queen was there, and no strangers are admitted except during her absence. In the royal stables some of the horses realized all my expectations as to the good qualities of English thorough breeds. The National Gallery has some good and many common paintings.

The Tower has historic interest, and the collection of ancient and modern armor is large; models in wood of men and horses, show the ancient suits to good advantage; in the room filled with deadly weapons from all parts of the world, I practiced Langdonics with some of the war clubs.

The Crown Jewels disappointed us; they were not as magnificent as

we expected, especially the Kohinoor. The British Museum would interest one for weeks. I spent a few hours very agreeably in the Library of 750,000 volumes, having a good guide through the politeness of the librarian, to whom I had an introduction. By an act of Parliament, every publisher must send a copy of every new book to the Library, which secures a large accumulation of books, at no particular cost to anybody. In one department are files of newspapers from the earliest down to the issues of to-day; the gradual change from the small tract to the mammoth sheet is noticeable. The evidence of what skill, wealth and energy can accomplish is strikingly shown in the Tunnel under the Thames, although as a connection between the two parts of the city, affording a transit for vehicles and pedestrians, it is a failure. queer feelings arise when walking through it under the river; one thinks of Jonah, and of the fish story in Hiawatha. By the by, the English in general do not like Hiawatha as much as Longfellow's other poems, which they value highly. Of London divines, Hamilton has a beautifully smooth, poetic composition, but a poor delivery; Cummings a still, somewhat quaint, and very penetrating style of writing and speaking, and in some abrupt practicalities resembles Henry Ward Beecher; and Melville, the "golden tongued," reasons strongly, writes most correctly, has a fine voice, and little but graceful action; he is a good model for pulpit orators. He preaches in St. Lothbury Chapel every Tuesday morning, and such is his power that men of business leave their counting rooms and throng the church, much as when Chalmers preached his astronomical sermons. The church is in the heart of the busy part of London, and the contrast between the bustling service of Mammon without, and the quiet service of Jehovah within, is very marked; in the one the spirit is purturbed and worn, while in the other the better principles of our nature are exercised and developed. Spurgeon is worthy of a separate article. Other churches also, in England, are opened during the week, especially all Cathedrals, where the full service of the English Church is read each morning, with the accompaniment of the choir and organ.

At Greenwich the hospital for sailors and the observatory interested us. In one of the buildings there are very good naval paintings, and many interesting relics, among them those of Sir John Franklin. We happened to be there at supper time, and saw the scarred and maimed old veterans of many battles take their evening meal; all attention appeared to be paid to their comfort. On the way down and back we sailed past the mammoth Great Eastern; although but partly com-

pleted, she looks well; yet many predict that she will be a failure. Other pleasant excursions were made to the Crystal Palace and Hampton Court. The first is a wonder for size, symmetry, and ethereal lightness combined with great strength; most of the interior is divided into various courts, as the Egyptian, Moorish, &c., decorated in styles corresponding to the names; other parts are occupied by bazaars, refreshment rooms, a concert hall, picture gallery, and collections of the peculiarities of different climes, in animals, inhabitants and vegetation; the machinery arcade is on the ground floor. The grounds are laid out very handsomely in terraces, walks, rural scenes, artificial caves, lakes, and are adorned with a profusion of flowery statues, summer houses, and extensive water works. In public grounds the English far surpass the Americans, both in their size and expensive decoration. Hampton Court was built by Cardinal Wolsey, and when his king asked why he was erecting a finer palace than any of the royal ones, the wily courtier replied, "to make it a fitting present for your Majesty," and the buildings and grounds well agree, in their splendor, with this story. Here we first met with the velvety turf peculiar to England; it is a fine grass, with a species of moss intermixed, and is kept short and close by frequent cutting, say once every eight days, and by rolling. In the palace were fine paintings, among them several by West. Also in the Chapel at Greenwich was a large one of the shipwreck of Paul at Melita by him, which the old tar acting as sexton showed with much pride, saying the "maker" was born in America, but lived most of his life in England, and told the story of the brush made from a cat's tail with great gusto.

At Hampton Court the avenues of trees were magnificent, as I told an Englishman, almost equal to those of elms in New Haven. Between you and me they were even ahead. On the artificial lake, for the first time, I saw a swan, a noble fellow, and found that the beauty of its more than snow-white plumage, and gracefulness of motion had not been extravagantly praised. A twilight walk through Bushy Park to Kingston, and tea with a genial English family was a pleasant wind up to the day.

Another day passed quickly away in the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. The grounds cover acres, and the animals are arranged as near as may be with a reference to their habits. Our traveling menageries give no idea of this collection of birds, beasts and creeping things. The monuments of London are fine, especially "Fire Monument," a fluted granite column, with a representation of flame on the top, erected to commemorate the great fire and plague; the Nelson Monument on Vol. XXII.

Trafalgar Square, of similar style, with a fine statue of the hero on the top, and bronze basso relievos of events in his public life about the base; the Duke of York's, and the huge equestrian statue of Wellington in bronze, opposite the Piccadilly entrance to Hyde Park—this last is very imposing. Wellington for the land, and Nelson for the sea, are the heroes of England; you meet memorials of them everywhere.

The reformatory institutions of London are extensive, and are effecting a good work. The Field Lane Ragged School reminded me somewhat of Davenport in New Haven, as it was before the present convenient room was occupied. One afternoon, when sauntering in Hyde Park, we unexpectedly came to Rotten Row, where none but equestrians are admitted; it was a beautiful sight; there were fully a thousand riders, male and female, most of them splendidly mounted, walking, trotting, and cantering, with cheeks flushed and eyes brightened by exercise; some attended by servants in livery, and all very distingué in appearance; on one side were spectators, walking, or sitting under the noble trees, and a little beyond the serpentine winding amid the verdant turf, and then the "Drive" thronged with the carriages of the nobility; both men and women of the upper classes were noble in appearance.

We were again favored in seeing the fashion and beauty of the Capitol, which is that of England, for during the session of Parliament all of note center in the metropolis, at the Opera on the last appearance of Ristori. Both from our box, and when passing out in the throng, we had good opportunity to see the audience; the men realized my expectations of men and gentlemen; the ladies were hearty looking, and had an air of refinement, but a New Haven audience shows more delicate beauty. Ristori completely entranced me by her tragic power, her tones, looks, and gestures thrill me even now.

E. L. H.

Memorabilia Dalensia.

Ar a meeting of the Class of 1858, held on the 11th inst., the following communication from a member of the Board of Editors was presented:

YALE, July 10th, '57.

GENTLEMEN,—Please accept my resignation of the editorship you gave me. Permit me to make my warmest acknowledgments of the honor and trust reposed in me when you elevated me to the position I now yield. I need not tell you that I regret the necessity which forbids my serving you longer and more successfully in that capacity.

Class of '58.

Had I met your confidence and expectation with my best exertions, I should not now crave an opportunity to make amends for the past. All I now ask is, that you will forgive my ungrateful sloth and carelessness, and that, if you hold me in remembrance you will forget my failings.

Thanking you most heartily for your sympathy and assistance in my recent calamities, permit me to bid you a classmate's sad and painful Good-Bye.

Your sincere friend and classmate,

H. K. Smith.

The above resignation was accepted, and the following Resolution passed unanimously:

"Resolved, That we extend our sincere and hearty sympathies to our classmate, H. K. Smith, in his recent calamities, and that while we lament his misfortune, we can but admire his talents, and love that genial warmth of heart which has ever been displayed in all his connections with ua."

Pursuant to the action of the class in accepting Mr. Smith's resignation, a meeting was called on the 21st inst. for the purpose of supplying the vacancy, and the first ballot resulted in the choice of "Chauncey Seymour Kelloge, Bridgewater, N. Y."

CLARK SCHOLARSHIP.

Class of 1857-WILDER SMITH.

COLLEGE PREMIUMS.

For Declamation-Class of 1859.

	1st Division. Prize, Edward Carrington,	2d Division. William K. Hall,	3d Division. Robert A. Stiles.
	do. { Henry M. Boies, Daniel Bowe,	Diodate C. Hannahs,	William A. Stiles, Joseph H. Twichell.
8 d	do. { Ziba N. Bradbury, Lester B. Faulkner,	E. Franklin Howe,	Homer G. Newton, Joseph T. Tatum, Asher H. Wilcox.

Editor's Table.

"Huo undique gaza."

"HITHERWARD all hands gaze," according to the free rendering of the pert Academician; and it is the consciousness that we are the 'gazing stock' of so many curious eyes, that will render us extremely timid and retiring. But, Gentle Reader, we shall take you by the hand and utter our Good-Bye in "expressive silence." More than this we "would not if we could," for Editors' Tables at this season, like all other tables, are a humbug the world over; and we "could not if we would," for we are crowded into a corner by our clam

orous contributors, and in the "goodness of our Editorial heart" we cheerfully acquiesce; moreover the recreations of the student's "haleyon days" in prospect are already "befuddling" our brain, while Fairy Choruses, like the Houris of Islam, seem to beckon us thither, and we are deaf to all but their soofhing

"Come, come away," etc.

Reader, we cannot resist. The garrulous "old Bell" has already relapsed into a glum silence of seven weeks,—the inspiring serenade of our newly-fiedged Sophomore brethren—the triumphant round of our exulting Biennial Juniorites, and the rallying of the Regatta victors "in future." admonish us that all but ourselves have yielded, and with a heartfelt God-Speed to each inhis vacation pleasure-search, we lie back in our Easy Chair to take

"One long, last, lingering look"

of our dear old Sanetum, and nervously slipping our worn quill behind our ear eagerly join the throng.

EXCHANGES.

We are happy to add to our Exchange List "The Young Men's Magazine," and "Cosmopolitan Art Journal," New York. We welcome them both to our literary constellation, and wish for each what their tone and literary merit deserve—abundant success. We have also received and placed on our list, the first number of "Russell's Magazine," Charlestown, S. C., which by some oversight has not, before, been acknowledged. Waiving its political sentiments, it does great credit to its Editorial ability, and to the increasing literary enterprise of the State.

Putnam, for August, is gotten up in fine style. We are sorry it has had to give up its character, from an high toned Literary Magazine, to a popular Harper-like publication, vending superficial pleasure instead of entertaining instruction, merely for the sake of existence. The event is a woeful comment on the literary taste of American readers.

Advertisement.—A liberal premium will be paid to any one who will furnish the publisher of this Magazine with Nos. 8 and 9 of Vol. 21, and Nos. 5 and 6 of Vol. 22.

Notice.—The Editor of the last Lit. was not aware that the "Advertisement of Messrs. Colon and Spondee" had appeared in print before, and therefore takes this opportunity to free himself from the charge of plagiarism.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Annual Premium for English Composition of this Magazine is now open for competition. A Gold Medal of the value of twenty-five dollars will be awarded to the author of the best prose article, sent to this Magazine, under the following conditions: He must be an undergraduate member of this Institution, and a subscriber to the Magazine. Every article designed to compete for the premium, must not exceed eight pages of the Magazine in length, and must be sent to the undersigned through the Post Office, on or before the fifth Wednesday of next term, (October 14th.) accompanied by a scaled envelope, containing the name of the writer, and inscribed with an assumed name. The envelope will be returned unopened, except in the case of the successful competitor.

The board of decision consists of two resident graduates of this College, elected by the Editors, and the Chairman of the Board of Editors.

D. G. BRINTON, Chairman of the Board of Editors.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesqe YALENSES Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME TWENTY-THIRD.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.
PRINTED BY MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

1858.

Contents of Volume Twenty-third.

A Frozen Heart,	91
A Metrical Translation,	6
An Evening in the Valley of the Wyoming,	17
A Query?	179
A Vision,	812
A Visit to Vesuvius,	8
Bartholomew the Sculptor,	349
Biographical Notice of Prof. Olmsted,	i
" Sketch of Prof. Goodrich,	į
Book Notices,	
Campbell's Grave,	
Charity,	
Class Pictures,	291
College Compositions, by N. P. Willis,	
College Friendships,	294
Commencement Day,	
Conversation, 1	, 41
Conversation Again,	71
Conversation; a P. S. Exegetical,	108
Curiosity and Wonder,	81
Death of Rev. Doct. Taylor,	198
Discipline of College Life,	94
Dreaming,	145
Earnestness,	56
Editor's Table,	875
Editors' Valedictory,	256
— B - V, V - V - V - V - V - V - V - V	111
Elihu Yale,	171
From the Agamemnon of Æschylus,	276
From the German of Malvaro,	186
Hypocrisy,	216
Judges' Cave,	298
Key to Wedlock,	12
La Cypriere,	126
Letters,	271
Libraria,	254
Literary Lamentations,	210
Machiavelli,	180
May Whispers,	178

Memorabilia Yalensia,									
Mormonism,									
Names,									818
New Publications,									198
Noctes Yalenses,							260,	817,	862
Notes of Lefrelofre,									
Obituary-George E. Dunham,			• • • • •						870
Our College Literature,									121
Our Debates,									186
Our Development,								••••	107
Our Political Arens,									301
Place de la Concorde,									215
Quoting,									207
Reverence for Law,									
Solitude,									
Song,									
Student Graves,									
Sunlight,				. .					22
The Award,									80
The Battle of the Woods,									87
The De Forest Prize Essay,									340
The "Everlasting Jew,"									
The Evil Genius-A Legend of Yale,									
The Faithful Student Unsafe,									30
The Outlook,									221
The Palm,									45
The Practical Results of College Life, .									835
The Press Gang,									59
The Songs of Yale,									277
The Sun at Midnight,									94
The Yale Gathering,									361
The Yale Literary Magazine,									
The Yale Navy,									
Tin,									
To Our Readers,									
Townsend Prize Essay,									
Translations,									
Two Visits,									
"Wait,"									
Winter,									
Yale Literary Prize Essay,									
Ye Nautical Experience of Ye Juniors,	• • •	• • •	• • • • •	• • • • •	• • • •	• • • •	• • • • •	••••	257
TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY.	•••		• • • • •			• • • • •		• • • •	

VOL. XXIII.

No. I.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

DE THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Transport of the many manifestory for the Valle of the Commission of Transport of

OCTOBER, 1857.

NEW HAYES:

EURITHOUSE THOMAS IL COLOR

PROPERTY AS A PLANTAGE

PARKS NO.

CONTENTS.

Convenuation,									
A Morrisal Translation.									
A Visit to Vocacios.									
Key to Wadlack, -									1.2
An Econing in the Valley of	W	you	1000	ığ.					17
Sanlight.									
Tio									20
Notes of a Liftelofic,									30
The Paithful Student Umafe.									
Hone Norrows =									
Мамованија Уденник									31
Ruccion's Examina									

Jappen Viewly . Iren 3-81-32

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIII.

OCTOBER, 1857.

No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '58.

E. F. BLAKE,

C. S. KELLOGG,

D. G. BRINTON,

J. E. KIMBALL,

S. H. LEE.

Conversation.

Cane quid dicis, quando, et cui, said an old Roman who had not lived without learning. He did not mean to hamper that flow and interchange of thought that is ceaselessly pouring on in this Babel world of ours, but to hint that whatever else there may be a time for, there is none at all to speak idly. If we mount triple guards over that most unruly member, the tongue, it is not to keep it forever silent, but to allow that egress only which we may not regret in after days.

All the good and bad that most men do in this world, all the influence they exert, all the marks they leave, is through the medium of conversation.

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men."

In discourse we have our best witness to the character of men and nations, the truest index to their intellectual culture, moral principles and vol. xxIII.

Digitized by Google

inner life. But to understand this witness and read this index is given to few and acquired but rarely.

The study of the art of conversation is decried by some as impossible, sneered at by others as finical, and disregarded by almost all as trivial. They are in the wrong, however, for if what is partially acquired by dear-bought experience, cannot be perfected and taught by theory, we have a contradiction to all other branches of human learning.

To treat this subject as it deserves would occupy more time and space than we can spare, so the most we can do is to glance somewhat superficially at the ends of conversation, the means by which they are attained, and the requisites necessary to a proper use of these means. Then we shall consider the tone of general conversation, the proper mode of carrying it on, and examine the question whether we, as students, pay sufficient attention to these rules.

We may start by defining the end of rational talking to be instruction, and particularly the analysis of character. This latter is the absolute and universal foundation, the sine quá non without which all discoursing is random and futile; here we must begin and here we must end. Whatever is the immediate object, be it to amuse or instruct, to excite sympathy or conjure a smile, in an appreciation of character we must find our materials. Each conquest insures us more certainly against defeat, equips us stronger for future victories; both are but the figures of the problem whose result is never perfectly attained.

But where and how begin this mental dissection of men? commence to remove the veil with which they instinctively conceal the secret springs of their actions? Anywhere. The most hackneyed topic of the day in the hands of an adept, will teach him more of your inner life, your weaknesses, predilections and prejudices, than the most recherché subject bungled by a novice. The hammer in the hands of Thor was more powerful than the balustra wielded by a legion. called worn-out topics, have this advantage, that they are safely ventured on without exciting suspicion of "pumping." A passing satire, a pertinent badinage, will often let one see deeper into a man than a day's maladroit groping. Strive to discover his strong and fixed ideas, but more especially his weak and assailable points, for it is only through these latter you can successfully attack the former. If your conversation is with a literary man, his favorite authors will tell you whether ambition, sentiment, speculation, or what not, is his ruling passion. Feel cautiously, dealing in negative rather than positive assertions. Follow out one train of ideas as closely as prudence will permit, and in changing the subject, if it is not done in a perfectly natural and easy way, a short pause of apparently awkward silence is advisable; both throw your companion off his guard, not noticing the transition in the first case, and being led to underrate your ability as a converser in the second.

Having by these and similar means studied your man, you have wherewith to mould him to your purpose. One of the most powerful aids here is flattery. Leaving out other means, we will examine this alone.

Never flatter a man as you would a woman. None but a coxcomb will be won by a compliment to his personal appearance, none but a pedant by praise of his learning. Coxcombs and pedants are abundant, it is true, but we are not speaking of them at present. To flatter men we must lead them to flatter themselves. Of the many ways of accomplishing this, one is by satire and ridicule. Has your companion succeeded where another has failed? Laugh at the lack of wit and shrewdness manifested by the unfortunate, and your hearer will naturally appropriate all this keenness to himself. Would you compliment a man's French? Relate the ludicrous error of a mutual acquaintance, for harsh and cruel as is that maxim of La Bruyére, "In the misfortunes of our dearest friend we find something pleasing," it is nevertheless true, and, moreover, in this case your auditor will secretly congratulate himself on his own superior ability. Praise of another for qualities your auditor has, or thinks he has, is another excellent mode of inducing self-congratulation, with this additional advantage, that you appear a friend as well behind the back as before the face. Stooping to conquer is occasionally not to be neglected. Naively confess ignorance, ask advice, incline to an adverse opinion, but gradually and engagingly become convinced of your error. Chesterfield recommends his son to praise men in company where it will, eventually, reach their ears; and the advice is founded on that thorough knowledge of the world so eminently characteristic of this pleasing writer.

We may also persuade and convince men. Under the respective names of rheteric and logic, these methods constitute legitimate branches of science, with which we have nothing more to do, than to mention that the latter is of little practical use in conversation, where men

Convinced against their will Are of the same opinion still;

and the former, while useful to the writer and orator, is supplanted in general society by those more delicate and less obvious modes of persuasion, hinted at formerly.



Thus by a careful study of foibles and idiosyncracies we become aware of a man's character, know how far to go, and when to stop; and, as far as possible, can gain the mastery over him, while a thorough acquaintance with the subtleties of conversation teaches us to keep watch and ward over our own actions and expressions. Each trial facilitates the next, for, as the physician, from a given number of cases, frames the diagnosis of all similar ones, so the character of a very few may be considered an epitome of the world.

To obtain this knowledge of men we require, by nature, shrewd sense, humor, and that je ne sais quoi that is indefinitely called tact. Other qualifications may be deemed accessory. Learning, wit, fluency, and brevity, are developed from these, by experience and practice.

Now the question arises, is an Art of Conversation possible? Many hold it is not; that no amount of training could metamorphose the silent churl into the agreeable conversationist. Now the whole turba rhetorum could not make a Demosthenes of a mediocre mind, but they could develop its dormant capabilities. All famous discoursers have studied this as an art. Sheridan's happlest hits were cut-and-dried in his Billingsgate walks, Conversation Sharpe's best bons mots were written in his note book long before they were produced, apparently on the spur of the moment. There is no exception here to the universal rule, that distinction can only be acquired by diligent application.

Do not suppose, however, that this skill is necessary to both parties. "Wise men learn more from fools, than fools from wise men," is a proverb as old as the elder Cato, and no less true than ancient. Walter Scott would gain more information from a chat with a horse boy, than a blockhead from the perusal of many books, and Montaigne said a wise thing, when he declared that he would rather lose his sight than his powers of discoursing.

Conversation, remarks Swift, is to be corrected more by amending bad than by instilling good habits. The epigrammatic force of his ex pression reminds us of an amusing article in an old magazine, "How to render oneself Disagreeable in Conversation." As the object of talking is to shine, do it all yourself; if another has the start of you, be ready to interrupt him at the first opportunity, move your lips, writhe in your seat, portray on your countenance s' il crache, il est mort, or still better, look ennuyé, suppress a yawn, and be inattentive. When speaking, tell long winded stories, display a learning beyond your audience, quote foreign tongues, discuss personal topics, and narrate "what I have done and seen." These are popular and excellent rules for boring acquaint-

ances, and the fidelity with which many men follow them is truly won-derful.

When these and other notorious faults are corrected, conversation becomes what it should be. Then it is the most fruitful and salutary mode of employing time. Talk an hour with a man whose knowledge of human nature is wide, whose repartees are keen without ill nature, who smites you hip and thigh, who parries and thrusts with the dexterity of a fencer, and we are carried away with enthusiasm, excited beyond ourselves, discover a crescent promise in our spirit that we were all unaware of before.

Next to this is the delight of reading spirited and natural discourse. For blinding wit and queer conceits the dramatists of the restoration, especially Congreve and Farquhar, are unsurpassed; Lord Brougham's Discussions are excellent specimens of the instructive conversation, but lack all application to character; Rabelais and Verville combine the two, but are too vilely coarse for admission even into the private library; in Eckerman's Conversations with Goethe the mental inequality between the two parties was too great; Coleridge is too fragmentary, Southey an absolute bore; the Noctes Ambrosianae perfect in their way, but too learned for a model; Thackeray alone has portrayed the perfect conversationist, and in no character more happily than Becky Sharpe, who, however, applies her powers to the worst of purposes. It is by no means impossible to combine the harmlessness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent.

Of such elements as these, of such scope and tendency is proper conversation. Let us now inquire whether students, as a general thing, make a right use of this powerful auxiliary to education. An a priori assumption would lead us to believe that a company of young men brought up in refined families, of cultivated intellect, enjoying the vigorous curiosity of youth, continually having new ideas presented for their consideration, and thrown together so much of their time, would have a somewhat higher tone of discourse than others.

Alas! how different is the case! How jejune and insipid to an intelligent man would be nine tenths of our talk! Where positive wickedness and ribaldry does not obtain, inanities occupy our time. Go into the company of any half dozen students, and what are the reigning topics. Ten to one you will find it to be the flunks and fizzles of the previous day, vapid discussions on the demerits of their associates, meaningless society jargon, or more harmful nonsense, all carried on for the mere purpose of wasting time. Is this because we have not ability to entertain,

or minds to appreciate a higher tone of discourse? We scorn the supposition. Let us seek a truer cause. What do men most think and speak of in the world about us? Undoubtedly their various avocations, and thus for no other reason than that they take a lively interest in them. We do not mean to say that we lack good scholars, but this is not the question. One man may leave with a valedictory, having taken far less abstract interest in his studies than another beneath him. The one takes his appointed lesson and gets it without a flaw; the other takes the subject, follows it through its various ramifications, and pursues the trains of thought it suggests; the one seeks verbal accuracy, the other availability of knowledge. Of course the two may be combined, but whether as the exception or the rule, is a question.

We have also the plea that youth is ever flippant, that we have but a narrow basis to start on, and that few have ever paid sufficient attention to this subject, to have a distinct idea of the mode of carrying on a conversation any length of time. Yet, he who will take the trouble to consider and practice, will find no better field for doing so than in the company of young men. Mingling with many different characters just moulding into form, he will discover and recognize with facility the elements of which they are composed, will prepare himself in the best and readiest school for active good in that busy world in whose portals we stand, and will learn that chief end and most valuable part of all education, how to benefit himself and his fellow man.

D. G. B.

A Metrical Translation

OF THE GERMAN STUDENT SONG, ENTITLED "GAUDEAMUS," WITH THE ADDITION OF TWO ORIGINAL VERSES.

BY L. W. FITCH.

LET us now in youth rejoice,
None can justly blame us,
For when golden youth has fied,
And in age our joys are dead,
Then the dust doth claim us!

Where have all the fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never:
Seek the gods' serene abode,—
Cross the dolorous Stygian flood,—
There they dwell forever.

Brief is this our life on earth, Brief,—nor will it tarry. Swiftly death runs to and fro, All must feel his cruel blow, None the dart can parry.

Raise we then the joyous shout, Life to Yale forever! Life to each Professor here; Life to all our comrades dear, May they leave us never.

Life to all the maidens fair,
Maidens sweet and smiling;
Life to gentle matrons too,
Ever kind and ever true,
All our cares beguiling.

May our land forever bloom
Under wise direction;
And this city's classic ground
In munificence abound,
Yielding us protection.

Perish sadness, perish hate,
And, ye scoffers, leave us!
Perish every shape of woe,
Devil and Philistine too,
That would fain deceive us.

Youth and hope a glory wear,
While on earth they're given,
That immortals ever share
In the pure and balmy air
Of the hills of heaven.

Let us then in youth rejoice,

'Twill repent us never:—

For when earthly scenes have fied,
And this mortal life has sped,

Youth abides forever!

AN APOLOGY FOR THE EIGHTH AND NINTH VERSES.

Strange it is that images of gloom should be invoked to quicken joy! Strange that the skeleton should be brought forth to give piquancy to the feast! Is this, then, all of life! And does present pleasure point to no future reversion! From

the bare letter of the "Gaudeamus" we gain no distinct answer to these questions, certainly no cheering one. And yet its spirit is truly noble. There is nothing groveling about it. You may call it a drinking song, but it is strung to the nectar of the gods. There is no surrendry of manhood in it. We perish, it is true; but we leave on record forever our faith in goodness, beauty and truth, and our scorn of everything false and vile.

But since the Olympian shimmer of Paganism has gone out like a star in the full light of the sun of Christianity, why remain longer in the darkness? Why not bathe our "Gaudeamus" in the golden rays of immortality? Do you ask, Where is the profit? I answer; much every way: chiefly, in curbing present excess. The man who is animated by a lofty purpose, reaching on through many years of labor, husbands all his resources. And his visions of the future form a controlling element in his present enjoyments, moderating them, and yet without paradox heightening them at the same time. Much more is this true of a practical belief in immortality. For this belief knits youth and age together, and binds the present generation to all the past. Having this, youth no longer in mad haste seizes the passing pleasure, contemning the aged and deploring the dead. For the dead—are they not living? And the aged—blessings on their sunken cheeks and wrinkled brows, hieroglyphed all over by life's heat and burden—are they not passing into life?

And as all have a common nature, may we not look forward, some in this decade, some in that, and all within the narrow compass of a century, to an immortal youth, a season when the affections are forever warm, and the thoughts forever unwearied, when nought is left of age but its wisdom, and nought of youth has vanished but its folly? This will be at last the true brotherhood of humanity, that good time coming, which I sadly fear this world shall never witness. Then, when we have received the fiery baptism of death, may we not all, every bond and fetter melted away, be gathered within the holy light and around the warm effulgence, the endeared aræ et foci, of our Father in our everlasting home?

A Visit to Vesuvins.

(AN EXTRACT FROM A VACATION LECTURE.)

On the fourth day of our stay in Naples, a party of American friends, among them two good specimens of intelligent and energetic New York girls, arrived, and an excursion to Vesuvius was agreed upon for the next day.

Francois, our worthy valet-de-place, made all necessary arrangements, and relieved us from the annoyances. First we rode, in open carriages, along the bay to Resina, part of the way being over the Marinella, the head-quarters of the Lazaroni, before they ceased to exist as a distinctive,

important class, and then the four younger, male members of the company, mounted donkeys and rode over fields of lava and scoria to the hermitage of St. Salvatore, while the others followed a winding carriage road to the same point. The awful desolation of the tract we passed over, exceeded anything I have ever seen elsewhere. The lava had evidently first cooled at the surface, which cooled part had opened into various sized crevices in consequence of the heat below, and the subsequent action of the elements had broken it into pieces from the size of peas to others weighing tons.

The color is brownish black, without relief from a single green thing, and we gladly exchanged its dreary monotony for the verdure of a knoll just below the Hermitage, where we awaited the carriage. The view from this point of the bay, city, and environs—all bathed in the delicious, dreamy light of Italy-was enchanting. At the Hermitage the carriage road ended, and with the exception of the elderly lady, who was unwilling to trust herself to the vicious looking brutes, we all mounted donkeys and rode to the foot of the cone. To do the animals justice, they behaved better than they looked; the sagacity with which they picked a way over the loose scoria, and their unfailing sure-footedness, was admirable. Yet they did not permit much exhibition of equestrian skill, and when unable to bring mine to the side of my lady's steed without the shouts and blows of the guide, I was ready to exclaim, "A horse, a horse," ten donkeys for one horse. At the foot of the cone all dismounted amid "confusion worse confounded." As there was about a foot of snow on the path, it was thought best that the ladies should be carried in chairs, each slung upon poles, to be placed on the shoulders of four men, and the fifty porters present quarreled and fairly fought for this job, and the privilege of dragging up the gentlemen by straps attached to their waists.

Finally we ended the hubbub by selecting the best looking, and quieting the others with a few decided words, and, when necessary, by more striking arguments started. The snow helped by furnishing a surer foothold than the loose ashes would have done, and the ascent was easily accomplished by those who walked in an hour without any assistance.

The ladies had rather a rough passage; the uneven, slipping steps of the porters, produced an effect similar to that occasioned by the tossing of a ship in a storm, i. e. sea-sickness; they appeared to enjoy it about as much as the Pope did a corresponding ride down the long isle of St. Peter's, last Christmas. Besides, notwithstanding the proximity to the

"burning mountain," the air was biting, so that they suffered from the cold, while we, who walked, were dripping with perspiration.

The summit being reached, we walked to the edge of the large crater, which was so filled with smoke that no part of it could be seen, and the only proof of its activity were loud and startling explosions, occurring every few minutes.

The ground within twenty feet of the edge was broken by deep cracks, which parts, notwithstanding the assurances of the guides, did not appear safe.

The air was much impregnated with sulphur, which made the deep breathing, following our vigorous exercise, very unpleasant. After a slight lunch and a bumper to our regular toast, "Friends at Home," we skirted round the large crater to the smaller, where the wind drove away the smoke sufficiently to permit a good view.

It is about one hundred feet deep, and resembles a bowl in shape; the sides are formed of loose scoria, intermixed with ashes; the bottom of solidified lava, bearing many marks of its former liquefaction, and crossed in every direction by deep fissures. From the centre rises a small cone, some fifty feet high, of a yellow sulphur color, from whose top smoke and lurid flames constantly issued, and every few minutes a shower of burning lava, which rolled down the cone, and lodging here and there added to its bulk. As the guides were continually descending into the crater for the purpose of putting coins in the melted lava, V. and myself determined to venture down, and once in for it, went with a rush, beating the guides in the descent. Hastening to the cone, like the Irishman trying to kies a pretty girl, we resolved to get at the "crater's mouth," and accordingly began to climb up the steep sides.

The sloping surface afforded a very uncertain foot-hold, for every three steps forward we slipped back at least two, and when about one-third of the way up, the heat began to be quite unpleasant to our feet.

But black and blue eyes were anxiously yet admiringly looking down upon the hazardous attempt, which made it impossible to give up, and we clambered some ten feet farther, when an unusually heavy shower of burning lava and scoria shot up over our heads. Having every reason to believe that what went up would come down, we concluded that we had better go down, and turning, run for our lives. I never ran so fast before, not even when running to morning prayers, and yet was caught by one piece of lava, which set my trowsers on fire. I have them still, and intend to put them in a glass-case, as a memento of the most exciting and foolish enterprise I ever attempted. Going to the mast-head, in a stiff "nor-wester," was nothing to it.

On the side of the cone, opposite to the wind, the smoke was quite dense, but by breathing through a handkerchief I was able to penetrate some distance into it; nothing, however, could be seen, and the only reward for the exertion was a more distant hearing of the roaring fires within the cone; their regular puffing was very much like that of a highpressure Mississippi steamboat. Having satisfied ourselves that most parts of the crater were entirely safe, and feeling that the peculiar sublimity of the volcano was not fully felt until in it, we ascended, and by favorable representations having induced our elderly friend to go down, during · his absence persuaded the young ladies to attempt the same. successfully accomplished, and their enthusiastic delight, after the first nervousness had passed away, made us forget the weariness of our left arms, to which they confidingly clung, while we used a staff for mutual support with the right. To go up, by reason of the uncertain footing, was more difficult, and when near the top a thick sulphurous smoke drove in our faces; one lady entered on the initiatory steps of a genuine fainting fit, but a dash of wine in the face brought her to, and after resting they were profuse in their expression of gratification. The adventure was pleasing at the time, and must be especially so in the retrospect; they went where few ladies have ever dared to go.

But the time for leaving the summit had come, and with it a difficulty as to how the ladies should go down. The chair-riding was unpleasant, and on account of the liability of the porters to slip, dangerous. Having succeeded so well before, we thought that they would do better to trust to our arms and staffs; they thought so too, and their confidence was not misplaced. Resisting a constant tendency to slip and make a regular slide-down-hill of it, we reached the level ground, and rode back to the Hermitage, having a donkey race on the way. Mr. B's animal won by the length of his ears—no inconsiderable distance. Here an ample repast, brought from the hotel, was served, and when the "Lachrima Christi" began to circulate, we were a merry party; some of the toasts and speeches would have made the entire serious family expand their risible muscles.

"Confound that Francois, for insisting that it is time to leave for Resina; but the moon is up, and we can continue the fun going down." "But your donkeys can't keep up with the carriage going down hill." "Mine shall;" and stung by the lady's fling at my poor mounting, I used shouts, reins, heels, and staff, until just as the carriage was disappearing in the distance, my beast broke into a frantic run, which soon brought him along side; having once woke up, he kept nobly to his work, and trot

ting while the carriage went slow, and galloping when necessary, continued with it all the way down. For his good offices on this momentous occasion, I have loved his tribe ever since, and can even endure the
biped variety because of the name. The other three donkeymen
endeavored to do likewise, and two succeeded until badly thrown, which
accidents have made them strangely silent about my mishap at Albano,
which previously was told on every occasion.

Half way down, we were brought to a stand; not by robbers—not-withstanding all that is said about them, they are entirely fabulous on this route—but by a disabled carriage in the middle of the narrow road, which completely blocked it up. After vain attempts to repair damages, it was dragged out of the way, and we gave the occupants—an English bride, groom, and waiting maid—a passage to Resina, and afterwards to Naples. This was a pleasant revenge, as they had been unsociable on the summit, and made a special effort to leave the Hermitage first

A jolly supper in private was followed by one of those peculiarly interesting conversations, when every one wants to gape, but fears to; is sleepy, but endeavors to appear wide awake, which soon ended in mutual confessions, making a comical wind-up to the eventful day.

E. L. H.

Ken to Wedlock.

" Woman! Woman! What a blessing!"-OLD Seng.

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."—Appison.

Young men, in the latter days of their college life, generally commence erecting the 'castle in the air' for which they are to set out when Graduation sends them forth into the world with an empty purse, long hair and a sheepskin. These castles in the air almost always contain a Queen, and the design of this article is to furnish a few items for the consideration of those unfortunate individuals of the upper classes of this Institution, who, either from lack of imagination or blissful experience, have neglected to furnish their castles with Queens. In other words, we propose to consider the phenomena observable, (to borrow a phrase,) in the conduct of such young ladies as are educated with a view

to marriage, which, in these enlightened days, seems to be the 'Ultima Thule' to which female education is to extend,—indeed, to carry it farther would be pedantry, and the female who would attempt it must lay aside her silks and satins, and travel in blue stockings. But what can we, a poor Coelebs, not supposed to know anything of what is going on in the other half of the world, that better half, (as some think,) fenced off from us, poor mortals, by whalebones, cactus-fibres, cotton cord, guttapercha, steel bands, brass springs, and various other inventions of the adversary? What can we, in such a know nothing situation, find as a $\sigma \alpha$ $\sigma \tau \tilde{\omega}$ from which to move the female world, or upturn the feeble, flimsy fabric of fashionable female society. We have no alternative but to rely upon what has been said and written upon this teeming subject, by our (shall we say it?) more fortunate elder brethren.

In the views taken of female education, there are, as there are in everything, two extremes, and there should be, as there should be in everything, a golden mean. These three may be expressed by different translations of the old word help-meet.

The first is, 'help him eat.' This introduces the first extreme-those young ladies who are drains upon society, drawing away from it money, time and talent, giving in return a few simpering smiles, a flirt of the fan, and an affected smirk. Taken when young, she is packed off to a fashionable boarding school. There she is pianoed and Frenched till her brain is weary. She is carefully kept aloof from all such vulgar studies as arithmetic and geography. Of what use to a young lady is that old fashioned study, geography? Let her know where Saratoga is. or how far it is to Newport, or the expense of a journey to Niagara, and she knows enough of 'terrestrial topography.' History? History loses all its romance when she finds that the Roman ladies didn't wear flounces, or that the mother of the Gracchi had no better jewels to show than a parcel of red-headed urchins. Rome must have been a dull place without any Tiffanys or Stewarts, with only Prometheus and Alcestis, and a few of those dismally slow moral plays at the theatre. No 'two thousand as parties' (as they would probably have been called at that time, and might appropriately at this) given by Mrs. Cicero. No balls. nor concerts, nor excursions. Study history? No! Nothing but "forum,' and 'justitia,' and 'exercitus' in Roman history; nothing but σατρατήν Ακέσινής and Ινδυς in Grecian history; nothing but Tower of London, and Reign of Terror, and Parliament, and guillotine in Modern history. What have these to do with a young lady whose forum is but a three story, brown stone front, whose exercitus consists of a regiment of



perfumed Ethiopians, whose darparny is a money-making machine, going down to Wall street every morning, and trundled up every afternoon at five o'clock, to be supplied with fuel and lie over till the next day, whose reign of terror commences about January 1st, and continues till her amiable spouse has filled his pockets with receipted bills, and his mouth with expressions relative to what he calls, or rather mutters, extravagance. No! the young lady who is being educated for marriage, need not study history. Botany! Not any farther than the 'language of flowers,' so that in the 'flirtation room' of an evening party, she may sweetly simper, as some white-kidded fop plucks for her a flower. Arithmetic? Vulgar! Leave that for the men. Astronomy? She can study the 'stars' at the opera, using for a telescope her opera-glass-her transit instrument, what is, in vulgar parlance, a 'team,' maintained by the head of the family at an expense of several thousand, for the purpose of occasionally transporting a quantity of dry goods a few blocks distance. But surely she needs Grammar-English Grammar? no! Don't worry that poor little head with another grammar. Latin, French, German and Italian are too much for her already, as you would find if you asked her to translate. Let her know more of foreign languages than of her own. Particularly must she be exercised in French. She must think in French, speak in French, write in French, scold in French. If she uses her pencil, it must be to copy a French lithograph or a model formed of plaster of Paris. After a French supper, she must waste the midnight oil over her French dictionary, and when at last the lamp is blown out, as she lays her weary head upon the French embroidered pillow, she must dream in French, or she will transgress the rules of the Institution. But not only is the mental to be Gauled, the physical must receive its share also. She must shrug her shoulders in the French style, walk with Parisian grace, wink as does the Empressin short, everything she undergoes, does or thinks, must be French. But has she no bodily exercise? Yes, but it is vulgar to call it so. Young ladies now-a days do not exercise,—they practice calisthenics, i. e. they crack their knuckles for half an hour, and stand on one foot during the other half. In addition to this, once a week each young lady is allowed to form a section of a variegated caterpillar, which issues from the cocoon, crawls round a few squares, and then, creeping back, shuts itself up for another week. Besides this, there is the piano, where the fingers are compelled to travel more in one day than the feet do in one term, and the mind must be kept on the stretch over the spider-tracked music, till the reason reels and the brain swims, and the characters on the

page before her carry no more idea to the mind than so many tad-poles trying to climb up a five barred rail fence.

Here, then, she is kept in a kind of a convent, away from the outside world, and here she stays till finally, after three or four years, when Madamoiselle's bills are paid, and tall and lank she emerges from the convent, ignorant of the conventionalities of life, either, if she be of one disposition, awkward and embarrassed in society, or, as is more often the case, having her head completely turned by the attentions bestowed upon her by those whom she has been taught to consider as wicked monsters prowling about seeking whom they may devour.

Educated with a view to marriage in high life and wealth, all of her arts are now employed to catch a weak-minded fop who has strength enough to carry a full purse, flesh enough to hold a few ounces of what is called 'good blood.' When he is caught, then comes the 'establishment,' resembling the 'funicular or rope machine,'—selfishness and vanity on one side, imbecility and dissipation on the other, both barely kept in equilibrio by the weight of gold suspended between.

Now what kind of a wife does this fashionably-educated young lady become? What sort of a Queen for your castle in the air? A self-willed, vain woman of fashion, petulant and capricious, her only ambition dress and display. The slightest things will throw her into a passion, for, be it known, that anger is fashionable—it improves the arch of the eye-brows and gives a kind of depth and flash to the eye, which is very much admired. The hoop deferred maketh the heart sick, and if a ribbon is disarranged she is dangerous and requires watchers. Money is her idol, and yet she does not let it remain idle, as her poor husband knows to his cost.

This is the thing he has sworn to love and protect. Surely the daughter of Augustus must have been somewhat such sort of a person, of whom we read, that it made but little difference whether Agrippa was put to death or made his son-in-law.

Now you may say that we have exaggerated in the above description. So we have, and necessarily too, for personally we have not had much intercourse with individuals such as the above described, but are enabled to perceive and reproduce them only through satire and sarcasm, and satire and sarcasm live and thrive on exaggeration. They would lose half of their sprightliness were they fastened to the great lumbering car of Truth, and compelled to drag it after them wherever they went, whatever they attacked.

But time and the subject bring us to the second translation of 'help-

meet'-a cook. This is the other extreme. There are some in this world (and here we do not claim to set forth an original idea) who are extremely practical. If a thing is not overflowing with use, it must be discarded. They have no idea of, and hence no appreciation for, the To them the sweetest of all music is that of the frying-pan. In their view the potatoe-flower surpasses the tulip, the cabbage bears away the palm from the rose, the pumpkin-vine outrivals the trumpetcreeper. They see only the useful in everything. They scent the telegraph in every thunder-storm. They hear the sound of the mill in the roar of every waterfall. They stand and view the magnificent rainbow, the heaven of the flowers, and cry, "the storm is over." For them Niagara manufactures shoe-pegs, the broad Atlantic yields her codfish, Germany, the land of learning, produces sour-krout, and Italy, the home of poetry, has nought but maccaroni. Every verdant hill-side has its building lots. Every lofty rock reared heavenward, has its quarries; every majestic forest its timber; every sparkling rill will water the next house when strangled with a hydraulic ram. Such ideas, in general, it is natural, should show themselves in particularities, and hence, when it comes to matrimony, give them an animated cook-book and a sewing machine and they are content. No matter if she be a female Thesites, or a Zanthippe, or a Jezebel, so long as she gets the dinner at the regular hour, or has all the buttons sewed on his shirt; so long does she conform to his highest standard of female excellence.

Hence, we often find a girl brought up in this way—her school, the kitchen—her text-books, the gridiron, the sauce-pan and the chopping tray. Unlike the printer, she can read the type better when in pi than when in the newspaper, and knows far less concerning the Turkey topographical than the turkey animal. When she comes to marry, a close-fisted country farmer bears off the prize, and the rest of her life is spent in milking the cows, chasing the chickens out of the 'kitchen garden,' getting up something for the 'men-folks' dinner,' taking care of the pig, cooking, washing, mending, and the thousand and one drudges of female farm-life.

The statistics of the Massachusetts Insane Asylums will show how far this course is adapted to expand and elevate the female mind. Living thus, she acquires a prejudice against learning—imagining that educated people are too proud to work, a thing she glories in, the coarser the better, for it makes her independence more conspicuous. Now, we believe, as much as any one, in the 'dignity of labor,' but this spiteful pride in being coarse and vulgar, is not, to our mind, a synonym for dignified independence.

Then she brings up her daughters in the same way, telling them that what was good enough for their mother, is good enough for them; that she was brought up without any 'book-larnin,' and they must be, and so they are, and form the second class of those young ladies who are educated with a view to marriage, cooks and seamstresses, drudges and slaves. But there is a third class yet to come, the golden mean. us a 'help-meet' for man. We have seen the girl educated for the drawing-room and for the kitchen, both failing to conform to our beau-ideal of what a woman and a wife should be, (for who of us has not such a beau-ideal?) The golden mean between the drawingroom and the kitchen is the hearth. Let us have young ladies educated for the hearth. The kitchen is needed but once or twice a day, the drawing-room but once or twice a week, the hearth continually. Experience ever sends man towards the mean. In this case we see the truth of this remark exemplified. Do not sacrifice everthing that you may have an accomplished wife, nor yet, on the other hand, coin your wife's brains into puddings, pies, and shirt-buttons. Let grace and dignity wait upon her when in the drawing-room, let humility and industry attend her to the kitchen, let love preside at the domestic fireside. When we say love, we do not mean an "Edward-me-dearest-shall-wehave-a-roast-butterfly-for-dinner-to-day style of sickening sentimentality, casting a transient honeymoon-shine around two individuals to the exclusion of all the world beside; not this, but a love as pure as the fresh air of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the sun-light, as gentle as the sun-beam, strengthening and purifying everything upon which it rests, even as the solar ray gives strength to the stem of the lily while it expands and whitens its blossom. Then shall married life be all our fancy now paints it, and our Queens deserve as proud a castle as can be built.

E. F. B.

An Evening in the Valley of Wyoming.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.

* * * * On either hand
The lawns and meadow ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling through the cloven ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning—

OENONE.

VOL. XXIII.

9

Though every one has heard of, we take it few have seen—we speak of those who answer college bell—the Valley of Wyoming.

In one respect the American student compares most unfavorably with the European. He does not make good use of his vacations. one travels, the other loafs, and this becomes something more than a fault when we consider, that there are not only places for him to see, but that generally, he has the means of seeing them. How many of us can tell how Lexington or Cambridge, Independence Hall or Mount Vernon, Brandywine, or the site of Fort Duquesne, looked last summer ! many can say they have seen the spot where fell Montgomery, or have looked down from Jefferson's Rock upon the Valley of the Shenandoah? Few besides those from the neighborhood of these places. It is a hard thing to believe, though true-much harder to say-that if the Cataract House were not at Niagara, Niagara would have roared in vain for half of those who have been there. However, we had best not digress before we begin, and we will cease complaining by introducing our reader to a spot, which, though, as we have said, he has often heard of, he has, perhaps, never seen.

Before we begin, though, we must remind him, that if he has obtained his ideas of the Valley from Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, before he can learn anything he will have much to unlearn. For instance, he must bear in mind that orange trees are not of the "spontaneous productions" of lat. 41°. The deep snows that yearly come down from old Pokono, settle all other tropical creations in the same way. As for the "cascade leaping from the mountain's height," we assure the reader, that if such there is, it must be the same one Tennyson alludes to when he says,

"And the wild cataract leaps in glory."

All one has to do now-a-days, in going from Scranton to Wilkesbarre is, to pay fifty cents, get in the cars and go down to Kingston, where he takes a stage or omnibus and rides over to town. But in the good old times of our Freshman year, when we essayed the trip between the above places, we entered the latter, perched on the top of one of the last relics of expiring fogyism—the Eagle. A sight we made no doubt "for angels and for men," though, if our memory serves us, we were much more concerned for the figure we cut before the angels at the parlor windows, than for that before the men upon the tavern porches. It is by the Eagle, and over the plank road, that we propose to take our readers. Of course it is needless to tell our traveler, as he stands by the coach

before the door of the Wyoming House, to get "on top." He is a student, and students never get inside where they can't smoke, when they have the outside, where they can. So on top we get, and soon, with a crack of the whip, we roll off under the railroad bridge, up the hill, and turn at Hyde Park, in the direction of the Valley. After riding a few miles, we come to the Lackawana, where it tumbles over the rocks, singing as it goes,

chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I bubble on the pebbles.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Leaving the roaring creek, we follow the road as it winds along, overshadowed, now by a huge chestnut, now by a familiar elm—among fields in which stand shocks of grain, or ripening corn, where shines the yellow pumpkin—now causing some "milky mother of the herd" to gaze with staring eye, and low her evening salutation—now getting the waive of the handkerchief from a party of school girls, and hearing the music of their laugh, when we return the salute with a touch of the hat and a laughing bow—how by some farm house, where the grateful odor of slap-jacks reminds us of what is before—now stopping at some little "establishment" decorated with empty dry goods boxes, and serving the double purpose of store and post-office, till piles of coal and dilapidated railways, running into the hill, tell us we are coming to the region of dust, swine and whiskey—Pittston.

We are in the Valley. Stopping to change horses and let the driver take a drink, we have time to see all that can be seen of Pittston from the hotel. But the first "hamlet of the vale" does not strike us as being so remarkably poetical an object as we might hope for from its location. One long street, several taverns, dry goods stores, groceries, and piles of coal make up Pittston. The "simple cottagers"—there is no denying it, the sweet patois of the villagers does smack of "the rich Irish brogue." The bridge across the river here, adds very much to the beauty of the scenery, which, in the upper part of the Valley, is of sterner character than that farther down.

At Pittston we get on the plank road, and emerging from the town, see the whole valley lying spread out in its beauty. It is evening, and no landscape can be more picturesque than this on an autumnal evening. If the road to the Valley was beautiful, what is the Valley itself? Take it as we saw it two years ago. "The time, when? About the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nour-ishment which is called supper." Broad fields, golden in the slanting rays—breadths of woodland darkening in the gloaming—huge hills behind which sets the sinking sun—dark shadows stealing down the mountain—the river, clear and green, without a ripple—everywhere, everywhere beauty.

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant, Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

Over there is Willow Island, quiet and beautiful, every leaf pictured in the water below. Quiet and beautiful it is, but its willows have wept since their sheltering shadows became the Shades of Death. Opposite is the battle-ground. Who has not heard of Wyoming's battle-ground? Above the trees, rising from the fields of grain—fields enriched by the blood of brave men—stands the monument. Plain it is, yet not so plain but that it attracts the wanderer to where, graven in the rock, the sad remembrance of those for whom they died, mournfully tells us, that on this spot "a small band of patriot Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a force of thrice their number."

Below, near where the Church stands among the graves of a former generation, stood Forty Fort. Out of it the Americans marched on the day of the battle, to it they fled, and here they capitulated. Sunken and elevated spots still faintly trace the ramparts of Forty Fort, but where stood the magazine and where the men, whose marches ended in the soldier's grave, drilled to the clear tones of stout hearts, the grass now grows untrodden, save by the boy driving his cattle homewards, or by the worshipers making their way to the house of God.

A light blue haze rises over the water. Disease may be in its bosom, but beauty still upon its front. Dense and more dense it grows, almost shutting out the river. The last rays of the sun striking on it, gives a purple hue, making a landscape from which one might think Claude Lorraine took his lessons. Above the mist appear the tops of the clumps of trees, and the golden fruit of the orchards on the hill-side,

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.

Here and there the spires of churches peer above the surrounding dwellings, or look down on forest trees which lay bathed in sunlight,—

When the ranks were rolled in vapor, and the winds Were laid with sound.

Though the bones of the Anglo-Saxon long since made graveyards in the Valley, yet back of these perished generations, existed others of a different race, a different tongue, a different color. Who were they? What were they? When were they? Great oaks which grew and died in filled up fosse and sunken parapet, but tell us that they lived, and moved, and had their being, in times of which the years have kept no record, and the years themselves have passed unnumbered. But who they were, and what they were—who now of the sons of men can tell? Traces of two aboriginal structures were but a few years ago distinctly marked. One at Toby's Eddy, the other on the Plains. But if the works of men who

—lived and died A hundred years ago,

are fast disappearing from beneath the ploughshare, how long can we expect the remains of races, ages dead, to last beneath the feet of the Anglo-Saxon?

Nothing further of peculiar interest, historical or otherwise, attracts the spectator on his way down. But the beauty of the landscape is everywhere—that we never lose sight of. Things unsightly anywhere else, here seem to have the very spirit and form of beauty breathed into them. Old houses are not old houses, but "ancient ruins"—old people are not old people, but "relics of a former generation"—autumnal woods have here their richest purple, and that most discordant of all sounds, the blast of a boat horn, (the instrument used in blowing down the walls of Jericho,) mellowed by the distance, in spite of its "barbarous dissonance," sets floating in your brain the melting rythm of the Bugle Song:

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clearer, further going; O sweet and far, from cliff and scar, The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Soon we rumble through an excavation in the solid rock—the hill on which in the olden time stood the redoubt—and crossing the canal bridge, descend a slight declivity, and are in Wilkesbarre. Perhaps we may hear the bell ringing all honest folks to bed at 9 o'clock, for until the old steeple got too rickety for the bell to hang there, curfew was regularly rung, though as regularly unheeded. A year or two ago the steeple,

bell and bell ringer went the way of all earth, and with them, we believe, the custom. Just before reaching the redoubt, we have a view of the Valley deserving particular notice. Not only is the town spread out before one, but the bridge over the river—Kingston, across the Valley, and, in the distance to the North, Campbell's Ledge, with the whole plain divided by the river—all lie a gorgeous combination of objects, each one beautiful in itself.

We have said nothing of the vast mineral deposits brought to light by the "hand of the diligent," nor drawn a contrast between Wyoming of the past and Wyoming of the present, but as we take a lingering look of the Valley in its loveliness, we cannot but feel that the iron will, which made the heroes of then lay down their lives on the Day of Death, was not seed sown on barren ground. True to its nature, it has worked, and worked for good. The Beautiful of yesterday is united to the Useful of to-day, and looking on the fruits of the seed sown in blood around the walls of Forty Fort, we can with honest thankfulness say—

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest buffeted, citadel-crowned.

E. G. S.

Bunlight.

BLITHELY gleams the sunlight whe'er the dew is spread. Glistening on the flowerets of the grassy mead, When the morning incense from the placid streams Rises white and holy in the Day-King's beams.

Richly shines the sunlight when its slanting ray Browns the strong-armed mower 'mid the scented hay, While the meadows murmur low with droning bees, And the light winds whisper through the lofty trees.

Glorious is the sunlight when the leafy June Shades the weary cattle from the burning noon, Where the brooklet tinkles in its mossy bowers, Glancing merry laughter to the nodding flowers.

Beautiful the sunlight when the shadows, drawn In its level richness, stretch across the lawn; And all Nature hushes in her wondering pride, While the regal purple robes the mountain side.

Gorgeous is the sunlight when the dying day, Clad in wondrous glory, grandly glides away 'Mid the flooded radiance o'er the West that's rolled, Gilding cloud and hill top with the liquid gold.

B. C. P.

Tin.

READER,—we hate high-sounding themes. We have a cordial detestation of that pseudo-metaphysical trash concocted to elucidate some magniloquent title, and teeming with abstrusities locked up in a museum of "sesquipedalia verba," whose very significance it were a disgrace to know.

If a man must write—and necessity is the only constraint in our case, we will not say whether subjective or objective—if the "Cacoethes scribendi," or scribbling demon, has full possession of a person, let him occasionally descend from the pedestal of his authorial dignity and speak of every-day topics in a familiar way.

We have chosen a modest theme, for the obvious reason that we find ourselves in a very unassuming mood. In more stirring times we might allow ourselves to go into ecstasies over the martial splendors of "gleaming brass" and clashing steel, but our researches in metallurgy are limited, and the exigencies of domestic economy incline us to revolve, with philosophic deliberation, the nature and bearing of plain, homely, prosaic Tin. More precious than gems, in that it imparts weight to character; truer than steel, since it stands, while friends, reputation and credit desert; and under the hand of the careful housewife, who has learned to appreciate a decoction of the Chinaman's staple, like the fame of the immortal bard, "more enduring than brass."

We are not about to descant on the domestic uses of Tin, and we therefore beg our readers to dispossess their minds of any associations which may suggest those itinerant venders of household wares for which our latitude is marvelously propitious. These commodities are a mere tinsel, our theme is more substantial. Tin possesses an important

^{*} Tin sell (!)—Printer's Devil.

natural history, as tin merely, but it also constitutes an important agency in the history of human progress, and should be tested, according to Guizot, with reference to its effect on, 1. Society—2. Individuals.

With these facts before us, we shall accordingly consider our subject in three distinct points of view. First, Chemically; Second, Financially; Third, as affecting Individuals.

1. Tin,—Chemically. Equivalent, 59. Symbol, Sn. Density, 7.29. The importance of Tin as an elementary substance is attested no less by the extreme antiquity from which the pure metal has been sought after, than by the high value set upon its alloys.

Though known and employed previous to Queen Dido's time—whether as a circulating medium we are not informed—its highest uses were not discovered till the lance and shield were superseded by the thundering ordnance; till its sonorous properties began to be appreciated, and college bells were invented, and the philosopher triumphed in the discovery of the speculum. Nor are we to forget those sterling days of the "olden time," when our ancestry fed from the rich pewter crockery (!) that used to strew the frugal board; but we have abjured this extremely utilitarian view of the subject. We must also forego the notice of its multifarious products in the form of oxyds, chlorids, sulphurets, . . . ad libitum, and in attempting to torture our simple theme into a metaphor, listen to the familiar "cry of Tin!" invariably attendant on the tortion of this metal, which suggests a consideration of

2. Tin-Financially.

The power of this element in society is clearly acknowledged and set forth in history. Demosthenes relates that in the palmy days of Greece tin (alias gold and silver) was ranked among prohibited arms. The Pythian Priestess recognized this power when, to Philip of Macedon, consulting the Delphic oracle, she said,

'Αργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχου, καὶ πάντα κρασήσεις, which is, being interpreted,

Make tin thy weapons, and thou'lt conquer all!

an injunction which he so well heeded as to be able, subsequently, to boast that he had carried more places by tin than by steel; and to declare that he thought no fortress impregnable, into which a mule, laden with tin, could find entrance.

Whatever progress has been made since the age of Philip, in the

^{*}Vide Silliman's Chemistry, Art. 595.

storming of fortresses and the scientific trucidation of their inmates, the influence of this subtle commodity is in no wise abridged, but rather extended. It not only carries the strongholds of war, but lays siege to high posts of civil and political power.

In the body politic, tin is an important ingredient. In the body commercial it is the life-blood. On its free circulation depends this body's life and health. If the vital current stagnates in masses, the pulses cease. Convulsions ensue,

Presentemque * * intentant omnia mortem.

A plenteous supply of tin begets unbounded confidence between man and man. Scraps of paper, as a circulating medium, become equivalent to the genuine coin. The rich become less vigilant; the poor more hopeful, and society falls into favor with itself. When tin fails, commercial interests at once fall to loggerheads. Merchants look askance, brokers sigh, and the visages of bankers suddenly become elongated, as they begin deliberately to calculate the consequences of a general smash-up.

Tin is a great civilizing agent. It elevates the community by raising the common herd above the plebeian rank, and the "upper ten" above themselves. In its presence social progress is promoted by a jostling together of conflicting elements, and in its absence, a common deprivation creates a common sympathy. "Wall street" automata become men again, and we give thanks for the great financial regulator, as we turn to notice

3. Tin—as affecting Individuals.

In the old Alchemistic name, for some of its compounds, which were termed "jovial" preparations, we read the effect which an abundance of this metal produces upon individual temperament. It renders the possessor at peace, not only with himself, but also with "the rest of mankind." He becomes patronizing and complaisant in his demeanor. Tin dissipates trouble from his breast and care from his brow. He takes no thought for the morrow, but rejoices in the assurance that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He fears no persecuting creditors. In the possession of his mighty resources he feels himself "monarch of all he surveys." He exults in a host of admiring friends, to whom he dispenses freely of this world's goods. He rejoices in the reputation of a jovial fellow.

So, likewise, in the blue flame which attends the fusion of this interesting metal, we discern an emblem of the feelings which exercise the

^{*} Vide Silliman's Chemistry, Art. 599.

proprietor on witnessing the sudden disappearance of his treasure. His internal experiences are suddenly reversed. He becomes deeply sensible of the vanity of all sublunary things; and would fain flee away and be at rest. He sighs

—" for a lodge in some vast wilderness, Some boundless contiguity of ahade,"

where he may indulge in dejected reverie. He becomes misanthropic. He shrinks from an encounter with his fellow men, especially his tailor. He becomes 'crest-fallen. In fine, he is the picture of desolation. But his cry is Tin! and its influence as a remedial agent becomes manifest. Another important influence, though indirect in its character, is that which it exerts through the individual upon a third party. We do not intend, reader, to hold forth on the part which tin acts in matrimonial and ante-matrimonial relations, but are content merely to suggest the topic, and leave you to ponder the strong language of the Poet,

"'Tin' alone does passion move;
'Tin' monopolizes love!"

J. E. E.

Notes of a Lifrelofre.

When the Gascon French say rapapelloter, they mean to turn over the leaves of a book rapidly, and by rapapelloteur, they mean one who loves to twirl the leaves of many books. We have no word to express this in English, for "bookworm" has too much of the plodding character about it. "Helluo librorum," as the Latins used to call the biblionianisc, is open to the same objection. Meister Carl calls such an one a lifrelofre, a word which I shrewdly suspect to have been coined by his own fertile brain; it means a book-loafer, one who takes much pleasure in the mere being with books, in the examining of title pages, privilegia, and colophons, and in the lection of odd and useless authors.

Your lifrelofre is not a pedant, for he, of all men, is best aware of the difference between the little we know and the much there is to know. He has learned enough on every subject to discover he knows nothing of any. He is a lover of antiquity, for he has found that half the wit, half the fancy, ay, and half the wisdom of to-day, has been said already, and said better, a thousand years ago. He delights to have a smattering of many tongues and sciences, but often knows none thoroughly. He is critical in little things, sometimes not so in greater matters, thinks

words of as much importance as dollars, will discourse eruditely on original sin and the same day be cheated by his grocer, dotes more on parchment folios than parchment deeds, and prefers making notes to shaving them. His chiefest happiness is to come across a forgotten work, by an unknown author, in an outlandish tongue. This he will read with care, will show exultingly to his brother loafers, and will prize it in proportion to its uselessness and rarity.

He is not ambitious, for, in the dusty nooks of alcoves, and lost on unregarded shelves, he knows there sink into oblivion more and greater authors, than any that now tread the earth, vainly hoping that coming ages will hold up their hands in astonishment at the men of this time. "Who," he will ask you, opening the work of that Prince of Lifrel ofres, Burton, "who is familiar with one quarter of the names that this book quotes? Yet all lived, breathed and wrote, all thought themselves wise and learned, all yearned and strove for posthumous fame. Learn that millions are forgotten where one is remembered, and that strong must be the rock, tall the edifice of intellect that the ocean of oblivion does not engulf. Budaeus and Scalliger are known no more among us, the builder of Cholula achieved his work but not his will, and Cheops himself exists but as a doubt. Men are too much wrapt up in the novelties of to-day to care for the trite things of yesterday, too devoted to the perpetuation of their own fame to cherish that of their predecessors."

The idea of the lifrelofre, on this subject, is worth considering. points you out the Biographie Universelle. Half a page in that, he tells you, is the most you can expect, and adds, with quaint Sir Thomas Browne, "who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or like Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts?" Yet I recall one man who did wish to be remembered just so. that physician, alchemist, poet, philosopher, mathematician, metaphysician, what not, Jerome Cardan, who lived in the sixteenth century, and who hesitated not to say, " Cuperem notum esse quod sim, non opto ut sciatur qualis sim." So he wrote his Vita Propria, detailing accurately the most secret springs of his actions, not concealing even his basest deeds, knowing well that the most efficacious mode to deceive men is to tell them the plain truth. So all writers agree in calling him a madman, none going down into the depths of their own souls, and learning from it to appreciate that of another. If his autobiography be true, say they, then all the monsters of wickedness that Shelley ever portrayed or Schiller dreamed, are good and virtuous men compared to him. do not consider how, in the light of a peculiar philosophy, a deeply



earnest and meditative man finds in base selfishness the motives of his best actions; they forget how some men love to depreciate their own excellencies as Rousseau hided his noblest deeds, and Dr. Johnson styled the lexicographer "the slave of science, the drudge of learning and genius." They should bear in mind how many sorrows Cardan suffered, how dark and strange was his vast intellect, in which, as in some misty gloaming, the doctrines of the Cabbala and the reveries of occult philosophy exorcised monstrous phantasms and hideous spectra; how he existed in scenes of fearful vice and terror from his birth, nay, from his Melancholy is a characteristic of genius, conception till his death. even in its most prosperous condition, and this combined with continual griefs and reverses could not but increase and lastingly fix its sombre tints on this susceptible nature. Michael Nostradamus tells us that when he burned the alchemical books, a weird and ghastly light diffused itself throughout his house, typifying by this the effect the perusal of them had on his mind. What wonder, then, that the hypochondriacal genius of Cardan, who had devoted so much of his time to such studies, came at last to see nought in his purest deeds but the subtle inspiration of his peculiar demon?

"Je forme une enterprise, qui n'eut jamais d'exemple," are the words with which Rousseau commences his Confessions. Perhaps when the trump of the last judgment shall sound abroad to awaken the quick and the dead, two men, both prior to Rosseau, will come forth, claiming that they, also, have confessed to the world, telling the truth in accordance with the light they had, concealing nothing bad, adding nothing good,—Aurelius Augustinus, and Jerome Cardan.

What an instructive parallelism could be written of the confessions of these three men? St. Augustine, living in the setting glory of ancient Rome, Cardan, in the restless dawn of modern civilization, Rousseau, moving in the polished circles of the Court of Louis XV; the first, the stern father of the early Church, the second, the groping student of Cabbalistic mysticism, the third, the most earnest theist of his age; all three of far-reaching intellect, overflowing with creative genius, and abounding with strong enthusiasm. Yet how diverse the motives that actuated them. St. Augustine chose posterity as his father confessor; Cardan was influenced by a morbid impulse; Rousseau wrote to explain himself and benefit mankind. Soundly studied, they would tell us more of the lives of great men than the reading of a hundred memoirs.

Most men, however, do not consider the perusal of these works so beneficial. Each of these, they tell us, was at some or all periods of his



life uncommonly wicked, more so, indeed, than the majority of mankind. I do not believe this; they are only too generally applicable, thus conflicting with the modern discovery that a low opinion of human nature is a false one; we are in no wise pleased to be told how bad we are. "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure," says the crafty Lord of Verulam, and a wise and politic writer will always depict human nature better than he finds it. When Machiavelli, by a long and careful study of antecedents, had elaborated and published a series of perfectly true, and, if well carried out, successful rules for obtaining and preserving regal power, the whole of Europe was thrown into an uproar by the unparalelled immorality of the man, yet, prohibit and burn, theorize and deny as they would, example after example established, and still does establish, the verity of his maxims.

So in modern times it is fashionable to cry out against Thackeray for his low opinion of men and women. But, reader, have you or I, in our wanderings to and fro, through this Vanity Fair we live in, ever met a Little Dorrit or an Esther Summerfield? As for me, I am grieved to say, I have not, nor do I expect to. I have met Pendennis and George Osborne, and several members of that most respectable family, the Newcomes; moreover,—a word in your ear,—when I meet with an Amelia Sedley, I am not going to seek further and fare worse, but intend marrying her as soon as possible, and advise you not to go on hunting for one nearer an angel.

But where have I got to !

By n > manner of means, when I begun, did I intend to give you any advice on marriage, which has already been treated of in this Number, but merely to sketch you the character of a lifrelofre, then to loaf, with you at my elbow, through a herd of old authors who treat of the condition of students at the Universities of Europe during the middle ages, not in a statistical or borous way at all, but having a joke wherever we can, knowing that we can be merry and wise at once, and finally showing cause whereby we should rejoice and be exceeding glad that we are not of that age. A very pretty scheme, the failure of which I owe to Laurence Sterne's advice, "always write one sentence, trusting to Almighty God for the next." However, next time, if there should turn out to be a next, we will fetter ourselves down to one thing, and not be led astray by any saint or devil whatsoever.

The Faithful Student Unsafe.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is buried in shallows, and in miseries."

Every man, however noble his purpose, or exalted his sphere, is in danger. From his pathway branch off a thousand bye paths, many of them so nearly parallel to the true course, that human foresight cannot see but they do reach the same terminus. When young, a man expects to arrive at some favorite goal, but when old, looking back over the crooked course of his existence, he wonders that he has not irrecoverably fallen a thousand times. The name of a man's foes is Legion. Constant vigilance and active endeavor are only a partial safeguard against them. There are perils for others than the immoral, dissipated and base. Error, robed in the garb of Truth, is eager to lead even the good man to trust a lie, and the line of demarcation between right and wrong is often so dim that he hardly knows whether he stands on the territory of Innocence, or of Crime. Let no man be confident of his safety, or boast that he is right, lest he display the characteristic, earn the reputation, and deservedly meet the end of a fool.

Not even in the discharge of what we think our duty, are we safe. It was when Bunyan's hero was pursuing his way directly from the palace Beautiful to the Celestial City, that Appollyon met him with curses and arrows of fire. Verily, in his transit through the world, every man is as the Pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. His path is narrow. On his right hand is a deep ditch, into which the blind have always led the blind; on his left is a "dangerous quag," without bottom to stand on; hob-goblins, satyrs and dragons assail him on every side, and over all, ever "hang the discouraging clouds of confusion."

Among men the student's liabilities are not the least various, subtle and fearful. Notwithstanding its apparent quietude, the characteristic of his life is intensity. His faculties are ever awake. He is always traveling one road or another rapidly. If he mistake his way, he approaches disaster with fearful velocity. But for the present we shall notice only a few of those perils which peculiarly beset the faithful student, and which arise from that one excellence,—faithfulness.

In the first place, in the hot pursuit after knowledge and self-improve-

ment, he is liable to forget other men, and lose all sympathy with the world, and interest in its affairs. Coming to college fully resolved to do all in his power for self-culture, he can execute his purpose in no way except by close application. Accordingly he withdraws from all distracting influences—comrades, societies, public affairs generally, with those pertaining to his institution and the community at large—and devotes his entire energy to his immediate pursuits. The result is obvious. Naturally we are interested only in those things to which we turn our attention. A man loves anything, be it book, farm or trade, according to the measure of himself that he puts into it. The soul is concerned in the prosperity of the Right and Truth, just so far as it is a shareholder in them, and no further. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Isolation in life and action begets isolation in feeling. If a man can force himself into a small circle of enjoyments and aspirations, he can become content with it. The prisoner in the Bastile for fifty years learned to love his narrow cell with its darkness, better than the wide world with its light. The student who excludes the world and its transactions from mind, and makes his room his sole dwelling place, and his books his only companions, finds his taste gradually circumscribed, and desires a share in not being without his own limited sphere. Public spirit is a stranger to him. The public welfare is no concern of his. Matters relating to college, as an institution established for certain high ends, are without interest. In the outer world, a financial crisis, its causes and workings, although it plunge thousands into distress, do not move him. A political contest, however great the principles at stake,-a revolution, even, unless it invade his own private sanctum, blows over him without exciting either his hopes or fears. The great ever-throbbing heart of humanity finds no response in his bosom. For all he cares, struggle may succeed, justice be crushed out of existence and the oppressed groan on forever.

That this is a danger to which the faithful student is liable, and which grows out of his devotion to his work, we believe, both from the nature of the case, and from observation. We have seen such men as we have faintly described. They are more numerous among us than they ought to be. And we do not wonder at it. It is often owing more to excellence in taste than narrow selfishness. A good author is a more agreeable companion than ordinary men. There is something far more enticing in the higher exercises of the intellect, in speculation, in "those thoughts that wander through eternity," in searching out the wonders of the world, than in the plain practicalities of every day life. Poetry has

more power to charm than the discouraging work of reform. The ideal is always far more delightful than the real. Yet, the use of all these is to make us stronger for the struggles of life. We care not how eminent a man's abilities may be, how vast and varied his learning, or how numerous and perfect his accomplishments, unless there is a purpose for action. If he be alive to at least some of the interests of men, he falls very far short of a perfect manhood. He is not so properly a part of the human race, as an useless, annoying appendage to it. The teachings of an heathen put him to shame.

"Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto."

Moreover, the student is liable to disqualify himself for personal influence. This would legitimately follow from what has been said. We have no power where we have no sympathy. But besides, the man with feelings alive and purposes true, may confine himself so closely, even with the intention of gaining strength for influence, as to defeat his own end. His habits become settled, inflexible. His methods of thought differ from those of othermen. His processes are slower, his conclusions more reliable, but he lacks the intuitive judgment of the man of the world. He never trusts instinct, for he has never had occasion to do so in his intellectual pursuits. He fears impulse, for it may be philosophically wrong. He distrusts the ways of men. In turn they distrust him, and laugh at his conservatism.

He is not familiar with the various shades of opinion among men, and can exercise little forbearance towards their local prejudices. He sees how things ought to be, and cannot tolerate them as they are. His very excellencies become a barrier between him and others. The difference between his sphere and the common citizen's, is the same in kind, perhaps less in degree, as that between the idealistic German and the Indian hunter in the back-woods, of America. One has no part with the other. He has no great principles or purposes in common with mankind.

Much more might be said on this subject, but we have no room for it. We do not decry hard study, nor the scholarship it produces. More of it is needed. We only touch upon its liabilities. Our ideal scholar is a man who has large and various affinities of soul, whose mental absorption is powerful in every department of knowledge, and whose acquisitions are all transmuted into character and vital power. A man is not to be estimated by his manifest capacity for storage, but by what he weighs. We hear much murmuring against our colleges because they

do not furnish practical men. Believing our educated men to be of higher utility than these critics can appreciate, that they mould the philosophy which underlies the movements of merely practical men, and mark out the channels in which the great tides of human thought and feeling flow, we have little sympathy with the charge. Yet we regret that the influence of our scholars is not so direct and immediate; so open and palpable to the most casual observer as to leave no ground for cavil.

a. H. T.

Book Notices.

The American Journal of Education. Published quarterly. Edited by HENRY BARNARD, LL. D. Vol. IV, Sept. 1857.

A Magazine of such high standing as this requires no encomium from us, but we wish to call attention to this number from the unusual attractions it offers to students. Besides a vast amount of matter on general education, equally valuable to the pupil and the instructor, it contains two articles of peculiar interest; a biography of Edmund Dwight, a graduate of this Institution in 1799, whose noble benefactions did so much in the cause of education, and whose life cannot but please every one who admires that noblest work of God, a pure-hearted, right-minded man; and an article on Public Prayers in Colleges, by a writer whose name is a sufficient recommendation-Professor F. D. Huntington. The conclusions he arrives at are, that punctual attendance at prayers should be obligated; that these should consist of lections of the Scriptures,—if responsive, still better,—of singing, good, artistic, but by no means operatic, and of prayer, strictly liturgical or strictly extemporaneous; that they should be but once a day, and then at an hour when they will not "act as a wrench to pull the reluctant attendants out of their beds," and lastly, that it is doubtfully advisable to take advantage of this opportunity to enumerate the students. A curious little schedule in the same number, is the "Expenses of Eton College in 1560." The "Summa totalis of the whol payment," for the two sons of Sir William Cavendish, for one year, amounts to only £25, 11s. 6d., (about \$63 apiece;) now, O tempora! O mores! it requires five times that amount for one to keep body and soul together.

Chile con Carne; or the Camp and the Field. By S. Compton Smith. New York: Miller & Curtis. 1 Vol. 8vo. For sale by T. H. Pease.

Chile con Carne means red pepper and meat, and is the name of an vol. XXIII.

exceedingly popular and high flavored dish in Mexico. A very well chosen name it is, too, for the book before us, in which the basis of historical fact serves excellently for the meat, while the racy humor with which it abounds cannot fail to season it to the temper of the most unhistoric palate. Mr. Smith was an army surgeon under Taylor, was present at Monterey, Buena Vista, and any quantity of guerilla fights and "scrimmages" of all kinds, all of which he paints with such life, precision and humor, that any one who wants to laugh himself into a knowledge of the Mexican war, cannot do better than buy his book.

Glimpses of Nineveh. B. C. 690. New York: Miller & Curtis. 1 Vol. 8vo. 1857. For sale by T. H. Pease.

Here is a work on the model of the Voyage d'Anacharsis, and Kingsley's Hypatia. In a series of familiar letters between persons of that age, (imaginary ones of course,) it attempts to truthfully portray the advances made in literature, science and the arts, by the Ninevites and Babylonians of the palmy days of King Sennacherib. The idea is good and well carried out, but we would have liked some references occasionally. Those who hold in horror tomes of the magnitude of Ledyard's, will find this a pleasant, instructive, and opportune volume.

Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly, for October, 1857.

The recent sale and amalgamation of Putnam is familiar to us all. We cannot say we are entirely pleased with the resultant compound. Wood engraving is very well as a set off to subject matter, but editor's should bear in mind that there is such a thing as sinking a Magazine into a mere pictorial. "A Tale of Lager Beer" is not without wit, but some of the pieces have too much of the newspaper novellette style about them to please good taste. De gustibus, &c., however, and those desirous of judging for themselves can obtain a copy from Mr. Pease.

Memorabilia Palensia.

CATALOGUE OF YALE GRADUATES

Deceased during the Collegiate year 1856-7, including a few of earlier date previously unreported.

Class.	Name.	Place and date of Decease.	Age.
1785.	Henry Sherburne Langdon,	Cambridge, Mass., July 21, 1857,	91.
1788.	Daniel Stebbins,	Northampton, Mass., Oct. 7, 1856,	90.
1791.	Rev. Maltby Gelston,	Sherman, Conn., Dec. 15, 1856,	90.



Class.	Name.	Place and date of Decease.	Age
1791.	Rev. Benjamin Parsons,	Brooklyn, N. Y., April 15, 1857,	88
1792.	William Marchant, 1	South Kingston, R. I., Jan. 21, 1857,	88
1793.	Asa Bacon,	New Haven, Conn., Feb. 5, 1857,	86
1796.	Rev. Thomas Robbins, ²	Colebrook, Conn., Sept. 18, 1856,	79
1797.	Homer Hine,	Youngstown, O., July 19, 1856,	80
1797.	James Murdock, ³	Columbus, Mpi., Aug. 10, 1856,	80
1799.	Thomas H. Hubbard,	Utica, N. Y., May 21, 1857,	75.
1801.	George Hoadly,	Cleveland, O., Feb. 20, 1857,	75
1801.	Thomas J. Oakley,4	New York City, May 11, 1857,	74
1801.	Joseph Wood,	New Haven, Conn., Nov. 13, 1856,	77.
1802.	Achilles H. Eliot,	Clinton, Conn., Sept., 29, 1856,	75
1802.	William Maxwell,	Williamsburg, Va., Jan. 10, 1857,	78
1802.	Rev. Samuel Merwin,	New Haven, Conn., Sept. 3, 1856,	76
1804.	Dr. Sumner Ely,	Otsego Co., N. Y., Feb. 3, 1857,	70
1804.	Rev. Dirck C. Lansing;	Walnut Hills, O., March 19, 1857,	72
1805.	Rev. John M. Whiton,	Bennington, N. H., Sept. 27, 1856,	78
1810.	Dr. Sylvester Bulkley,	Wethersfield, Conn., Feb. 1, 1857,	69
1810.	John Hooker,	Springfield, Mass., May 13, 1857,	65
1310.	Daniel Kissam,	Manhassett, N. Y., May 25, 1857,	66.
1812.	Rev. Calvin Colton,	Savannah, Ga., March 18, 1857,	68
1818.	Stephen Mack,	Ithaca, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1857,	72
1813.	Prof. Elisha Mitchell,	Black Mountain, N. C., June 27, 1857,	64
1813.	Charles Perkins,	London, Eng., Nov. 18, 1858,	68.
1814.	Rev. Amzi Benedict,	Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1856,	65.
1814.	Abraham T. Rose,	Bridgehampton, N. Y., April 14, 1857,	65.
1814.	Rev. Isaac W. Ruggles,	Owasso, Mich., May 28, 1857,	78.
1315.	John M. Clayton,	Dover, Del., Nov. 9, 1856,	59.
1815.	John D. Eccles,	Fayetteville, N. C., June 15, 1856,	64.
1818.	Rev. Hector Humphreys,	Annapolis, Md., Jan. 25, 1857,	59.
1819.	Rev. William L. Buffett,	Perrysville, Ind., Aug. 29, 1856,	57.
1821.	Rev. Eli Smith, 16	Beirut, Syria, Jan. 11, 1857,	55.
1824.	Rev. George W. Perkins,	Chicago, Ill., Nov. 13, 1856,	58.
1826.	Stephen W. Meech,	Hartford, Conn., May 31, 1857,	58.
1837.	Dr. Philip A. Davenport,	New Rochelle, N. Y., June 2, 1857,	89.
1837.	William P. Eaton,	Lockport, N. Y., March 17, 1857,	40.
1838.	Rev. Lorenzo Cary, 11	College Hill, O., Jan. 24, 1857,	48.

- 1. Chief Justice of Rhode Island.
- 2. Librarian of the Connecticut Historical Society.
- 3. Eminent as an Ecclesiastical Historian.
- 4. Chief Justice of the Superior Court of New York City and County.
- 5. President of Hampden Sidney College, Va.
- 6. Professor in Trinity College, Hartford.
- 7. Professor in University of North Carolina.
- 8. Secretary of United States in 1845.
- 9. President of St. John's College, Md.
- 10. Missionary, celebrated as an Arabic scholar.
- 11. Professor in Farmer's College, Ohio.

Class.	Name.	Place and date of Decease.	Age.
1838.	Rev. David T. Stoddard,1	Oroomiah, Persia, Jan. 22, 1857,	38.
1840.	Theodore B. Witmer,	Mediterranean, near Malaga, Mch. 29, '5	6, 38
1843.	John Hunter Robb,	California, 1857,	84
1845.	Isaac L. Cushman,	Quincy, Ill., June 12, 1857,	34
1846.	Rev. Chester N. Righter,	Diarbekir, Dec. 16, 1856,	32
1846.	Dr. Albert Everett Stetson,	Dorchester, Mass., July 5, 1857,	32
1847.	Roger S. Baldwin, Jr.,	Baker's Ranche, Cal., Nov. 11, 1856,	30
1847.	Henry Sherwood Steele,	Roxbury, Mass., March 18, 1857,	28.
1849.	Hugh F. Peters,	Cheshire, Conn., Oct. 4, 1856,	27.
1852.	Lewis Howe,	Greenwich, Conn., July 3, 1857,	30
1854.	Erastus L. DeForest,	New York, Jan. 14, 1857,	22

Concio ad Clerum was preached in the North Church, on Tuesday, July 28th, by the Rev. Mr. Brainard, of Lyme.

The anniversary of Φ . B. K. was celebrated in the North Church, Wednesday, July 29th. The Oration was pronounced by Wendell Phillips, the Poem by Mr. Finch. We heard that it passed off with its customary solat, and that the Church was even more densely crowded than the Hall of the Society on its regular nights.

For the following interesting account of the Regatta, we are indebted to the kindness of the present Commodore, WM. P. BACON:

"The Annual Regatta of the Yale Navy took place on Monday, July 27th, at 4 o'clock, P. M. Three boats for the racing prize, viz: the Olympia, (Scientific Department,) 8 oars; the Nereid, ('56,) 6 oars; and the Wenona, ('60,) 6 oars. The distance rowed was a little over three miles, and the time as follows:

Nereid, 22 m. 51 secs. Olympia, 22 m. 52 secs. Wenona, 23 m. 16 secs.

The Judges were Messrs. Dwight and Stevens, of '54; the latter an ex-Commodore, and the referee, Mr. Scoville, the Commodore. An allowance of 11 seconds per oar was made in favor of the 6 oared boats. The Olympia drew the inside position, the Nereid the second, and the Wenona the outside. The boats started beautifully, the Olympia leading and followed closely by her competitors. The crew of the Nereid, finding they could not gain the inside position before reaching the stake-boat, relaxed their efforts somewhat, allowing the Olympia to turn some five or six lengths in advance of them, to insure themselves a clear turn. Rounding the stake-boat in the order of their respective positions at the start, the homestretch became intensely exciting. The Nereid gradually regained her position abreast of the Olympia, and thus they came up the harbor and passed the Commodore's boat amid the cheers of the thousands of spectators whom the pleasantness of the day and the certainty of an unusually close contest for the championship of our waters, had drawn forth. The execution of the crew of the Wenona, who, it

^{1.} Missionary.

will be seen, lost the race by only a few seconds, excited much admiration and gave abundant promise of their rendering a yet more satisfactory account of themselves ere long. After the race, a contest for a drill prize took place, which was awarded to the Thulia. Six boats entered for this prize. The presentation of the prizes, a set of silk boat-flags, and a pair of boat-hooks, was performed by the Commodore, from the steps of the Pavilion, and was accompanied by a very happy and effective address from Mr. Tyler, of '57.

For the present flourishing condition of our Navy, much praise is doubtless due our last Commodore, Mr. Scoville. The success of our last Regatta abundantly attests his energy and devotion to its interests. Three fine boats have been added to our Navy during the Summer—the Olympia, 8 oared, and the Varunah and Wenona, each 6 oars, the former built by Ingersoll, of New York; the latter by James, of Brooklyn. During our last vacation, the Transit, 6 oars, was sold to a club in Springfield, Mass.

The Annual Election of general Officers of the Navy took place on Monday, Sept. 30th, and resulted in the following choice:

> Commodore, WILLIAM P. BACON, First Fleet Captain, ROBERT J. CARPENTER, Second Fleet Captain, WILLIAM ABERNETHY, Secretary and Treasurer, WILLIAM T. SMITH."

Statement of Facts took place as usual on the first Wednesday of the term. "Gentlemen who had recently entered College," seemed to be largely edified by the number and importance of the facts produced; one whom we noticed taking notes, however, seemed to consider the question rather intricate towards the close.

On the appearance of the Banner, victory was declared in favor of the Brothers in Unity, they having a majority of twenty-nine in the Freshman Class.

While on the topic of Societies, no apology is needed for inserting the following interesting extract from a letter of Mr. Gilman, to the President of the Linonian Society, having as it does a general interest for the whole College world.

" To the President of the Linonian Society: .

"Dear Sir:—You are aware that before my departure for Europe, in March last, I was requested by the Linonian Society to expend for them a large amount of money in some work or works of Fine Arts, for the decoration of the Society's Debating Hall. After visiting all the celebrated Museums of Rome, and conferring with good judges of Sculpture and Painting, among whom I may name Mr. Cass, the American Minister at Rome, Mr. Page, the celebrated Portrait Painter, and Mr. Terry, a distinguished Artist from Hartford, Conn., nothing seemed to be more appropriate for the Hall of the Society, than copies of two ancient statues, renowned for their beauty and their history. I refer to a statue of Demosthenes, now standing in the Museum of the Vatican Palace in Rome, and a statue of Sophocles, now standing in the Museum of the Lateran Palace of the same city.

"Making known to Mr. E. S. Bartholomew, a native of Colchester, in this State, and an Artist who is in the foremost rank of American Sculptors, my desire to procure for the Linonian Society copies of the above mentioned statues, Mr.

Bartholomew, with a courtesy and generosity which I am sure not the Society only but the entire College will appreciate, expressed a willingness to execute these works without compensation for his own services. • • • • The statues are to be full length, in marble of the purest and finest character, and one of them is probably completed before this. The other may be expected next spring. The beauty of the original figures, the celebrity with which they are known throughout Europe, and the ability of our distinguished countryman, who has charge of the work, may assure the Society that no ordinary decorations are soon to be added to their Hall. I rejoice, as a Linonian, that so good a policy as the encouragement of art, and the development of taste, has been thus successfully inaugurated.

I am, dear Sir, Very truly yours,

DANIEL C. GILMAN.

Yale College Library, Sept. 22d, 1857.

The sad duty devolves upon us to chronicle the probable demise of that ancient and venerable institution, the Foot-Ball game. Our heart beat high with joy when we saw the following notice, written in a clerkly hand, conspicuous on the Lyceum wall:

SOPHOMORES!

The Class of '61 hereby challenge the Class of '60, to a game of Foot-Ball. Best two in three.

In behalf of the Class,

R. L. CHAMBERLIN,
JAMES W. MCLANE,
A. SHERIDAN BURT,

Replied to as follows:

" Come,

And like sacrifices in their trim

To the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,

All hot and bleeding will we offer you."

To our youthful friends of the Class of sixty-one:

We hereby accept your challenge to play the noble and time-honored game of Foot-Ball, and appoint 2½ o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, Oct. 10th, 1857; and the Foot-Ball grounds as time and place.

In behalf of the Class of sixty,

J. J. POST,
E. G. MASSEY,
A. C. PALFREY,

But, alas, for youth's delirious fire! The star of battle waned and died out under the colder influence of age, and a prohibition of the Faculty underwrote an impassable Finis to these warlike messages.

Editor's Cable.

LECTOR BENEVOLE: -- We wish we could throw right into your heart and soul the bracing jollity, the incomparable vigor of this antumu morning. Would that we could catch on our page the inspiriting sunlight that dances everywhere on the college green, playing hide and seek among the elms, and, like the lamp in the Arabian Nights, turning all it touches into gold. Would that we could metamorphose our pen into an Eolian bag, let out this invigorating autumn breeze into that close room, and all around that odious coal stove, where you will sit, "make you feel the wild pulsation that you felt before the strife," and instill into your languid blood the music and the strength of the out-of-doors. What old fools those poets were who prated of "the pale descending year," "the melancholy days," "prospects desolate and faded woods!" All dawdling sentimentalists who would dare to stain a fair page with such fustian, ("'tis trash, 'tis lucky, and lucky 'tis, 'tis trash," as Mullion would say,) deserve to be treated like Dan DeFoe in pillory, or, in a more Christian spirit, to be well shook up by a tramp of ten miles this very morning. Let them see the forests decked with vestments gayer than Angelica Highflyer's ball dress, resplendent with varying colors, compared to which Joseph's coat was a drab; let them see half a hundred children rustling among the leaves, hear their shouts when the chestnuts and hickory nuts rattle to the ground, their joyous laughter as it re-echoes along the wandering avenues of the wood; let them go to a real old fashioned husking match, when the corn stands yellow on the shocks, the rich red pumpkins gleaming in the sunlight, giving fair promise of toothsome pie, goodnatured jokes flying from mouth to mouth, the girl blushing and hiding her face when she husks a red ear; let them sit at the homely board,

"Twixt the gloaming and the mirk when the kye come hame,"

where with the plenteous fare, the wise maxims of experience are meted out,—and, thank Heaven, this is no fancy picture,—then let him who dare, say that in this flood-tide of health, youth and merriment, there is one jot or tittle of sobersided, long-faced melancholy. Now if they were talking of a rainy spell, one of those lowering, drizzling, miserable, killing horrors,

When a blanket wraps the day, When the rotten woodland drips, And the leaf is stamped in clay,

we would be with them. The very idea is suffocating,—worse than pork and beans to a vegetarian, cold codfish to an epicure, or a hearty dinner in company to a miss of sixteen. Bah! "Page, laquais, novice, enfant de chosur, levron de l'Antechrist, donne moi a boire," exclaim we, with wicked old Beroalde de Verville, at the mere thought. Let us pass on.

Thinking of poetry, reminds as that among the vast and ever increasing shoals of communication that this most noted Magazinity receives from various quar-

ters of the [un] known world, we must mention a new edition of Locksley Hall, by A——d T——n, but which he has thought best to alter to "South College." Contrary to the old proverb, we will take two bites to this cherry, and not then eat it all.

Bite No. 1.

"When I looked into the future with profound prognostication, Saw myself a new-fledged graduate spouting forth a high oration, Saw a vista of first prizes, and a fame acquired perennial, By my name in Roman letters in the Catalogue Triennial."

Bite No. 2.

"Ass! again the dream, the fancy, προς των θεων! blitzendonners!

Blast the gov'nor, cuss the prizes, rot, O rot, those College honors!

There, confound it! Charley's calling, saying that my lamp is broke,

That we'd better take a drink, and finish with a cheerful smoke!"

et cetera. This is not as bad as it might be, and does well enough for a specimen of a kind of literature we sadly lack in college, namely, humorous poetry. Why must we forever harp on love, and maidens, and moonlight, and gloamings, and heart, and soul, and despair, and—and—and—. A good hearty laugh is better any time than all the whining and sniffling that Byron and Keats ever gave rise to. Give your diaphragm a good shake three or four times a day, and if you don't live to a good old age, take our tile.

Lying on our table is a communication from Job Silper, Esquire, Lawyer in Swinesboro', containing divers and sundry complaints on the part of Timothy Phlipps, gent., against Bulinda, his wife. Verily his tribulations are dolorous, but what excuse could we make to many a fair one whose eyes (we hope) will glance over this page, if we were thus ruthlessly to rend aside the veil that hangs over the γυναικωνιτης, and expose the wiles and subtleties of the sex. Let us recommend to the pestered Timothy that ancient song,

"Gif yure wiffe sall be a shrew, sir, Skirling o'it ne'er will do sir, Sin' thairby you may not luse her, Gin you try."

"By the blessed rod!" We can write no word more to-day; the afflatus is past. Let us wipe our pen, shut the book and sink into silence for another month. But no! We cannot do this before we beg the indulgence of our kind friends, the subscribers, for keeping them waiting so long, but "circumstances over which we have no control," la force des choses, the immovable edict of the Parcæ, the iron fetters of necessity, anything, everything, have conspired together to keep you waiting.

WANTED.—A liberal premium will be paid for a limited number of copies of the last (August) issue of this Magazine. Apply to T. H. Pease.

THE

No. 11.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY-TEE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



- Dun mees gram maint, rooms landsmut Valerage at a maintain former, northnoon Parers.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

NEW HAVENS

PERSOND BY THUMAN II. PEARS.

MERCHANIS

CONTENTS.

Conservation,						*	4.1
The Palm,							40
YALR LITSUARY PRINT EAS	SAY :						
The American Statesu	one.		4				17
Earnestness,		8		-			56
The Press Gang.							694
Reverence for law,							0.4
Conversation Again,	-1		7		-		71
Haok Noriess,							770
MEMORABILIA YALEBSIA,							10
Entrod's Table, : -		lų.					
The Award							80

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vor. XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

No. II.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '58.

E. F. BLAKE,

C. S. KELLOGG,

D. G. BRINTON,

J. E. KIMBALL,

S. H. LEE.

Conservatism.

Ring out the old ring in the new,

Ring out the false ring in the true.

TENNYSON.

WHEN Lycurgus had fully established his iron code he departed forever from his native land, full of the blessed hope that in after years he should look back from the shores of the "happy isles" on automata of his own construction—of iron thews and sinews—trafficking with an iron currency and ruling the neighboring states with an iron sway. Sparta was perfect and himself the perfecter. His only hope was that she might never change. There are not a few modern Lycurgi who have the same unwavering faith in things present, and consider them the only hopeful type of things to come. They view the idea that change may result in good or that the overthrow of what is established may result in the establishment of something better, as a heterodox dogma professed only by idiots and fanatics. They would not dare to remove the ass' head from Bottom, for fear of spoiling his complexion or ruining his voice. We do not indeed define all conservatives as men of this class; but they are very apt to become such by an undue devotion to their own principles. There is indeed a certain virtue in conservatism by which it

VOL. XXIII.

serves to prevent rash and thoughtless innovation. And this we apprehend to be its true office. Burke never spoke more truly than when he said—"to innovate is not to reform." The statesman should be ever watchful to prevent abuses from creeping in. But this degree of conservatism is what distinguishes the reformer from the fanatic. He can hardly be called conservative who simply refrains from acting rashly.

But there is another garb of conservatism in which its influence is far more subtle and potent. It clothes itself in the reverend guise of age and pleads for institutions which our fathers reared—even though years may have brought nothing but disease and decrepitude. It mingles its prayers for noxious abuses, with appeals to those feelings with which men regard the home of their youth or the fraities of the aged. It brings before us the evils it would perpetuate and bids us look on them as we look upon some old castle moss-grown and tottering—yet with features which poets love to sing and painters love to copy—whose beauty makes us heedless that the owl hoots from its battlements and turrets, and the viper coils amid the rubbish at its base. And in this manner conservatism by combining with those feelings which it is an honor to us to cherish, cheats us, if not into a toleration of wrong, at least into the endurance of what is worthless.

One of the most fruitful causes of conservatism is ignorance. Men of limited knowledge have little sympathy with social or political advancement. They consider it sacrilege to attempt to improve on the customs of our fathers. "Mine fader ploughed oxen mit der tails and shust so will I," was the reply of a stolid Dutchman to a Yankee who suggested the voke as an instrument more profitable to the man and more convenient to the beast. Why should he forego a custom under which his father had lived and prospered? And so years ago the English peasantry insisted upon mobbing whoever should make use of steam-ignorantly believing that the decrease of the demand for manual labor would result in starvation to their families. But the ignorant man is not a willful conservative. He does not know that he may better himself by change. Knowledge by removing the ground generally removes the evil also. As he becomes more enlightened he becomes more liberal. And herein he differs from the obstinate man whom nothing can curewho even goes contrary to his own modicum of sense, because it presumes to dictate to him. Solomon knew him of old and described him. "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." But ignorance, though curable, is lamentable. For on it are built the darkest and dreariest

structures of human wrong. In a country like our own it continually hinders good reforms and becomes a dangerous instrument in the hands of dishonest—that is to say—of almost all politicians. In other countries it is far worse. What but the mighty conserving power of ignorance has sustained for so many generations the "Autocrat of all the Russias?" The careful suppression of all enlightenment, while it has given Russia a terrible unity and power, has created for the Russian peasant a sad and cheerless destiny, whose brighest point is the grave. The social life of the serf is like his own winter—sunless and cold—lit by constellations in whose gleam is neither warmth nor hope—o'er-shadowed by a ghastly twilight like the robes of death.

Passing on to other causes which nourish conservatism, we find a powerful one in prosperity. When the bitterness of poverty has passed away-when the gloom and the sickness-the gaunt form and hollow cheek have given place to cheerfulness, health, protuberance of figure and eyes almost closed with good living-then a wondrous content is infused into the soul. The appearance of the present becomes far more benign. The state of mind induced by an aldermanic state of body is essentially anti-revolutionary. We could hardly conceive of the Bastile being stormed by a rabble of Daniel Lamberts. The fat boy of Mr. Wardle was a model conservative. We do not say that as men change from paupers to Astors, they necessarily change from reformers to conser. vatives. But in poverty and its attendant ills there is a wild restlessness -a feeling that the world is going wrong-a desire for change, confident that it cannot be for the worse, which holds within it the seeds of revolution a certain terrible kind of reform. And as men rise from poverty to affluence there comes over them a certain satisfaction—a feeling that the world is nearly if not quite all right—a reluctance to meddle lest they should mar. The poet Massey is an instance of this. In his youth he bore the stern discipline of want and his earlier songs are full of wild indignation and fierce denunciation of tyrants, by whom he meant nearly all who were in better circumstances than himself. But as years bring better things, his lyrics lose their primal fierceness—he looks with a far greater degree of allowance on the present condition of England -and prefaces an edition of his works with apologies for opinions in the political songs, which he has long ceased to entertain.

The spirit of change fostered by poverty is not a healthy one. It is intensely selfish. It looks simply to personal melioration. Though deep and solemn principles underlie it—it does not work for them or from a knowledge of them. It is querulous and petulant, having none



of the faith and disinterestedness of the true reformer. Such is its general character, and when the causes which bring it into action disappear, the selfishness which is its essence creates a corresponding spirit of conservatism. There are none so jealous of the encroachments of the masses on what they consider privileges peculiar to themselves, as those who at no early day have risen from them. It is natural too for those who have never trod the rugged ways of want, nor held companionship with starvation—who have always dwelt in the midst of plenty—to be conservative. The aristocracy of England have always been the conservative party. Such characters as Wilberforce are exceedingingly rare. A fat income is a deadly foe to radicalism. There is small disposition to assail social evils in those who are

"Born in wealth and wealthily nursed, Capp'd, papp'd, napp'd and lapp'd from the first On the knees of Prodigality."

The reason of this is obvious. Men are strangely disposed to let well enough alone, when well enough means their own peculiar ease and comfort. Their vision is circumscribed by self, so that they literally cannot see the good of change.

There is another form of conservatism not unpleasing and which connects itself with the better feelings of our nature. It is that which is found in connection with old age. It is well known that the old bear ill a removal from or any change in a place where they have spent their lives and which is endeared to them by a thousand recollections of the past. They cannot endure the violation of any household deity. feeling akin to this comes over them when any of their social or political Penates are overthrown. We often hear them mourn that things are not as they were. The old statesman who has grown gray in the service of his country looks with a pardonable pride on laws he has helped to establish and defends them with a pardonable chivalry from the assaults of him who would alter them. His Utopia lies in the past -in the fields of memory. Such conservatism is the natural result of long settled habits of thought and action and is opposed to the restless eagerness and enthusiasm of youth which render it peculiarly revolutionary.

Youth in general and especially students are not apt to be conservative. All that is brightest with us is connected with hope rather than memory.

"Life with us

Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries;
Tis like the wine some joyous guest has quaffed,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy"

We are full of ideals. We are in a transition state ourselves, think we are continually passing on to better, and predicate the same for the world. We have not yet acquired that selfishness, caution and coldness which experience and contact with the world almost invariably bring. And yet with all this we have a spice of conservatism. We cling to old customs often when age is the best argument we can offer for their continuance. And when our college public opinion will no longer tolerate them we seek to reform rather than abolish. This is as it should be. These customs are among the many links which bind our love to the whole history of our Alma Mater, and not merely to our own short fleeting quadrennial. Heaven forbid we should ever acquire that other spirit, heartless and narrow, which cannot, because it will not, see any brightness in the future—ever ready to defeat the hopes of men and strengthen the web of falsehood. Be ours the better hope, that sees in the future, good ever crowning the earnest labors of man, while as we toil our bards about us chant the songs of joy and promise-

> O yet we trust that some how good Will be the final goal of ill, To pangs of nature sins of will, Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

C. S. K.

The Palm.

O'ER-ARCHED by skies forever calm,
In beauty stands the pillared Palm.
It is the poet of the trees,
And oft its charming minetrelsies
Lap the sea girt Sicilian isle—
They float along the winding Nile—
On coral reefs emerged in foam—
By moon tipped minaret and dome.

Where starry eyes at midnight gleam In rose bound bowers by Tigris' stream; And where the boly Ganges pours A sluggish stream through shelving shores, The Palm that shades Sicilian flowers. And hears from far Palermo's towers The throbbing vespers sweetly ring. Is lonely then, and loves to sing, Not of the rocks where syrens play, Nor of that purple crescent bay, Along whose shore a bright sea flows, Where smoke wreathed, vague Vesuvius glows, Nor of the far Hesperides, The isles of hope in western seas-A sadness shows through all its form, And when the eastern wind blows warm It swings its light leaves to and fro. And sings a measure sad and low, Of longings for a far off home, That lies beyond the Cretan foam,-A peaceful home in that calm land. Where broken Memnons silent stand .-Of sculptured tombs of ruined fanes Of blank browed hills and sandy plains; But he who sails the Nile may hear The Palm's sweet anthem ringing clear. It sings the young world's history, And of the Sphynx's mystery, The secret those eternal eves Read in the bending desert skies; It sings the words that Memnon spoke When first the tropic morning broke.-The spells and all the magic power That lurks within the lotos flower,-Of springs by which the freighted trains Rest in their march on burning plains,-The white memorials of death,-The purple simoon's poisoned breath,-Of love and hate, of rest and strife That fill the round of that wild life.

Oh the fair Palm tree, that sings and sighs, When over the sea the swift wind flies, Its heart is weary, its sad thoughts roam Past the sunny isles and the broken foam, To a far off land and a summer crowned home!

I. R.

Oh the beautiful Palm! that singing waves, By the river calm, and the silent graves, It sings of the time when the sky was red With a glorious dawn,—of a clear light spread Over sea and shore, in the days that are dead.

Oh the clear voiced Palm that sweetly calls, Singing its Psalms by the Persian walls; It sings of a land of song and flowers, Of bright eyes gleaming in moonlight bowers, Of gold spread domes and shining towers!

YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

The American Statesman.

BY LUTHER M. JONES, MARLBOROUGH, N. H.

The crowning glory of an earnest life is to have worked for a noble object. To study well, to aim well, to labor well, are tests of greatness that consecrate genius, talents and ambition to high services, and prove the claims of a genuine manhood. The superficial worldly man lives easily and has only a business, the thoughtful earnest man lives intensely and has a calling. The idea of a calling contains a grand truth. It gives meaning to the commonest affairs of life. The humblest toil is glorious service performed in obedience to the voice of duty. It exalts the work of life to a mission; tempers action with enthusiasm; precludes accident, apathy and recklessness, and urges the whole man right on to diligence in well doing and devotion to noble purposes. The fields of creation are boundless, and the pursuits of life manifold, but an earnest devotion to a worthy calling is always and everywhere the stamp of a soul loyal to its high instincts.

The calling of the statesmen has never been justly recognized. Especially is this true in our own country, where it is not regarded even as forming a distinct profession, nor requiring ability and training peculiarly its own. False notions and ill formed ideas regarding it have obtained so widely, that its importance is lost sight of among the evils which rise from its abuse. Statesmanship itself is become a by-word, a synonym for political tricks, a euphemism for rascality. It is looked upon as something that hangs loosely about the profession of law. Men

whose innocence is stagnant, and whose ignorance and weakness are amiable, decry politics as despicable and mourn over wickedness in high places; but, ending with lamentations, never propose any legitimate and practicable reform. It may be doubtful whether any particular method of education would make better statesmen than the present system of chance; but this is certain, that studies the most various and liberal, discipline which shall give him the most complete command of resources, and that cultivation of the heart which makes him jealous for liberty and truth, are indispensable in the training of the true statesman. The ignorant man will blunder, the weak man fail, the unprincipled man prove a villain. Yet so deep and extended is the prejudice against political pursuits, that any young man who should study with the avowed purpose of fitting himself for political life, and devote his time, talents and the impulses of a noble and patriotic soul to the attainment of a place in the councils of his country, would be met as a cool schemer; his ambition be stigmatized as selfish and dangerous, and himself be regarded with distrust and detraction. Not that such studies are censurable, for they are necessary to a proper understanding of national jurisprudence; but simply because the man has an object in view, and is supposed to calculate on popular favor to place him in a position to accomplish it. Should the openings of political life ever become narrower and more difficult than they are now, we might have a class of thoroughly bred statesmen. But so long as honest efforts to be efficient and capable men in political life are met, at the outset, with reprehension, as crafty scheming and profound insidiousness, men will wait until the duties of statesmen are actually resting upon them before making preparation for their right discharge. Let statesmanship be made a study, a calling, whether popular favor bestow office and station or not. He who loves his country is a patriot; he who is wise for his country is a statesman.

Universally the statesman does much to shape the character of his country, but especially is this true of the republican statesman. As a piece of complicated machinery is more difficult to understand and manage than that which is simpler, so in government, when system has grown upon system, when laws, treaties, precedents, ranks and classes have multiplied for centuries, then political machinery becomes a supendous piece of mechanism, whose intricacies perplex and defy the most sagacious; and it is vain to think of thoroughly controlling a power the nature and extent of which are imperfectly comprehended or in the main mistaken. The idea of complexity in a practical system



implies strength in the adaptation of parts. In government this complexity is only the application of general principles to specific cases; and just in proportion as individual or party interests and claims increase, will the administration of government become involved and difficult. Again, complexity conveys the idea of permanence. For since complexity in government is the result of an effort to secure the rights of all its subjects, it involves the fact of a union of interests and sympathy with the power that protects them, which precludes mutation except by the gradual changes of human progress or the sudden force of revolution and radical reform. Consequently, the power of the statesman of himself to control the nation and to shape its character is greatly limited.

The grand feature of a republican government is simplicity. It has but one rank, that of citizenship. Its laws presume the natural equality of all men, disregarding social distinctions and artificial merit. Its theory is the simple combination of a few great truths, the union of a few principles which underlie all systems of government. Its power is derived from the people, its policy is the expression of their wishes, it changes at their will. But simplicity of combination suggests ease of being controlled and facility of change. Hence the power of the republican statesman to give character to the nation he helps govern. Let him learn to manage public affairs skillfully and gain sway over the hearts of the people, and he holds in his hands the fate of a nation.

"To govern a society of freemen," says Lord Bolingbroke, "by a constitution founded on the eternal rules of right reason, and directed to promote the happiness of the whole and of each individual, is the noblest prerogative that can belong to humanity." This is the work of the American statesman; and it becomes a question of vital importance, what character should he possess, and how shall he be fitted for his exalted work. To character belong qualities of mind and of heart; and in making up the character of a true statesman, we place qualities of heart first. Not that capacity for great works in public life results from their presence in a man, for integrity and real goodness of heart are perhaps more frequently joined with ordinary mental endowments. But in the constitution of things, there is little cause to fear that a virtuous and weak man will ever be in a position to injure the public cause by his incapacity. Mental power will have sway, at all events; and if uncontrolled by fixed principles of morality and religion, its rule is replete with danger to the State. The deeds of a great man without principle may be splendid, but are often mischievous; they may be sublime in conception and execution, but are full of fatal chances. Let integrity

then, be the basis of a statesman's character, common honesty, if you choose to call it so.

The necessity on the part of the American statesman to show that he is honest and straightforward is increased from the fact that, more than any other, he is regarded in his position as an individual man. This arises from the simplicity of our government. There is no unusual pomp and circumstance attending his elevation. His position is proud, but not in the splendor of a nearness to royalty or the surroundings of factitious glory. There are no tinsel trappings of nobility, no bewildering magnificence of titles to shelter weakness or knavery in a station which is the gift of the people, and which, dazzling the eyes of the public, can turn them for a moment from his acts and his character as a servant of the State. He is one of the people, and the dignity of station can never raise him above their scrutiny, or destroy his accountability as a man.

The integrity of the statesman, too, is intimately connected with the stability of a government. Its effect is manifest not only in equitable laws, wise legislation and a constant regard for the public welfare; but also in the confidence of the people in their rulers, in subjection to their authority and a hearty cooperation with them in advancing the interests of the commonwealth.

Let the rectitude of statesmen be doubted or denied, and suspicion of evil is at once engendered, dissatisfaction succeeds and civil tumults and revolution are the result.

The empire of reason is a clear head and an honest heart. With integrity the statesman must unite a large and expanded intellect; a mind inductive and penetrating, marked by symmetry as well as strength. He must be independent, yet docile; bold, yet discreet; hopeful, yet vigilant. He must be earnest, cool and far-sighted, and among men exhibit what Wotton so well defines in his celebrated letter to Milton, "Il volto sciolto i pensieri stretti"—(An open countenance and a close breast.)

The American statesman should be simple in his life and manners. Republicanism has little sympathy with costumes and the unnecessary forms which cling to courts and the favorites of royalty. Good sense and a refined taste will dictate with reference to these externals. It may in fact make little difference whether they are made a matter of principle or not. And yet, there is such a tendency in every state to separate communities into ranks and classes, by some of the foolish conceits which pride has invented for self-exaltation and personal aggrandize-

ment, that the manifestations of any such disposition ought to be jealously watched and prevented. There is a great inconsistency bewteen American democracy in theory and in practice, owing to a constant effort to build on the simplest of all foundations, the recognition of natural equality, a social system embracing all the monstrous wrongs that spring from human pride and love of superiority. It was a forcible remark of Lafayette, when he saw the carriage of the American minister, shortly after the Revolution, drive up to his hotel in Paria, with coachman and footman in full scarlet liveries. "It seems that my republicans are getting spoilt." Our statesmen may be unable to prevent the prevalence of private extravagance, and the silly attempts of weak-headed democrats to ape the manners of a foreign aristocracy, but they may do much by example and influence to preserve the springs of public life untainted.

Since in a republic the man himself is scrutinized, independent of his public capacity, it follows that his private life is inspected, and in a manner becomes the public property. If it be stained with any gross immorality or vice it cannot fail to lessen the respect and confidence of men. Strict morality is a powerful pledge of good faith. In the midst of courts more or less corrupt, men may practice vices the most flagrant, and attach little opprobrium to their names; but the Republican statesman hazards the respect and support of all good citizens if he openly violates the laws of morality. It is a severe commentary on the morals of the public men of Italy, two centuries ago, that the longest chapter in a treatise on statesmanship, which is even now the most complete extant, is devoted to warning the statesman against debauchery. Modern politeness will probably be shocked at the presumption of the author and the prodigious wickedness of Italian tatesmen. Modern nicety with hypercritical scrupulosity talks in charitable generalities of the weaknesses of great men. Philosophic anatomists proclaim the absence of backbone in politicians and statesmen, as though deep moral turpitude and deliberate villainy were fittingly set forth by a physical misfortune. Men are honored with office and sit in national councils to day, whose private life would brand them as drunkards, gamblers and libertines. He whose soul is sincere, whose mind is lofty, whose wisdom is profound, whose judgment is just, whose ambition is for his country, and whose secret walks are with the pure in heart, is the true statesman—the noblest work of God.

The great variety of duties which devolve upon the stasesman, and wait for discharge at his hand, render it essential that his knowledge



should extend over 'the whole field which his work embraces—that field covers every subject where a question of human right is concerned. Prejudice is the result of ignorance, and is fatal to a just and discriminating discharge of duty. Hence the studies of the statesman should be such as are peculiarly adapted to inform and enlarge the mind, as well as to bring it under control by severe dicipline.

The statesman must be "the prophet of the past," use all available means for the highest ends, so shape all measures, and organize all institutions, that by their inherent nature, their operation shall be advancement towards a more perfect and beneficent system. The value of historical studies can hardly be overestimated. The researches of the statesman are of necessity less extensive than those of the historian; yet in particular directions they should be equally deep and comprehensive. The history of certain periods, with a careful study of State papers and the lives of the most prominent characters, is more profitable than a wider range of mere reading. Burke was unquestionably better versed in early British history than Hume; yet only for the purposes of statesmanship. Nothing can so enlarge the mind, guide the judgment, and sharpen sagacity, as an acquaintance with history. Besides it has moral uses, and is not without its effect on the character of the statesman himself. History is busy with us, was the sublime thought of Marie Antoinette, when the terrors of the scaffold were before her. History is busy with my country, should be the constant thought of the statesman, moving him to more faithful efforts to promote her prosperity, and perpetuate her fame. Another important means of discipline and culture is the acquisition of foreign languages. The importance of classical studies is generally understood and acknowledged; but the value of an acquaintance with modern languages, especially to the statesman, seems to be little thought of. The history and progress of language is intimately connected with the history and progress of events. Language is often the most faithful record of the past. reveals habits of life, modes of thinking, changes of national fortune, and is the universal type of civilization. A knowledge of other languages gives the statesman a greater command of his own, and enables him to perceive its capabilities and to impart force and elegance to the character of his State papers. The liberalizing influence of these studies is great in rendering the mind versatile and many-sided. As a matter of convenience also they are not of inconsiderable use. They facilitate diplomatic intercourse, and go far to insure the correct transaction of State affairs. There is something ridiculous in the idea of an Ambassador Extraordinary blundering through his breakfast in a café, with a phrase book, or risking his life in duel to preserve his honor when a knowledge of grammar would preserve his life and honor too. Surely a knowledge of French should be required in an American Minister Plenipotentiary. Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicae causa, says Wotton; and while he meant it only as satire, it shows how impressed was his mind with the necessity of skillful speech, artful address, and a guarded manner, in performing the duties of an Ambassador. It is a disgrace that a man should be capable of lying in any language; but it is a noble accomplishment to be able to speak the truth skillfully in many. The study of sound philosophy deepens the channels of thought, and does much to enable one to follow right rea-It is a grand regulator. It brings the mind under control, classifies knowledge, and makes it available in the practical matters of government. There can be nothing so highly adapted to render a statesman morally correct, and show him him that a conscientious adherence to the principles of right in all things, is compatible with good policy as the study of sound philosophy.

The philosophic statesman is far above the statesman who is only political. Adam Smith and Turgot have proved that " peace on earth, good will to man," are perfectly consistent with sound, worldly policy; while Fox and many of his school held that the Christian nations of France and England were natural and unalterable enemies. The suggestions of philosophy may often be utterly impracticable, as things are. But what can be hoped if statesmen have no correct theory, no system in view which is just and right, when the workings of a present system are full of grievous wrong, and conscience is driven into private life by the force of circumstances! A comprehensive knowledge of the laws of his own and other lands, the study of international law, of political economy, of foreign national jurisprudence, hold a prominent place in a statesman's education. He must note diligently the defects of various systems of government, and mark their excellencies. He must be acquainted with the social structure of his nation and study how the welfare of communities may best be promoted by legislation. While studies like these are calculated to brace the mind of the statesman, and strengthen it by scientific discipline, care must be taken that they do not disqualify him to grasp practical results. Theories of perfect governments are useful as standards; but the statesman must often give up favorite ideas, and fine systems, and come freely to very simple conclusions, where demonstration is impossible. Pythagoras was unsuccessful in establishing a social organization at Crotona. John Locke was the



author of the exploded constitution of South Carolina, and the schemes of Owen and Fourier have signally failed.

The influence of literary pursuits and studies on the character of the statesman and his public efforts, is most marked.

They diffuse calmness and dignity over his whole thoughts and actions; they add polish to native strength, and impart to grandeur the finish of repose. A genuine appreciation of the fine arts, particularly the noble arts of painting and sculpture, and an active interest in the progress of science, are essential in the statesman. Perfection in art and advancement in scientific discovery, are tests of national refinement and prosperity. Lastly, we mention Oratory. The Roman idea of a statesman was expressed by Quinctilian: "Vir bonus dicendi peritus." In later times it has become the fashion to look upon the power of oratory as superseded by the press. But this is a shallow idea, a notion mistaken and false. The world never saw a finer instance of the power of eloquence over the popular mind in its most ungovernable state, than that of a few years since, when a single voice stayed the most furious mob that ever burned with the fire of madness and hate, held them in check for hours, and turned them back when intent on murderous destruction. The splendor of that action was a new triumph of Lamartine. When Mirabeau screamed into the startled ear of the French constituent assembly, the words, "When I shake my terrible locks all France trembles," he electrified the Assembly and thrilled a Nation. The magnificent moments of Clay, and the matchless grandeur of Webster, are living forces, full of power to sway American hearts. Oratory may indeed have lost its preëminence. It stands not so much alone as the mightiest of agencies, but holds the more glorious place of a power among powers, itself the highest and most divine.

While the cultivation of oratory gives the statesman new power to serve his country, it also opens avenues of temptation, and gives him a greater opportunity to accomplish selfish ends. When much depends on dexterity of tongue, on the turn of a phrase, on plausibility, sincerity is endangered, and there is a tendency to sacrifice truth for effect. The eloquence of the statesman should always serve for the forcible display of truth. To utter what is new because it can be defended by an ingenious sophism, or what is splendid and false because it can be clothed in a happy phase, is fatal to soundness and honesty. Eloquence in the hands of a bad man is a dangerous tool. Demagogues are a nuisance and capital scourge, a public pest; their use of oratory is an outrage. As cunning is the low mimicry of wisdom, so is demagogue-

ism of oratory. Their most effectual check lies in the example and influence of the true orator and statesman himself. These considerations referring to the training of the statesman, are of general application. But while American institutions, science, art and literature, are in a nascent state, and require the moulding hand of skill and power to shape them for present beneficence and future perfection, there is an imperative demand for the highest attainments in the American statesman. truth is impressed on every thoughtful and patriotic mind. The history of our country is full of pleasing portents and hopeful indications. glory of our statesmanship and the superior character of our early oratory, have awakened the admiration of the world and point to yet higher results. But much of this belongs to the past. To day the view is depressing, and we are ready to exclaim, "venimus ad summum fortunae." A glance at our Congress fills us with shame. Where we naturally look to find the noblest action, the highest courtesy of manners, and the refinements of literature and liberal culture, we meet with scenes of brutality and traces of deliberate barbarism. made a taunt, and scholarship is laughed at. Ambitious bluster and the most triumphant fustian pass for smartness and copiousness. Many of the speeches delivered there display a coarseness of nature and vulgarity of sentiment, a disregard or ignorance of the proprieties of speech, an utter insensibility to the elegancies of letters and to the humanizing influences of the arts which are revolting. There is a crudeness about American style resulting in part from a desire to say too many things, which destroys due precision of idea and expression.

Our country is old enough to have established precedents, but our orators are slow to take anything for granted, and refer everything to first principles. The ejectment of a land claim reproduces the creation of the world, and has some mysterious connection with the discovery of America. A member of Congress, whose gray head is insulted, must walk up and down the centuries for two days to show that Scripture and all antiquity declare that gray hairs ought to be reverenced—a terrible revenge. And when the vexed subject of constitutional rights come up, ambitious fluency knows no bounds but exhaustion. There is a great deal of pretension to learning and show of scholarship among our public men. Is a man brought forward as a candidate for high office, partisan prints immediately proclaim him "a gentleman and scholar," when the chances are that he is neither one nor the other. We do not forget the respect due to our country's rulers, nor the sterling virtues and high attainments of many of them. But it is significant of much, when one

who stands among the first scholars of the world, the President of a distinguished seat of learning, has shown that one of our highest public functionaries, in the late most important decision of the Supreme Court, based his arguments on gross inaccuracies, and committed the most inexcusable of scholastic blunders—mistranslation. And yet later, when a venerable Professor in the same institution, in what appears to us the ablest political paper our country has produced since Webster's Hulseman letter, has proved the utter fallacy of the arguments of our rulers in a particular case, showing them to be guilty either of masterly misconception of the right, or of direct and positive adhesion to the wrong.

A noble opportunity was afforded our Congress to act for the promotion of science and learning, at the founding of the Smithsonian institute. After gravely discussing proposals for devoting the noble legacy which Smithson left to America for "the increase and diffusion of knowledge" into an agricultural bureau, a gallery of the fine arts, or a national library, they adopted a plan comparatively consistent with the intention of the founder, but have left the institution with burdens upon it, of which any liberal country ought to be ashamed. Surely the science and learning of America deserve more generous patronage than this!

The American statesman must be a reformer. Instead of taking advantage of the utilitarian spirit of our nation, he should strive to elevate the views of his countrymen. He owes this to our free institutions, to our noble language and growing literature, to the claims of science and art, to the reasonable hopes of honest men, to the world, and to God.

Carnestness.

The truly great men of this world have been earnest men. Many a man has made a "splendid failure" from the want of earnestness. It must be so from the very nature of our life. What we want is not thought so much as effort, not genius so much as labor. There are few men who do not possess enough of common sense to clear their way of every difficulty, if they have but the earnestness to carry out the plan their reason indicates as the best. But there is something appalling in this earnestness, this energy to a lazy man, and even to any man in his lighter, lazier moods. Longfellow gives us a fine instance of this feeling in a beautiful little poem in which he describes the sense of weari-

ness at the close of the day's labors, when the spirit seeks repose and quiet enjoyment from reading poetry, but

"Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor, And to-night I long for rest."

The effect of earnestness on the mind is to give it honesty of purpose, seriousness and dignity. At first view it may seem paradoxical to say that earnestness can give honesty to the character; for, on the contrary, earnestness seems to spring from honesty, and nothing is more natural than for a man who honestly believes any opinion to feel earnest about it, to struggle to establish it. And it seems even more doubtful when we consider that some of the greatest villains on earth have been characterized by a terrible earnestness in their work. But admitting all this, it still seems as if the natural effect of earnestness upon the character is to make it more honest and sincere. It has been said, with much truth, that "a lazy man cannot be a Christian;" for the Christian life is such a constant struggle as must soon weary an indolent soul. is a continual warfare, a fight with various successes; but no triumph can "conquer a peace," submission alone can give it; and he who submits, who tires and becomes indifferent, is lost. So too he who has nothing that he believes earnestly, and with his whole heart, nothing that he will work for, will fight for, can scarcely be an honest man. The effect of earnestness is to give a vivid sense of reality to everything that occupies the mind. Reality is soon loved for its own sake, and all sham and hypocrisy become wearisome, become odious. And hence arises the very danger of earnestness. Men who see with this intensity make most unendurable what were otherwise tolerable. The judgment is overpowered by the feelings. The evils which are seen are magnified a thousand fold in their earnest, honest hearts, and with one sweep they would remove it, although they involve the world in ruin. Mrs. Browning has beautifully described this fearful earnestness of the French:

" " All idealists

Too absolute and earnest, with them all
The idea of a knife cuts real flesh,
And still, devouring the safe interval
Which nature placed between the thought and act,

VOL. XXIII.

With those too fiery and impatient souls, They threaten configuration to the world, And rush with most unscrupulous logic on Impossible practice."

But it is the fault of a noble nature,

"And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
And wails on (while the household goes to wreck)
Forever, after some ideal good."

Like the fallen and broken columns, the inscriptions half obliterated, the edifices half buried of the eastern countries, sadly reminding one of a long lost grandeur,—this blind longing, this earnest and often fatal striving after something better and purer are the mournful "ruins" of a perfect nature. It is all that is left of what was once a glorious temple. We have said the effect of earnestness is to give seriousness and dignity to the character. Cicero in a beautiful passage in which he attempts to prove that Death is not an evil, after defining it to be merely a separation of the soul from the body, bursts out in earnest enthusiasm, "And do we not separate the soul from the body when we tear it away from ordinary affairs of life, and compel it to contemplate itself?" is this sort of "death" which overtakes the earnest heart-a death to everything that is little and mean, but a life in the truest sense of the word—that is, in a lively sensibility for everything that is great, and pure, and noble. Men who are in real earnest about anything are too much engrossed by it to care for what is of minor importance. They become absorbed in their work and forgetful of all "low-thoughted care." Such a man was the late Dr. Arnold of England, who possessed all the earnestness and seriousness of a man, with the freshness, the tenderness and simplicity of heart of a child. Connected with this seriousness, and indeed inseparable from it, is a native dignity of thought and act. It is not assumed; it has none of the stiffness and awkwardness of "borrowed majesty." We have a remarkable instance of this in our own Washington, much of whose almost awful dignity was undoubtedly owing to the earnest seriousness of his manner.

Another very important thought is the influence which such men have possessed. Among savage nations, a great part of whose life is spent in warfare, the leaders are they who can and will fight valiantly and skillfully, and all others give way to them, and obey them promptly and undoubtingly. Other qualities are called for in different forms of government and in different relations; but the principle is the same. The

earnest man, he who will act when other men shrink from acting, takes the lead and the rest follow.

And the influence of such men is unbounded. It was not till Luther took the first step that the Reformation commenced. Other men were ready for it, the times were ready for it, but the earnest, acting man was needed before it could be commenced.

And how this earnest man influenced the hearts of all around him! He awakened his age to serious, manly thought on the most serious of questions, and his influence is still moving us. Being dead, he still speaketh. There is something grand in the life of Luther; looking at him we are reminded of those words of Milton, "He who would write heroic poems, must make his whole life a heroic poem." Luther did write poetry; but his greatest poem was epic, and that was his life.

M. S. E.

The Press Bang.

A YEAR ago the first day of this month of November, the Presidential campaign was drawing to a close. We all remember the enthusiastic meetings, the torch light processions, the rockets, transparencies, campaign songs, the many excitements of those autumn nights. A different kind of life seemed to pervade the community. Persons only met to argue, and separated only when they were mutually shocked at each other's principles, for to convince anybody was a thing never done, rarely expected. Nothing was talked of but Kansas, Compromises, rights, chattels and Administration. The newspapers of course were filled with the same things, the same hackneyed arguments, the same 'appalling facta,' the same 'convincing truths,' backed by enormous black lettered headings and exclamation marks. Every torch-light procession was heralded forth in the morning papers, as a "splendid display," "immense multitude," &c., &c. Every mass meeting had "10,000 people on the grounds!" Every speech was a "triumph of eloquence!"

Such intense excitement, it seemed, must be deep-seated and lasting, but yet November passed, the meetings vanished, torch-light processions went out, and staring capitals, exclamation marks, roosters with trumpets, all were packed away in dusty heaps in the back part of the printing office, the *devil* knows where, there to wait till some railroad train rushes off the track, changing, like the letter S, (a fatal one to rail-

road corporations,) 'passengers' into 'sassengers,' by the hundreds. We say by the hundreds, for, in this age of blood, small caps will suffice to head a fifty or seventy-fold railroad accident; indeed, accidents have disappeared from our newspapers, and, in their place, we have only 'awful sacrifices of life,' and 'heart-rending catastrophes.' These are headed with huge capitals and placed in a conspicuous part of the paper to attract attention, so that the newsboy, whose papers bear the blackest title-pages, will get the most custom.

We have a lazy but somewhat philosophic friend, who will tell you the amount and relative importance of the news of the day, by simply measuring the length of the capital letters at the top of the first page of the New York papers, with a little two inch rule which he carries in his pocket, designating it as the "Rule of the Day." He had it made during the last campaign, and it was then one inch in length, but since the advent of the "bogus baby," he has had a joint of another inch added, and now considers himself prepared for the worst. Perhaps he is, though better judges think that the coming winter, with its 'hard times,' its 'failures,' 'cases of suffering 'and 'hunger riots,' will put it to a severe test.

Suppose, my dear reader, a la Guizot, that you and I had been sent on an embassy from the Moon to the Earth, to learn what had taken place here during the past year. Suppose that our time was limited, and that we were to gain our knowledge from the newspapers, a file of which lie before us. We first take up a newspaper of the Campaign. Here we find so many staring headings that we are at a loss which to seize upon; we cannot read them all. However, the Moon being a satellite of the Earth, and we, having enough of earthly nature to be greedy of the savage style of literature, are naturally enough attracted by such a heading as

"A LIE NAILED TO THE COUNTER!

"Last evening, a committee of our most respectable citizens, headed by a brass band and carrying transparencies and torches, waited upon Mr. Buchanan, the Democratic candidate for Presidency, and had quite a conference with him, in the course of which he explicitly denied ever having killed his grandmother with an axe, when a young man. We take pleasure in announcing this fact, as it will settle forever the BASE REPORT by which the Republicans have already secured many thousand votes in the rural districts."

But we must be impartial, and so we select from a paper of the opposite party:

"METROPOLITANS, ARISE!

"We learn by Telegraph, that John C. Fremont, under the advice of several prominent members of the Republican Party, in order to secure the vote of New York city, decided at a late hour last night, to deny publicly that he eat dog-flesh while at the Rocky Mountains. Gentlemen of the Fifth Avenue! Will you any longer refuse to cast your votes for this far-famed traveler, a gentleman of wealth, taste and refinement, from your own midst?"

Having thus gained a clear idea of the state of politics, we turn over the papers in search of other items. After December the capitals disappear and the current of life runs smoothly on, nothing breaking the monotony save perhaps an extra "embezzlement" or execution of some important criminal.

We look farther on, passing by several weeks, stopping however to glance for a moment at such headings as "New Developments!" "A Young Man lives in Style!" "He drives a fast horse!" "He gives Champagne Suppers!" "Extensive Forgeries!" "Huntington in Prison!" "Sale of his Furniture!" These, a friend tells us, are nothing new, and so we will not stop to read, but turn over till we come to a set of papers for several weeks, headed in large letters, "31 Bond Street!" Here capitals are so common and bloated, items are so numerous and exclamation points so abundant, that we are in doubt as to which we will select, and finally choose two or three at random.

"APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE.

"Half of the upper front corner-room blind has been opened since our last edition. In other respects, the appearance of the house does not vary from that described in the morning's issue of Wednesday."

"REMARKS OF THE CROWD.

"One woman was heard to remark, by our reporter, 'Oh dear! my bonnet's all smashed to a pancake!' A man near the door cried out in a tone of great anguish, 'Get off my corns!' It is supposed from the depth of feeling exhibited by this man, that he is a relation of the victim. Small boys were crying on all sides, in a very excited tone—'Eres the Herald! Times! Tribune!'"

"SHOE OF THE SERVANT.

"It has been extensively reported among our citizens, that there is a large hole in the sole of the left shoe of Bridget, the servant girl. Whether this is true or not, we have been unable to ascertain, but it is

certainly the duty of the Coroner to look into such matters and unravel the mystery which may lie concealed there."

"ANONYMOUS LETTERS!

"Since the above was in press, we learn that several anonymous letters have been received by the Chief of Police and others, which, instead of tending to solve the matter, only wrap it in secrecy more profound. We give below one of these:

"" cheef of The polees. fe faw fum i Smel the Blud uf An englishmun! blud! Bewaire uf grumpey jim!"

Our taste for "blud" is satisfied; let us turn on and see what will bring out the exclamation marks next. But what is this? We haven't turned far, when we suddenly behold the "BOGUS BABY" staring at us from the page? What can it mean? As for the 'BOGUS,' the age of humbug has gone by, Barnum has fled to Europe, and people are beginning to learn that "truth is stranger than fiction," and the 'BABY,'—why, babies never were interesting outside of the family, and yet here we have in enormous capitals—

"THE BOGUS BABY AT BARNUM'S!

"Our reporter has just returned in time for this edition with the following items, which we take pleasure in laying before our lady readers:

"THAT BLESSED BABY'S EYES!

"There has been a great dispute about the baby's eyes between Mrs. Q.—, of Fifth Avenue, and the elegant Mad. R.—, of Madison Square. Mad. R.—— insists that they are of a light blue, and Mrs. Q.—— is equally certain that they are a light shade of black. What the final decision will be we cannot tell, but we would advise fashionables not to side with Madame R.——, for it is whispered in gay circles that Mrs. Q.—— contemplates giving an elegant entertainment early in the season."

" MISS C-, OF 14TH ST., KISSES THE BOGUS B!!

"As our reporter, pencil in hand, waiting for items, was standing near the spot where the baby was, he heard—'Oh you little dear! I can't stand it any longer! I must eat you up!' and turning, beheld the graceful and accomplished Miss C., of 14th st., kissing the baby with the greatest warmth."

"ADDENDA.

"Since yesterday morning the baby has received several elegant gifts

of clothing and jewelry. Among these our reporter noticed an elegant baby-cape from the celebrated firm of Brag, Toady & Co., No. 9992. Broadway; an expensive finger-ring from an 'upper ten lady;' and a richly chased silver cup from a 'female friend.'

"Who can this baby be?" we, citizens of the Moon, innocently ask, but receiving no answer, not having time to pursue our inquiries in that direction any farther, we turn the file of papers till we come to Sep-Here, "Statement of a Passenger," "Condition of the Machinery," "Last half hour before sinking," lead us to infer that we have struck upon a shipwreck, and so we have, as we discover when we glance over the items and find them for the mo t part, scenes of terror and misery, described with all the sickening Paul-Pry detail and heartless exaggeration which 'hard times' can hammer out of a penny-a-liner. Here we find a Pictorial slipped in by chance. It has on one side a huge picture of the accident, at least, so it is entitled. Let us examine it. Clear up, on one side of the page, rises a wave, more faithful to the engraver's pocket than to nature. It curls over and is about to engulf a great number of small irregular black things which are scattered about beneath, and which, we judge from the connection, are intended to represent men, when, --- it is suddenly arrested by the pencil of "the eve-witness who sketched it on the spot." On the next page we have imaginary portraits of "Capt. Soandso, as he appeared at the pumps"-"Hon. Whatshisname, buckling on his life-preserver,"-taken from the bandit pictures of yellow-covered literature, woodcuts sold by the wholesale to Pictorial publishers, to be used as occasion demands. But our time is growing short, and as we turn over the last few pages of the year, we see nothing but "More Failures!" "Clearing House!" "HARD TIMES!" "HUNGER MEETINGS!" "EXTREME DESTITUTION!"

We have finished, and now comes the summing up of the year's news. Here we find as much difficulty (and of the same kind) as does Guizot, in tracing the progress of civilization in the few isolated facts which he selects from history. We look in despair through the article headed "Hard Times," hoping to find some sort of a general glance at the history of the past year, but no! we find nothing but complaints of the "fast age," "extravagance," "vitiated tastes of the public," &c. What, then, shall we tell the inhabitants of the Moon about the Earth? Shall we not tell them that we find their leading newspapers printing supplements containing "full and accurate details of the late murder," that we find them filling three fourths of their sheets with reports of Coroner's inquests, and striking off extra editions of these, fit only for

the perusal of a race of butcher boys or medical students; that we find them, whenever there is a railroad accident, despatching to the scene a corps of blood-thirsty reporters, who bring back a string of items that would disgrace a cannibal bill of fare, mingled with coarse jests, thinking that they thus imitate Shakespeare and heighten tragedy by introducing comedy; that we find them heralding the follies and fooleries over a bogus baby and the crimes of a bogus mother, with as much glee as if they were removing instead of deepening the effects of the crime; that we find them doing all this, and yet complaining of the "vitiated tastes of the public." Yes! the public tastes are vitiated, and it is this bloody detail of the newspapers that has contributed to it in no small degree, so that now almost everybody takes pleasure, a cruel pleasure, in reading accounts of suffering and wrong. Everybody, we repeat, from the stable-boy who gloats over the Police Gazette and feasts on crime which disgraces the metropolis, up to the President, who "most cheerfully admits that the necessity for sending troops into Kansas reflects no credit upon the character of our country." This savage appetite for bloody news, this "most cheerfully" making admissions which should wring sorrow from the heart of a true patriot, is a distinguishing characteristic of our age. It might have existed to some extent among the ancients-in fact, we have no reason to doubt that the little Greeks ran out as eagerly to hear the old man at the gate sing how the "bloody eye-balls rolled in the dust." But Homer sang of his country's glory,-these 'take pleasure in laying before their readers' their country's disgrace and crime. He elevated the minds of his hearers,—these pander to a taste which they themselves have vitiated. Ancient literature led the Ancients forward. Where is this Press Gang leading us? E. F. B.

Reperence for Lam.

Law is not self-operative. The legislative and judicial functions are incomplete without the executive; and this, except in so far as it is the representative of force, either moral or physical, is wholly without efficiency. There have been numerous attempts to construct a political system which by virtue of its perfect organization might dispense with external support; in which all the discordant elements of society should

act as checks and balances on each other. From Plato to the French Encyclopaedists, this problem has engaged the attention of philosophers, but has hitherto failed of a satisfactory solution. A self-acting government is as great a desideratum in politics, as a self-acting machine in the arts: neither is wholly despaired of. In one respect, however, physical philosophers are more fortunate than political; while the former have only the inertness of matter to overcome, the latter must encounter the active opposition of the human will.

These philosophers seem to have forgotten that when such a government will be possible, none will be required;—the conditions under which it can exist will have removed the necessity for its existence. A government without force is not one suited to the wants of human society. How little of stability any political system in itself possesses may be seen in the sudden overthrow which all have sooner or later experienced. Law is the foundation on which all society rests, but is itself not self-supporting.

Physical laws carry their efficiency with them. The power which established is also exerted in upholding them. The law and its operation are inseparable, are always united both in fact and in idea, for the reason that Nature's laws are not abstract rules, but living, energetic principles.

Civil law is endowed with no such efficiency. Its power is either physical, lodged in the hands of government to enforce obedience, or moral, operating in the mind of the citizen to secure voluntary submission. It is by virtue of these two elements of force that law exerts whatever of influence it possesses. But though generally, if not always, united, they by no means sustain the same unvarying relation to each other. The dominion of brute force and the reign of moral ideas mark the two extremes of social degradation and elevation. But the nature of the force which government employs is not merely a characteristic and consequence of the condition of society; it is likewise an efficient cause of that condition. Government and society act and react on each other; so intimate is the relation between them that the least forward or backward movement in one is attended by a similar movement in the other.

The progress of society is thus coincident with the growth of this moral element in government. The absolute supremacy of the one would be the perfection of the other. Such, however, is not the destiny of humanity. Society will never reach that point of improvement when it can dispense entirely with the aid of physical force; its highest attainment will be only an indefinite approximation to this.



We propose to consider more particularly the moral element of law on which the security of modern Society in so great a measure rests, to discover its origin and conditions, and afterwards to trace its growth.

First, its origin.

Law defines the relations existing between the individual and society, and enforces the mutual obligations arising therefrom. The sentiment of reverence which is simply the recognition and acknowledgment within us of this authority, points to the same foundation with society itself, the source of these obligations. The question then resolves itself into that of the origin of society. But the light already acquired will aid us in the investigation. No theory is admissible which fails to satisfy at once both these conditions. Any explanation of society inconsistent with the existence of reverence for law may safely be rejected. Let us apply this test to the various theories of society. There are, as Coleridge remarks, substantially but three, to which all others may ultimately be reduced.

The first is that generally associated with the name of Hobbes. This confounds the distinction between right and wrong, making right to consist simply in the will of the stronger. Wrong, therefore, if it exist, can be only in the condition of the weaker. The social instinct is fear, which brings men into unwilling submission to superior force. Society thus constituted, the aid of custom is called in to overcome the natural repulsion of selfishness and by reconciling man to his lot, to make his wretched condition more endurable.

We read of prisoners who, on being released from a long and dreary confinement, have begged to be conducted back to their dungeons, so that a society organized on the system of Hobbes is perhaps not wholly inconceivable. But the impossibility of reverence for a law, which originating in no obligation is sustained by force, needs no demonstration.

The second theory is that held by the philosophers of the French Revolution, Rousseau and his successors. Asserting the supremacy of human reason it acknowledges no obligation not deducible from it and denies to society, in and of itself, any authority to circumscribe the liberty of the individual. In its anxiety to guard personal freedom it takes from the laws of society that sacredness which alone can secure for them the respect of the citizen. This theory, like the preceding, errs in taking a purely human view of the great fact of society, but the error is in the opposite extreme. The one degrades man to the level of the brute; the other clothes him in the garb of reason and worships him as a god.

The third and last theory regards society neither as a necessity of human weakness, nor as an invention of human reason, but as a divine institution clothed with all the authority requisite for its protection and improvement. This theory alone explains all the phenomena of society in a manner consistent with reverence for law as its expressed will. The motives to obedience which the systems of Hobbes and Rousseau afford are respectively, the fear of punishment and the hope of reward, but this alone, by an appeal to right and justice, can awaken the nobler sentiment of reverence.

Secondly, the conditions under which it is possible for this sentiment to exist we find to be two; a right attitude of the individual toward society, and of society toward the individual.

The first of these we have in effect already stated. Any theory of society which is inconsistent with the idea of reverence for law, must, when held as a practical belief, be hostile to the emotion itself. History affords a striking illustration of this truth. It was easy to foretell the downfall of the government inaugurated by the French Revolution from the absence of the condition on which alone its stability could rest. A correct view of man's relations to society, not necessarily in the form of a philosophical belief, but as a practical conviction, is essential as the first condition of reverence for law.

But this does not comprise all the conditions of the case. Society is under obligations to the individual likewise. If he owes to the laws obedience and support, they also owe him security and protection. If he refuse to discharge his obligation, government has the power to enforce its demands; while for any failure on its own part, it is not directly responsible to the individual. If every other resource fail, he must vindicate for himself the rights which society is either unwilling or unable to secure to him. A state of confusion and violence is the consequence. Lawlessness prevails.

"And why? Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

But there is still another and more sacred duty which government owes to itself and to the citizen, a still more imperative condition of reverence; not to be guilty of any positive wrong, or by any voluntary act to outrage the natural sentiment of justice. Politically speaking, sins of omission are far more venial than sins of commission. The criminal law recognizes this principle in affording to the accused every opportunity of justification, preferring the escape of the guilty to the

conviction of the innocent. Government may overlook with impunity a thousand offenses sooner than itself be guilty of one. So far as the government alone is concerned, such an act is suicidal and therefore impolitic. But its guilt and evil do not stop here; it weakens the foundation of society itself. Viewed in this light the recent Dred Scott decision has been productive of incalculable mischief. The immediate wrong which it inflicted on its victim by consigning him to the doom of a slave, or even the possible wrong which it may occasion to those who hereafter may come within its influence, is slight in comparison with the wrong done to justice herself. Driven from the highest judicial tribunal she will yet set up her court in the heart of the citizen, and there not only reverse the sentence pronounced against herself, but also pass judgment on her betrayers.

Thirdly, the growth of this sentiment may be traced first, by its influence upon the form of government, which indicates the amount of physical force necessary for the execution of law; and secondly, by its effect on the criminal code which measures the punishment requisite to restrain crime.

In its effect on government we notice three stages of developemnt. Its first and simplest manifestation is absolute submission to the authority of one. We will not discuss here the claims of the various forms of government to priority. Whether or not an absolute monarchy be first in order of time, it is first in order of ideas, the simplest form under which any extended society can exist. Here, theoretically at least, the will of the sovereign is supreme, and the proud declaration of Louis XIV, "I am the State," is not altogether unwarranted. Law has no separate, independent existence, but is simply the expression of an individual will, dependent on that for its origin and continuance. Neither is it abstract in form. The idea of law is inseparable from that of the lawgiver. This is a necessity of uneducated minds which are insensible to the force of moral ideas, till, like religious truth, they are symbolized and embodied in a visible form and thus made level to their apprehension. The incapacity of an uncivilized people for self-government, lies not so much in their inability to devise a practicable form, or in their incapacity for self-imposed restraint, as in the dulness of their moral perceptions.

Under such a form of government, reverence for law as a distinct feeling can hardly be said to exist; its place is supplied by loyalty to the sovereign. He is the object of gratitude or hatred as his rule is mild or oppressive. The sentiment of reverence requires for its object something more stable than the vacillating will of a sovereign, which itself,

without control, claims authority to control the will of the subject. Only when law begins to be founded on the immutable principles of right does it become a proper object of reverence.

We pass now to the second stage of development, and we find its conditions in the constitutional monarchy. Law is no longer derived from the will of a single individual; a separate source, a higher sanction is recognized. The sovereign still rules, but in conformity to a law placed over him. The moral power of law is here first recognized as a distinct element, though not yet wholly divorced from the physical. The sovereign no longer regarded as the only source of law, still acquires dignity as its representative, and law not yet self-sustaining is strengthened by the dignity of royalty.

There remains but one more step to the complete emancipation of law, and this we find in a democratic government. Here the substitution of moral for physical force as the sustaining power of government is complete. The only importance which attaches to the power of the magistrate is conferred upon him by the law which be represents.

Thus the growth of this moral power tends inevitably to popularize government. For of these two elements, the moral and physical, one is the complement of the other, sustaining to it an inverse ratio. Any increase of the moral element prepares the way for a corresponding decrease of the physical. But the former is not, like the latter, concentrated in the hand of one or more individuals; it is distributed throughout the community. And where the power which sustains government resides, then the authority to exercise it must likewise ultimately reside. The tendency of despotism, on the other hand, is toward centralization, because physical force is incapable of any such distribution.

Again, the growth for reverence for law may be seen in the diminished severity of its punishments. The relation of the penalty to the offense is one of the most intricate parts of the whole subject of law. An undue lenity or security will defeat the ends of justice, but the true proportion is often most difficult to determine. From the nature of the case there can be no absolute standard. An ample discretionary power in the hands of the magistrate is alone sufficient to meet the varying requirements of the case. But by what principle is he to be guided in the exercise of the power? The right of society to punish is unquestioned, while the source of this right is a matter of dispute. Some find it in the dictate of self-preservation which animates society; some in its supposed beneficial influence on the offender; the good both of the offending and injured parties demand it, and this is its warrant. But while the well-being of society and of the individual can in no sense



constitute the right, they must constitute the rule or measure of punishment. The law must be vindicated to satisfy the sentiment of injured justice. But the law must also be respected to prevent the repetition of the offense. Punishment thus sustains a two-fold relation; as a satisfaction to justice and a safeguard to society. Among a lawless people the penalties of crime must be severe; the law must be a "terror to evil doers." But when a reverence for law pervades the minds of the community, its rigor may safely be relaxed. Ancient and modern criminal codes become thus an index of the respective states of society. And here, as in government, we find that moral has been superseding physical force. The catalogue of capital offenses has been reduced to two. In some cases even the death penalty has been wholly abolished, and where retained, is stripped of all the barbarity which formerly attended it. The law no longer resorts to ingenious artifices to increase and prolong the torment of its victim, no longer exposes him to the insults of an angry mob, but chooses the most natural and easy way to execute its sentence.

The question may here arise, why, as civilization advances, a severer rather than a lighter punishment is not demanded? For not only is the example of crime relatively more injurious, but, also, in the enlightened sense of a cultivated society, there must be a deeper conviction of its guilt. The answer to this is found partly at least in the following considerations.

In the first place, the discrepancy is more apparent than real. Legal penalties derive their corrective efficacy not from the absolute, but from the relative distinction which they make between the peaceful and offending citizen. When life, liberty and property are insecure against the attack of the assassin and robber, it matters little that they are occasionally imperiled by law. But in proportion to the security of these rights, any act of law which sacrifices them becomes more solemn. The supremacy of law has made them sacred, and even put it out of its own power to lightly disturb them.

Again, modern justice, if less vindictive, is more searching and discriminating. In a rude age, when the relations of society are less numerous and intimate, fewer safeguards are demanded. The law takes cognizance only of graver and more open offenses. But as these relations multiply in number and importance, additional securities are demanded. It is the nature of law to encroach more and more on personal liberty. Acts which in one age pass unreproved, become in the next grave offenses in the eye of the law. Thus by punishing these minor trans-

gressions, the evils from which greater offenses spring are in a measure corrected: the growth of crime is checked in its infancy.

Thus in both the defensive and offensive departments of government, in the strength which nerves the arm of justice, and in the sword which it wields, we see the growing importance of moral force.

Thus too history works out the problems of destiny. The moral power of law shall go on "conquering and to conquer," till the vision of the poet is realized,

"When the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law."

A. V. N.

Conversation Again.

"True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed
Of hearts in union mutually disclosed;
And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,
Those hearts should be reclaimed, renewed, upright."—Cowper.

In the last number of the Lit. appeared an article on Conversation, presenting views and inculcating sentiments which we cannot regard as otherwise than erroneous in theory and harmful in practice. Accordingly, as nobody else will take up the gauntlet thus thrown down to the lovers of truth and honor, it has fallen to us to expose the fallacy of such opinions, and briefly offer one or two suggestions upon the subject, more, as we think, in accordance with reason. But inasmuch as the author of said article is the Chief Magnate of the Editorial Corporation, (be their name forever exalted,) we shall proceed with our task in the most respectful manner possible. And our readers may imagine us expressing our views to the dignified personage mentioned, with hat in hand, eyes bent upon the ground, and the whole frame in an attitude of profound reverence. Yet we wish to notify him, through the press, that henceforth our conversation with him will be as guarded as possi-For, by his own pen, he has revealed intentions with which we can have no sympathy. If he practice his own preaching, he proposes to analyze our character,-which is no difficult task,-to find out our weak points,—and they are many,—and to mould us to his purposes, which, from the methods he recommends to others, we infer to be neither lofty, honorable, nor agreeable. Such an ordeal we have no desire to pass through.

But let us consider the object of Conversation, as set forth in the article before us.

"We may start by defining the end of rational talking to be instruction, and particularly the analysis of character. This latter is the absolute and universal foundation, the sine qua non, without which all discoursing is random and futile; here we must begin and here we must end." Then follow a few very just remarks with regard to attaining the end last mentioned.

The estimate here placed upon instruction as an object in Conversation, seems to us very fair-far more so than is often presented. It is one of the objects, but not the chief, not that which gives good conversation its character. It is an excellent element, but not an essential one. The highest style of discourse may be carried on, and neither party impart or receive information. Strike the art out of existence. We might know somewhat less, and the less readily too, but the main sources of intelligence, observation, reading, study, lectures, &c., would remain to us, and the great want now felt for the first time in human life, would not be the means of knowledge. The deprivation would strike deeper than the intellect. It would make a desert of the social part of our nature. It is this social element in us, this idea of companionship, this feeling of something in common with others, whence conversation takes its rise. All souls have a common origin, common interests and a common destiny; hence intercourse and communion. It is a law of our being that we must communicate and receive. Daily, hourly, the soul has its message of sympathy to send, its tones of friendship or enmity, of harmony or discord to hear, and conversation is the only means adequate to the end. By it we make others partakers of our joy, give comfort to the sorrowing and administer balm to the afflicted. Yet it is not in these more marked and striking ways that its excellence, value and necessity chiefly appear. But in the thousand little interchanges of every day life—in the greeting that reveals kind courtesy—in the passing word that means less than the tones of voice in which it is utteredin the commonplace observation that only teaches that a soul is opening a door for its own thoughts and ours to commingle-in the sallies of humor that cheer our spirits—and in the spicy remark that stimulates our wits-in these, and in multitudinous other ways, we may see how, as the hours pass on, conversation is blessing our life.

Just here becomes evident the port that "analysis of character" plays in this art. It is a means, not an end. This communion of soul with soul, can be carried on only where there is a mutual understanding. Its



fullness and freedom is in a great measure determined by the extent of our knowledge of each other. Our sympathy flows only in channels where we are sure it will be met, and we are sociable only when we have at least something in common with another, and know what that something is. Wherefore it seems to us that the writer in the last number of the Lit. says very truly, "here we must begin," but is grossly mistaken in saying, "here we must end." While the power to read character is indispensable in life, the proposition that the main end of talking with a man is to analyze him and to find him out, needs only to be clearly stated and it refutes itself. Do we never hold sweet and profitable converse with those whom we have understood long and well? However, this ground, though strongly taken, is not maintained throughout the whole of the essay before us. This Polonius betrays on the next page to the one we have quoted from, a desire worthy of the most accomplished politician. Read it! "Having by these and similar means studied your man, you have wherewith to mould him to your purpose." Indeed! "Mould him to your purpose"!!! Is this recommended as an honorable, legitimate use of conversation! Is it fair that each one make his neighbor play second fiddle to himself? That is poor general advice which will not apply to everybody. Suppose every one should attempt to make his acquaintances serve his own selfish ends! What disappointments, bickerings, insufferable jargons, would result! But mark the means. "One of the most powerful aids here is flattery." Flattery! We had supposed it to be mean, utterly contemptible to flatter. It has been our opinion that the man who will condescend to do so, deserves to be deprived of the power to talk at all. But verily we have been mistaken. Here is a new gospel. All moral obligations and high toned honor are stricken out of human intercourse. and smooth, deceitful flattery, which, according to Milton, the Devil had the honor of introducing into Paradise, is set forth in glowing colors and recommended to men. And so immaculate is it in its nature, excellent in influence and effective in operation, that it is all-important, and hence alone receives consideration. Let us pass on.

"Never flatter a man as you would a woman. None but a coxcomb will be won by a compliment to his personal appearance, none but a pedant by praise of his learning." Then follow some shrewd remarks to the effect, that flattery should be indirect rather than direct, that the medicine be administered in homoeopathic doses, and so mingled with sweetmeats and the common food of the patient, that he will not suspect its presence. Thus he may take it down, as thousands have arsenic in

Digitized by Google

their drink, and die without knowing the villain who poisoned him. It is a glorious theory, and we are going into ecstacies over it—when we find time.

The remark just quoted deserves particular attention. It implies that woman is wretchedly and foolishly weaker than man, that flattery may be acceptably bestowed upon her in large measures, in short, that she is essentially a coxcomb and a pedant. Now this is an insinuation which we cannot endorse. It is taking some of the silliest specimens of the sex as its representatives, and making all guilty of the foolishness of a part. Men do not often realize how deeply a true woman feels insulted by an artful appeal to what is deemed by them a woman's weakness. Such a sentiment as that under discussion would meet with just indignation from all genuine women, and, so far as this point is concerned, we leave our author to their disposal. But we will remark here, that it may as well be remembered by us who use our tongues and pens freely, that he who casts a slur upon woman as woman, insults his own mother and sister, and ours also.

It appears to us that the first half of the essay in question does not set forth the elements and methods of enlightened discourse, so much as an ingenious theory of intrigue, essentially political in its nature and application, and carried out by means we have learned to despise in Iago and Uriah Heep. With the rest of it we have nothing to do. For the most part its sentiments are truthful and just. We most heartily concur in the strictures laid upon the talk of College.

In cultivating the art of conversation, we would say in the first place, be a true man. Then, far the larger share of the work will be done; and success will probably crown your efforts. Without manliness for a basis, it will be useless to build. If you attempt the practices of Sheridan, you will miserably fail, unless like him you are equal to them. If you follow the precepts of Chesterfield, unless you have the elements of true character, you will succeed only in manufacturing yourself into a fop. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

If you would influence men by conversation you must gain their confidence. Be honest, and they will take your word in matters of fact. Display good sense, they will confide in your judgment. Be good-natured and courteous, and you will win their favor. Be generous, and they will follow you, believing that you will lead them only when it will be for their own good. Thus, without condescending to anything beneath manhood or ruinous to self-respect, you may have a power over men which kings might envy and politicians in vain strive to acquire.

Conversation varies with the individuals who use it. It is an instrument which manifests its beauty and power only when a musical soul is master of the keys. Then it may awaken harmonies in all souls privileged to listen. Addison somewhere justly remarks that there can be no full communion between more than two persons. And our ideal of conversation is that which occurs when two noble characters, two great souls, pure and beautiful, meet in full freedom and sympathywhen the door is thrown wide open and the veil of the Inner Temple is lifted—when the weaknesses of both are themes of mutual sorrow when their struggles and longings are of common interest-when their triumphs are sources of mutual joy, and the wealth of each nature and each experience is freely poured out to enrich the character and ennoble the life of the other—this it seems to us is some approximation to the highest use of this Divine gift. Then all art is insignificant. No skill is needed to prevent a break, for silences will occur as eloquent as harmonies and joys that cannot be uttered can make them. be no striving after brilliancy, for the discourse will ebb and flow as the tides of spiritual life and sympathy rise and fall. It is an exquisite sentiment of Burke beautifully expressed, that "the perfection of conversation is, not to play a regular sonata, but like the Æolian harp, to await the Inspiration of the passing breeze." With such an impression we are content to leave the reader to mould his own theory and practice.

8. H. L.

Book Notices.

The Atlantic Monthly. Boston: Philips, Sampson & Co.

This is the title of the new Magazine intended to come up to the standard of the best English periodicals. It starts fair. The array of talent at its command is the best in the country. The present number promises well for the future. The leading article on Douglas Jerrold is well written and interesting—"Illusions" is both profound and instructive—the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" is full of wit, humor, and wisdom and speaks admirably for the lighter portions. Nothing seems wanting to its success but a full and hearty support from the better class of American readers. This it ought to have. The example of Putnam is hardly flattering to American taste. As students we ought not to be

the last to aid in elevating the standard of our periodical literature. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Pease.

Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly for November.

This number is of unusual interest. To be had of T. H. Pease, 83 Chapel St.

Memorabilia Palensia.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

WM. A. BUTLER, Esq., of New York, Author of "Nothing to Wear," has signified, in a letter to Prof. Dana, President of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, an acceptance of the appointment of Poet for the next Anniversary of the Society.

GIFT FROM THE SONS OF DR. MANTELL.

A large number of charts and drawings, illustrative of the Science of Geology, have lately been presented to Yale College by Messrs. WALTER and REGINALD MANTELL, sons of the late Dr. MANTELL, the distinguished English Geologist.

THE MARTYRDOM OF HALE.

Photographic copies have lately been presented to the Trumbull Gallery and to the Linonian Society, of an admirable sketch by F. O. C. Darley, representing the martyrdom of NATHAN HALE, a Yale graduate of the Class of 1773.

The sketch is supposed to illustrate the moment when "the martyr-spy" exclaimed, "MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY."

The donor is Mr. HENRY Howe, of Cincinnati, formerly a resident of New Haven.

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLLEGE CHURCH.

A Historical Discourse, commemorative of the foundation, in 1757, of the Church of Christ, in Yale College, was delivered in the Chapel, Sunday, November 22d, by Rev. G. P. Fisher, Livingston Professor of Divinity.

PORTRAITS OF PROFESSORS SILLIMAN AND DANA.

We are informed that likenesses of Professors Silliman (Senior) and Dana, of Yale College, have recently been requested for publication in a Gallery of Portraits of Eminent Men of Science, now issuing in Vienna, under the direction of Mons. Lenois.

This work is to be published in excellent style, of folio size, and will include likenesses and biographical sketches of the most distinguished naturalists of all countries.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The Society Elections were held in Linonia and the Brothers in Unity, on Wednesday Evening, Oct. 7th, with the following result:

LINONIA.

President—M. S. EICHELBERGER, Vice-President—J. E. KIMBALL, Secretary—Wm. B. DARRACH, Vice-Secretary—J. F. SEELY.

BROTHERS IN UNITY.

President—S. H. Lee, Vice-President—Wm. N. Armstrong, Censor—F. A. Noble, Secretary—W. K. Hall, Vice-Secretary—G. H. Griffin.

Editor's Table.

"We hope here be truths."

COURTROUS READER—most courteous Yalensian reader—Before attempting to give utterance to the "thoughts that shake mankind," (i. e. their sides,) which is always expected in the closing pages of the Lit. we would like to whisper—very distinctly however—in your ear, a few words which come—as our Chemical Instructor would say—from the neighborhood of the precordia. Our whisper will be comprised in a couple of queries, with remarks thereon, by which we hope to drive home sundry convictions to your souls. "Come, Prepare" Query first. Why don't you subscribe! Not because the Lit. stands equal with any college publication in the land—not because it is looked upon as the representative of Yalensian literature and therefore ought to be well sustained by Yalensians—but because it is fast becoming more and more involved from want of support, and how are we poor its redless pocket-stricken servitors to bring about its evolution! Not one of us but has more than once apostrophized it in the lines (alightly varied) of Edmund to his "fair maid."

A weary lot is mine, "Yale Lit.,"
A weary lot is mine,
To take thy liabilities,
Without a bit of rhin—
O, a supper and a sanctum dear,
Subscribers not a few,
A jolly berth for Senior year,
No more of thee I knew.
"Yale Lit.,"

No more of thee I knew.

Q. S. Why don't you write? Among our reminiscences of Freshmen year we recollect reading a number of the Lit. where we noticed that numbers of pieces had been rejected—some from demerit—some from want of room—all of which seemed to our verdancy to indicate that the sanctum was flooded with articles of varying length and character, a judicious selection from which composed the Lit. But Alas,

"Whither is fled the visionary gleam,
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

No fatted reams waiting for immortality greet our view. Ah no! "One cheer-less blank, one rayless mist is there," and what is far less interesting nos quinque are expected to fill up said "cheerless blank" and dissipate said "rayless mist." Write!! We can stand it. The malicious eagerness of Shylock for his "pound of flesh," or the importunity of Richardfor "another horse," were nothing to our desire to hear from you.

While our fit of cynicism is on we would notice an article in the October number of the New York Scalpel on Yale poetry. The article is foolish and puerile enough, but the evident malignity of the writer makes it worthy of passing notice. The writer appears to be a person who at one time was a member of Yale, but was either "shipped" at an early day for defective scholarship or was hooted out by his classmates for attempting to criticise poetry. The piece he has selected to "let himself loose on," is the Hymn usually sung at the close of the meeting of Alumni. We give the first verse and his treatment of it.

"Beneath these sacred shades
Long severed hearts unite,
The tempting future fades,
The past alone seems bright.
O'er sultry clime
And stormy zone
Rings clear the tone
Of memory's chime."

With regard to the third line he says, "We demur very seriously to the future being described as tempting; for the simple and plain reason, that for anything to be tempting it must be present." The quickest and most conclusive way of refuting such a proposition is to state it. Again he says, "The sixth line, 'And stormy zone,' is also nonsense. There is no such zone as a stormy one, for all the zones are subject to storms." How "all zones can be subject to

storms," and yet "no zone be a stormy one," may be plain enough to this writer, but we submit whether it is equally so to any man of sense. After perpetrating several such grotesque blunders he complacently remarks, "If such stuff comes of going to Yale, young men had better go to work; or, as a last resource, peddle the Scalpel—especially this number." We cheerfully admit that "peddling the Scalpel" ought to be the "last resource" for any young man come of honest parents. The writer has shown too quite conclusively that he has "just enough of learning to misquote." He chatters and grins quite amusingly over the expression, "winging death," which he has changed from "winged death," in the original. He concludes the whole with a song "of his own making," which from its flatness and ribaldry could hardly come from a more dignified source than a graduate of Sing Sing. He has a happy faculty of saying in effect what Dogberry said in reality—"But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass."

But leaving the reviewer to the ignominy of his own society, let us muse on the beauties—not of nature—every body does that—but of the street—to specify, say Chapel street. How beautiful it stretches itself before us like a loafer after dinner, with its rival pavements of brick and flag-stone—while ever and anon at short intervals of time and space is heard the sweet laughter of (soda) fountains, though these have by this time nearly all dried up. How the ear is enlivened by the artless profanity proceeding from mixed companies of Hibernian and Anglo-Saxon juvenility! With what insufferable punctuality, just at Post time, does the steam horse locate himself under the bridge for his daily smoke! How the street is blocked here and there with what appears to be animate silk and satin! This latter appearance reminds us of certain "Refleckshins on passin throo the thousand Isles," part of which, with a trifling alteration, will apply here:

"O what fary sene—it 'pears to me
As ef the street, as fur as eye can see,
Had with a shower of damsels reddy made
Been lib'rally peppered."

I saw a youth careering down busy Chapel rue,
Following the wake of a silken skirt that flashed before his view.
He heard the "countless laughter" of the "many-twinkling" feet,
The music of the bronze-tipped heel—the patter all complete;
He neared and peered most carefully to spy those "things" divine
But couldn't—so he heaved a sigh and cursed the crinoline.

But as the skirt in question entered with rustling noise
The shop where "Uncle Sam" dispenses letters to his boys,
The youth immersed his dexter hand within his crimson vest,
Pelt his blood-disseminator in a state of glad unrest.
Looked anxiously to see the polished patent-leather shine,
Alas! 'twas not a rainy day—he cursed the crinoline.

" Ach Gottl'

So says the enthusiastic Teufelsdrockh, and so say we. Let experience bring him wisdom.

In looking over our many exchanges, we have just met a few stanzas which we do not hesitate to declare inimitable. We doubt if any of our readers have ever seen anything like them. The pathos for its kind is unequaled. Lest we should mar in selecting, we give them entire. The language is that of a young and beautiful child to its mother. The artless disregard of rhyme, where the emotion is profound, is perfect. Here it is:

"Oh, do not sing that song again,
It makes me very sad,
I know you do not wish to pain
Me, though I'm often bad.

Why does it make me weep, I wonder, Whene'er your song is sad? Is it because I've vexed your mother That your songs are never glad.

I do not like that wild sweet tone,
Its strains are sad and low,
'Tis like the gentle dove's low moan,
Oh! do not sing it any more."

We have not room for the closing lines, so that we cannot fulfill our promise to give it entire. We doubt not however that the above is sufficient to satisfy our readers. Reader dear, we are getting dry and we fear you are beginning to think so. We had hoped to write something worthy of your perusal but—let Horace explain our failure

Amphora coepit
Institui! currente rota cur urceus exit?

THE AWARD.

THE Editors having elected Professors Noah Porter, D. D., and James D. Dana, as graduate members of the committee to award the medal, have received the following report:

"To the Editors:

The undersigned having been appointed a Committee to adjudge the Yale Literary Prize, would report that they have decided the essay entitled "The American Statesman," to be most worthy of the Prize.

NOAH PORTER, JAMES D. DANA, D. G. BRINTON.

The envelope accompanying "The American Statesman" being opened was found to contain the name of

LUTHER MAYNARD JONES,

and to him accordingly the prize is awarded.

Deffull

VOL. XXIII.

No. 111.

PHI

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

11700

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



Cantatunt Bonnies, unenimique Parece.

DECEMBER, 1857.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS IS, PEASE.
PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

WHENCH PHE

CONTENTS.

Carinaty and Winder, -						81
The Battle of the Words,					8	87
Mormonium,					4	88
A Fromm Heart, -						
The Sun at Midnight, -						9.8
Discipline of College Life,	+					
Winters of the state of the sta						102
Conversation; a P. S. Eseg	germin	l _a				300
Our Development, -				-		107
Egotism,						-131
Book Nories						11.83
Мимованнія Уацияна,						110
Eurron's Table,						15

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1857.

No. III.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '58.

E. F. BLAKE,

C. S. KELLOGG.

D. G. BRINTON.

J. E. KIMBALL,

S. H. LEE.

Euriosity and Wonder.

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

WEDSWORTH.

THERE is a perversion of curiosity, with which, in the present article, we have nothing to do, except to set upon it the seal of contempt. It is that inquisitive, meddlesome disposition, that is perpetually prying into matters beyond its own sphere and mixing with affairs secret and sacred to a neighbor. This is curiosity off the track; a greedy spirit of inquiry without a sense of decency to guide it. A healthy curiosity is the desire to know that exists in every sound mind, the spirit of inquiry which longs to open all the doors of the vast Unknown and look in. Wonder is the soul-swelling and exalting emotion that flows in upon us as we receive and appreciate knowledge. Curiosity is the question-asking propensity; the fruition at its successful indulgence is wonder. It

plies every object of sense, every fact of observation and life, with countless queries. Wonder is the profound, worshipful astonishment at the answers. Curiosity is the mental craving for more. Continually and with befitting avarice it goes forth to gather new treasures into the intellectual storehouse. Wonder is the soul's unrestrained luxuriance in fresh and large acquisitions. In the mental life of every man, curiosity is the pioneer, exploring regions unvisited by him before, and in the onward march at every new domain, the heart, if it be a *living* one, rises and expands with wonder—deep, transcendent wonder.

These, both of them, have not a little to do with our culture and growth, our happiness and usefulness. By their freedom, activity and power, are determined the wealth of our nature and the efficiency of our life. So constant and various are their workings in us, that until we pause and consider, we do not realize how strange and curious curiosity is, nor how exalted and wonderful is wonder. Swayed by these, man has extended the empire of knowledge over all the kingdoms of nature, explored all lands and seas, and carried the pursuit after new light and more truth even beyond the stars. At the peril of his life he has climbed all the mountains in the world, simply for the sake of seeing. In the same hope he has penetrated the wilderness and jungle, when violence, pestilence and death stared him in the face. He has traced rivers to their sources and continents to their ends. He has classified the rocks, counted the flowers, and to all the beasts of the field has given names. He has fathomed the depths of air and sea. The history and character of their inhabitants he has learned by heart. The habits of even the winds and waves he has written down in books. penetrated the realms of perpetual Winter, and the barriers which for untold ages the Ice-king has been rearing, man has passed. And there he has christened with an honored and memorable name a vast sea concealed for sixty centuries from human sight. And the globe as it is, is little better known than the globe as it was. But it is useless to enumerate. All Science is a compendium of what man's Curiosity has impelled him to find out. It is, too, a Temple of Wonder.

Yet man's knowledge is not surprisingly extensive. Considering the fact that aix thousand years have been spent in its accumulation, it is small. Discovery has been conducted by the few. The race has never been alive with the desire to know. The spirit of inquiry has been, and is, lamentably dormant. Perhaps the present age surpasses any other, in the activity and energy of its investigations. This is one of the good omens of the day. Yet to know, the especial prerogative of man, is

seldom made one of the great objects of life. Everywhere we find wealth, fame, the means of existence or its concomitants, made its ends. Surely something must be wrong in our educational system, either in theory or practice. The training which leaves the man's upward impulses less active and efficient than the child's, is not only defective but criminal. That curiosity and wonder—innate, both of them—are thus blighted, no one will doubt.

Look at the little child. What inquiring and wondering eyes he opens upon the world at the very dawn of his being. How closely and eagerly he observes everything new, studying with all his power. His desire is alive even to anxiety. His curiosity thwarted, he cries as if for food. Mark, too, the rapidity of his acquisition. Even before he masters speech, he learns the use of the body he inhabits, is familiar with various forms, colors, sounds, practically acquaints himself with the laws of gravitation and force, interprets expressions of countenance and tones of voice, and knows the meaning of smiles and frowns. Constantly, too, as the Panorama of life passes, he is thrilled with wonder. At length, when words are his, with strange energy he applies them to investigations. Incessantly he asks questions. To him the world is a vast cabinet of curiosities, a mammoth Museum of Wonder, and not a thing fails to suggest numberless interrogatories. And here comes the chilling frost, in the very spring time of life, the first frost that nips the opening bud. The mother, the nurse, through ignorance, impatience or from weight of care, cannot, will not be perpetually plied and tried with the child's inquisitiveness. His curiosity is summarily rebuked. To be sure. Nature rebels. The child perseveres. But so does the mother, and the stronger will prevails. Curiosity is crushed, not regulated. Without food the desire fails. The flame goes out for want of air. To that new born, opening soul, a multitude of things are as if they were not. The great book God has written for him, is the same as sealed, for she whom He appointed to turn over the leaves, will not. This influence is the same in school as at home. There he learns the allotted lessons, not the thousand things he longs to know. With food enough in his Father's house, he is compelled to feed on husks. Thus he goes on, and life is really a dream. The questionings, that should have brought its realities to view, cease their importunity.

The flame goes out, did we say? No, not altogether. It is undying as the soul. It slumbers to be kindled anew by fresh fuel, by some favoring breeze. As the youth merges into manhood, a change of circumstances, strange position, the assumption of responsibilities, awaken



him to newness of life. This waking process we believe to be universal. Again the spirit of inquiry is active, and things being seen as they are, the sentiment of wonder is alive. The shackles are burst asunder, but the freedom is not destined to last. A pursuit is to be chosen, and the choice of profession means, as the world goes, the selection of some sphere, wherein to follow a given routine like others, and ask few questions that go outside of it or above. It is to go around in the beaten path, treadmill style, without a look at the green fields and golden fruits beyond. And will the wakened soul submit to this! Not without a struggle, perhaps a severe one. But clouds gather, foes multiply, external influences are tremendous. The heart has yielded once, and the second surrender is easier. The plant was blighted in Spring and in Summer it is weak and sickly. The world is hard upon him and the man gives up, content to be as intelligent as his fellows, and as ignorant too. Such we believe to be in the main, the experience of multitudes. This, though imperfectly drawn out, is sufficient explanation of the indifference among men to further knowledge, and the coldness with which they regard the most wonderful phenomena.

But we have something of a more local nature to offer. It is a natural supposition that those who choose an educational course of some length, and come to college for the pursuit of knowledge, are more keenly alive to its value and more active in its acquisition than those who do not. This is without doubt true. Yet it must be confessed a lamentable indifference to the attainment of eminence in knowledge, exists among students. With every desirable facility in our power, we make little effort to acquaint ourselves with the truths of momentous importance. There are exceptions to the general rule, noble ones, too. Yet how rare is enthusiasm in physical or mental science. The man who sincerely loves study for the intellectual wealth it brings him, stands far apart from the mass. Who gets absorbed in it! Yet many come here really in love with their work for its own sake. But they change in great numbers for the worse. Here then is something radically wrong in the influences we are under. We believe the evil is in public sentiment. It is not fashionable to manifest an eager curiosity after truth, nor a just and wondering appreciation of it. These in some quarters, are considered indubitable evidences of greenness. men are proud that they know nothing of Astronomy, little of Latin and less of Greek. But why is this public opinion here, where it ought not exist at all! There are strong influences to make it. Some men, and the number is not so small as it ought to be, come here

with no interest in literary pursuits. They come here merely to comply with their parents' wishes. A diploma from Yale is all they are after. Such men, though of no great account any way, weaken public sentiment in literary matters. Their influence is like that of water upon wine—dilution. Others aim at a profession with too narrow views. They go not out of a limited sphere, do not attempt to lay a broad basis for their profession, and take no interest in general knowledge. These, too, exert a chilling influence on the true student enthusiasm.

But there is another strong influence which seems for the most part to account for the fact. It is the system of marking and awarding prizes. No one familiar with college life can deny the power of this. It establishes the standard of scholarship and moulds scholarly sentiment. It operates constantly. Day and night, term after term, year in and year out, it actuates and controls college pursuits. It makes no appeal to a healthy curiosity, and does nothing to excite it. It ignores the existence of such a motive, and calls into action a baser a purely selfish one. Inducement to hard study is not the intrinsic value of the acquisition, but a high stand. Hence lessons are learned not for their own sake, but for a good mark-for a prize. So incessant is the appeal to this petty ambition, that a better principle of action is almost wholly excluded. The wonder is that any leave college with a pure love of science and literature. But there are a few. Coming under such influences, the freshman finds himself in a new atmosphere, and that studying to learn is a mistake. He is disgusted at first, but at length, after a struggle, yields. This we believe to be the experience of

We do not know but the marking system is the best that can be adopted. We are aware that it is easier to find a fault than a remedy for it. Easier to tear down than to build up. It seems to us, however, that the love for knowledge ought to be appealed to in some way and developed. Without this a man will cease to study at graduation, and the structure begun will be left incomplete. The object of College is to open for us the doors to the Temple of Learning. What good will it do, if all disposition to enter is ground out of us in the process? To be sure the result we speak of is not necessary. But it is almost certain. As we have already said, perhaps no better plan can be offered, and the only way for the student, is to divide the evil from the good, and choose the latter. He can if he will. Untoward influences can be resisted, and the man grow strong in the victory.

It is amazing how some men suppress their wonder, as if to manifest



it were a weakness. Especially do they disdain to be affected by common things. Poor Cowards! Is not the growth of a Forest, the rising of the Sun or any other work which none but an Infinite Hand can perform, enough to excite your emotion? Ah, it is the woe and the crime of our life, that we get used to things, that we can look unmoved on the greatest facts. It is the prerogative of genius to do otherwise. To Goethe and Milton, a new born day was always full of glory and wonder. They were childlike. To be a man in power and a child in emotion and life, is the attainment, the miracle of genius. We can all approach it nearer than we imagine. To be alive to all around us is our privilege and our duty. That man is nearest right who most truly can say,

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

We take the excitement of wonder to be one of the main objects of acquisition. We do not learn in order to gratify curiosity. Curiosity is a means, not an end, and is never satisfied. Man, though finite in capacity is infinite in his longings.

He satistes his hunger after knowledge and quenches his thirst, only to hunger and thirst the more. The reason is obvious. Truth is infinite. Knowledge is that part of it to which man has attained. He gathers a little here and a little there, but it is only a single drop from an immeasurable ocean. So he goes on. He is pursuing a journey, wherein, though he leave more and more of the way behind, he seems to have none the less before him. At times he may think that surely at the horizon heaven and earth meet, but at every step he takes toward it, it recedes. Why then pursue! Because thereby we grow. Wonder is essential to worship. Go on acquiring, the character is exalted and the life ennobled. It matters not so much what a man has, as what he is. He who pursues knowledge with a right spirit, is enriched less by his acquisition than by his growth. He is like one accending a mountain. The higher he goes, the wider is his view, the purer the air he breathes. To him, who hopes in his immortality to go on acquiring and growing forever, it is no slight thing to begin well here. 8. H. L.

The Battle of the Woods.

The grand old Forests are going to war.

The proud Wind has shrilled out the battle cry.

The tramp of his armies is heard afar;

And the white signal-flags haste across the blue sky.

The bloody red banners flame far in the West,
Where the Storm Wind encamps with his legions untold;
And the hills, where the gorgeous pavilions rest,
Are all glowing with purple and blazing with gold.

And around in the North, where the dark Midnight reigns, The light of their camp-fires glares broad o'er the sky; And it flickers and flares as over the plains The Warrior Winds in their dance hurry by.

The Forests are throned on a thousand hills, All decked with the glory of Autumn's prime; While the wild weird voice of the wayward rills Still murmurs and trills its delicate rhyme.

But the Forests have caught the sound of alarm, And the pines are tossing their battle crest; While the caks are baring each stalwart arm, And stripping the robes from each brawny breast.

Till all the gay mantles lie low on the ground,
And the gray old trees, in their naked might,
Stand selemn and still till the trumpet sound
Of the Storm King's advancing announces the fight.

Then the Forests are shaken from flank to flank, And a million arms wildly toss in the air; And blow upon blow from the close set rank, Hurl back the baffied assailant there.

But we listen all night to the roaring rage,
And the wild war-cry of the furious blast,
And the groan of the Forests as they engage,
And the crash of the riven oak headlong cast.

Till the Sun with the beautiful morning light
Comes forth from his chambers behind the waves;
And the foiled Winds flee with the banished Night,
And hide in their gloomy mountain caves.

And the plumage torn from the Tempest's wings
Wraps soft in a winding sheet of white
The prostrate forms of the Forest kings,
Who fell in the clash of the deadly fight.

R. G. P.

Mormonism.

The conditions of a new problem in political philosophy are developing themselves in gigantic proportions, on the "outermost verge" of our civilization. While pompous declamation has spent itself in panegyric on the prosperity and dawning greatness of our young republic, and the energies and vigilance of our statesmen have been taxed to yield solutions to some vexatious problems in the elder States, the curse of Mormonism, which the arm of an infant might have crushed at its birth, has insidiously crept into and fastened upon our political system, and may yet defy the whole force of the Federal armies to subdue it. If the correct definition of Manifest Destiny be the occupation and population of the continent, it has assumed some odd forms. The Mormons have taken it up with a vengeance.

Patriotism, if not poeterity, which is to be affected by our conduct in this transaction, demands of us immediate and prudent action, in the spirit of republicanism, in harmony with the peculiar principles of our democracy, in conformity with the policy adopted by our wisest statesmen, acting as interpreters of the Constitution. The condition of affairs is such that abstract reasoning on the subject is of no avail. The matter must be treated in the concrete. In a moral point of view, the nation is unanimous. But a variety of practical methods may be proposed to wipe out the curse. Two courses suggest themselves. Like the unhappy Waldenses, the Mormons may be hunted down-with bloodhounds, if you wish it. Or the scenes of Smithfield may be re-enacted. Chained to iron posts, they may be burnt out with blazing faggots, or the gloomy walls of the Inquisition may rise up, with its silent rows of ghastly skeletons. Murders, outrage and conflagration may destroy them. But it is a maxim now that fanaticism will not "down" at the command of force. Persecution is a despicable engine of reformation.

The other course remains. Bring to bear upon them the effective forces of our moral power. Is this not the most acceptable way!



Surely we believe in it, or our missionaries would not now be preaching down other forms of heathenism over the globe.

We draw the kindly veil of oblivion over the sad errors and religious persecutions of our ancestors. Undoubtedly they made out as strong a case against Witchcraft, Skepticism and Sectarianism as we do against Mormonism. Let us not forget the lessons they taught us. Even now the bayonets of the Federal army are bristling in the mountain passes that open towards the Mormon capital. Imagine the Mormon leaders in conference with the military commanders of the expedition. not a right to settle here? Assuredly you have. Have we not a right to worship God as we elect! Undoubtedly. Can we not make our own laws in accordance with the organic act! True; but then your polygamy. But polygamy is as much a local institution as slavery. Carry our cause up to the Supreme Court, and it will decree so. Marriage is controlled by local laws. The Constitution never mentions it. If we are our own legislators, can we not place marriage on whatever basis we choose! Acknowledge it. But we march against you by the light of an immortal idea-" the cause of civilization." We don't, say the Mormons, understand or admit the force of these "glittering generalities." We stand firmly upon the laws—have we impinged upon the organic act? No; but we attack you in behalf of morality—the higher law! Ah! but you Gentiles have ignored long since the "higher law." With this "ad hominem" the conference ceases. Look for a moment at the "cause of civilization."—Are not law and order and toleration its boasted essentials? Is it not our proud claim that we are guilty of no extra-judicial acts? Long since we rejected the idea of forcible propagandism, and assumed to remove moral maladies by moral remedies. Thus much for the claims of civilization. We now propound the question, have the Mormons violated any law? Violations of law merit the punishment of physical force But no transgression calls for no force. The Mormons settled in the territories of the United States. legal occupation. They petitioned for a territorial government. received it legitimately. Government admitted them to the threshold of the Union. Congress passed an organic act in a constitutional way. Civil was substituted for martial law. Have they, as a people, violated the provisions of the organic act? We have heard of none. Intrenched behind the law and guarded by the broad shield of the Constitution, they bid defiance to the Federal armies. The difficulty, we think, of the whole matter lies in this, that an organic act was passed instituting a territorial government. "Twas worse than a crime—a blunder." Con-

sider briefly the operation of things under territorial law. The enacted laws are Mormon. The juries are Mormon juries. The subordinate officers of government all are Mormons. But to understand thoroughly the full effect of the laws, it is necessary to inquire into the moral condition of the people. Brigham Young is the divine leader of their hosts. He is undoubtedly one of the marked men of this age. With a shrewdness and keen sagacity that out-manœuvred the acute and intellectual Rigdon at Nauvoo, and secured his accession to the office of high priest in those chambers of infamy;—endowed with a commanding genius, that has never failed to sustain him in his dangerous position, by appealing to the religious feelings of the "saints" he has converted them into mere tools, which he employs with consummate ability. Suppose, now, the perpetration of a "Gentile" murder, or the assassination of a United States official. A Mormon sheriff will suffer the escape of the criminal, or, if he be apprehended, he will put himself for trial "on the Mormon God," before a Mormon jury, with Mormon witnesses, abjectly subservient to the dictates of Brigham. Murders, outrages hideous and unparalleled, may be committed with impunity. The United States army cannot interfere except in case of rebellion. But the Mormons are too shrewd for rebellion—at least, if they follow the common sense dictates of Young. Without rebellion, the army can only act as a "posse commitatus"—only in the cases of individual crime. Depose Young, by virtue of the territorial act. If suspected of guilt he will not be punished, for reasons we have just stated. His omnipotence will remain unimpaired. The cases of other individuals will be similar. The grand Federal army may yet adopt the tactics of the redoubtable French army, that "marched up the hill," and—executed a manœuvre in the contrary direction.

If there be rebellion even, let it be suppressed. Has anything been gained! The seeds of future rebellions lie buried there. Life and property will not be more safe. The Mormons cannot be disarmed, for when rebellion ceases, the right to bear arms is restored to them.

The only remedy lies in a repeal of the territorial act. By virtue of it, the laws were given into their own hands. Deprived of it, they relapse into the condition of military government. Under martial law, such division of the territory may be made and such disposition of the inhabitants adopted as will check the progress of the Saints. Under martial law, we may confidently expect the same results that have occurred in India under the military rule of the British. Infanticide has been checked. The immolation of women has been abolished; the roll of Juggernaut stopped.

We do not believe that Mormonism is destined to a lengthy career. It is the unholy child of ignorance. Nor can it prevent the free admission of knowledge and intelligence, from its close proximity to our civilization. The "Bull of Bashan," the "Wild Ram of the Mountains," the "Fruitful Vine," (as they term their leaders,) will not perpetuate a thriving aristocracy. The novelties of their doctrine which allured large numbers of the susceptible—the persecutions which have operated to confirm their belief, have thus far recruited their ranks. But, above all, the marvelous promises they have made to the illiterate poor of the old world—the fascinations of a pioneer life in the great West—the promise of lands teeming with wealth—and the prospect of a splendid central empire in the heart of this continent—have garnered up for them a rich harvest. If the matter is treated rightly, the illusion will be dispelled and Mormonism finally perish.

W. N. A.

A Frozen Heart.

"The fountain of his heart dried up within him,—
With nought that loved him, and with nought to love,
He stood upon the desert earth alone."

Amo the glitter of an Arctic sea, whose towering icebergs shot up far toward the sun, there lay a frozen ship. Timbers and cordage were incrusted with a silvery armor. Mast, and shroud, and sail stood out, all rigid and shining, and perfectly proportioned. Upon the deck was a group of ice-clad men. They had chosen the position in which to die. There, seated around the leader, who stood proudly erect, they had awaited their summons and watched its progress. Every fragment was in its place, as if the Ice-king had carefully arranged his toy before gilding it. At his magic touch, ship and crew became forever motionless.

The view of this scene must have been awful. Its contemplation, even, is impressive. But we shudder at the fate of these poor mariners and forget ourselves. We think sadly of their hearts, chilled and frozen, but forget to think sadly or sternly of living men whose heartstrings are dried up, chilled, it may be, by blasts more searching than polar winds, frozen, perhaps harder than ice, even "as hard as hammered iron." We have toward such, a duty which demands our attention. This duty, while simple in its object, is varied in its application. The object is, to set free the icebound heart. This wretched heart itself



must determine the mode of applying the remedy. The healing power may come like a ray of sunshine, gradually swelling into a full, glowing beam, and melting away the cold barrier. Or the remedy may be a harsh, stern justice, striking its keen blade right into the obstacle, and shivering it with a single blow. In either case the weapon must be carefully selected and efficiently wielded.

There are young hearts, bold hearts, which set out hopefully on life's voyage. They fancied themselves sporting with the world, while the world was making dupes of them. They thought themselves acquiring wisdom, while they were educating themselves for ruin. They were bold, but recklessly bold. They purchased prudence, and bought it dearly, but it came too late to save them from despair:

There are young hearts, timid hearts,—trustful, loyal, noble hearts,—so warm and genial that they must be quite broken before the chill can fasten there. But if the sun were long withheld, the mildest climate would become bleak and dreary. They wander into paths where his light and heat are unknown, and their own sun goes down in darkness. There are hearts which almost seem born to ache. They began in sorrow, but, like good soldiers, girded on their weapons, and went forth to do battle. For long years they have fought faithfully, but unsuccessfully. They have never been able to stifle the great heart-pain. And now as they increase in age and a sad experience, they begin to be quite certain that a callous heart is the only one that will not bleed. Is it unnatural for them to suffer the ice to form unmolested!

There are hearts, young and old, which are frozen by a single cold shudder, walling up the fountains of joy and affection in the soul. Some great and sudden calamity, coming down like an avalanche, empties its cold masses on the victim. The poor heart, shrinking back upon itself, is fairly hemmed in and besieged at its very gate. Perhaps, even now, it is meditating a surrender. Hasten to its relief. The first step will be to assure it of sympathy from without. The settled plan of rescue may be afterward devised. The simple knowledge of your compassion will inspire the wounded spirit with 'new courage. Under your direction it may make an effective sortie from its prison walls. Extend your kindly aid to every case within your sphere of action. If you have sunshine do not be chary of it,-lend it readily; it is capital well invested, for the interest will more than double the principal. If you lack buoyancy yourself, then you are still more in a condition to sympathize with these -for they have lost more, they have even abandoned the hope of regaining it. Reach down your hand and raise them to the step on which you

are standing. You will find that the action has elevated yourself to a happier place than your former one. And if you fancy your own condition to be no better after the effort, your kindness shall be otherwise rewarded. What a debt of gratitude will be due you from those desolate hearts which you so opportunely assisted! a debt which they will as surely repay, as there is anything good, and holy and lovely in man's nature. Let this be your reward:

"A grateful mind, that,
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged."

But we turn sadly to a darker side of the picture. There are bold, bad hearts,—hearts which voluntarily and knowingly harden themselves, which erect a thick, solid rampart of cold, pitiless ice, reaching clear round them, and shutting out all that God intended to beautify and perfect their nature. The parapet presents an unbroken front. No gate or postern is visible by which to enter. The only path to the centre of such a life is straight through the bulwarks. Within, all is stern, and cold, and determined. The heart has fortified itself against all the natural good inherent in it. It has no affection, no mercy, no forgiveness. It has smothered the memory of all the friends who possibly were able to restore its lost gems. But the removal of these treasures has not left a vacant place. The gap was no sooner evident than it was filled. Envy, malice, and that terrible energy that knows no compassion, leaped in to close the breach. The heart was freezing, but true to its new masters, it shaped itself for their ends. It congealed like an icicle, which, with its sharp and polished point, is a treacherous staff on which to lean. Thus armed and equipped, the perverted heart goes forth to destroy and consume. It tempts the weak, it boldly confronts the strong. It crushes the unwary and wearies out the watchful. It mocks at good, and rejoices in evil. It exults over each new victory, with such a joy as flends only can feel. Kindness and forbearance are thrown away upon it. will only respect a commanding power which is too strong for it. A single arm seldom avails against its skillful attack. Rouse your energies, ye modern Samsons, and war upon the monster! Unite in a grand crusade and overpower him. You cannot save him, till you have conquered him; you must conquer him, as you value your own peace. Frown down the man who thus tyrannizes over his fellow creatures; do not suffer his respectability to save him from the lash. No earthly position can grant him an immunity. Split open the massive ice which is caked all around his heart, then pour into it the healing and gladdening sun-

shine. It may lure back the heart's lost treasures; it surely will soften the harsh qualities which occupy their place. Will not such an effort, if successful, bring in a rich reward? Will not the agent of such a change be more worthy of a golden crown than Demosthenes of old! And if unsuccessful, he will also receive a lasting recompense for his humane attempt. The aversion consequent on the acquaintance, will strengthen his own guard against a similar foe. The knowledge of the nature of so base a heart, will enable him to warn others against its influence. He will also be conscious of having performed an imperative duty. Thus his task, in either result, will not have been a thankless one-And now in closing, let us decide on our own weapons of defense. How shall we repel the gloom from our own hearts? It assails us in many a shape. Sometimes it creeps over us imperceptibly, like a slowly rising tide, quenching light after light, until the whole soul is darkened. Or, again, it comes on suddenly like an earthquake, where men wake to find themselves entombed alive. But we must not despair at its approach. There is a blade whose Damascus edge holds good for the conflict. Cultivate Cheerfulness. This weapon will disarm the dreaded foe of half his terrors. Fail not to use it ere it rusts in your hand. There is a time for sorrow, but it is not a life-time. Court the sunshine, and its presence will not long be wanting. Be cheerful then. Happiness is infectious, and deserves to be. Kindle the flame in your own heart, and those around you will quickly catch its warmth. Thus will your heart be winning in itself, a countless treasure to you, and a fountain of joy and consolation to others. Who does not desire such a heritage ?

> "A sweet, heart-lifting Cheerfulness, Like spring time of the year."

W. L. E

The Sun at Midnight.

For a long time we had entertained a great desire to witness that interesting phenomenon, "the Sun at midnight." And though the trip must be productive of much trouble and discomfort, the sight presented too many attractions, and the idea of visiting the remote and barren Norway had too many charms, to allow the opportunity to pass unimproved.

So having visited the Norwegian consul, and learned as much as possible from him, and our passport being visued and several guide-books secured, we were ready to start.

Leaving the immense city of fogs early one morning about the last of May by the "Great Northern Railway," in the afternoon we arrived at busy Hull, where, for a few hours, our ears were belabored with the heavy brogue of the honest Yorkshiremen. The same evening, although the weather prospects were quite gloomy, we started on a steamer for Christiansand. As in the case of Robinson Crusoe, " we had no sooner got out of the Humber than it began to blow most furiously." After a rough passage of between two and three days, during which we experienced all the delights of sea-sickness, we reached the quiet little town of Christiansand, as sleepy a place as ever was seen. We were obliged to wait there for a steamer nearly a week, every day of which seemed a Sunday, so still was everything. This interim we spent wondering at the quaint little town, its inhabitants and the curious costumes of the peasantry, boating, making excursions up the river Torris-dals and riding about in carrioles. One afternoon when out boating, we observed a black line above the horizon, and immediately concluded that relief was at hand; in two or three hours more, the little steamer "Aeger" was in the harbor, and on the morrow we resumed our journey towards the North.

A few days later, we reached Bergen, the second city of Norway, and famed for the quantity of rain that falls there; when we arrived, it was pouring in torrents; it rained almost all the several days we remained there, and finally when we left, it rained harder than ever. In spite of the rain, however, our Bergen reminiscences are far from unpleasant. The American Consul, who is a Norwegian, appeared delighted to have an opportunity of showing courtesy to some of the people under his protection. He made up a party of gentlemen and ladies, and we all visited the museums and other curiosities of the place, and whiled away The first evening we were there happened to the time very agreeably. be one of considerable importance to the good people of the city; for upon that evening, for the first time, gas, for whose advent preparations were just completed, began to shed forth its benign rays upon them. Crowds of men, women and children, were gathered around every lamp post, gazing in wonder at the novel light.

A few days more found us in Trondhjem, or Drontheim, Norway's ancient capital. The days had been visibly increasing in length ever since our departure from London, and by the time we got to Tron-



dhjem, there was no night at all, or rather the nearest approach to it was a kind of twilight about the hour of midnight, but not sufficient to warrant the use of artificial light even for reading.

There are two beautiful waterfalls near Trondhjem which every traveler in those parts must visit. They are called the Lierfæsen, the highest fall being ninety-nine feet.

Nor must the fine old cathedral be forgot, which is well worthy of more than one visit. It was founded in 1180, and is already partly in ruins. Like all the large churches in Northern Norway, it is arranged in the interior exactly like a theatre, with boxes and curtains. One fine box surmounted by the royal lion holding a battle-axe, denotes the place assigned to royalty.

We left Trondhjem a little after midnight, but with all the light of a partially cloudy day. No one had thought of retiring, but at this unseemly hour persons were there taking leave of their friends, some were reading, others sketching, and all seemed to forget that it was night, since Night had forgotten to "draw her sable curtain."

Our passage past the Laffoden Islands was, as we expected, quite rough; we were passing very near the great Maelstrom. The captain of the steamer, who spoke English quite well, informed us that this so celebrated whirlpool is by no means so terrible and dangerous as a similar phenomenon which occurs in one of the fiords or inlets of the sea in the neighborhood.

Four or five days after leaving Trondhjem, we reached Hammerfest, famous for its cod-liver oil and as the most northern town in the world. The last few days of our trip were peculiarly interesting. The weather, though in the last of June, was very cold, and we were surrounded on all sides by ice and snow. A great part of the way here, as along the whole coast of Norway, the steamer goes between high rocky islands and the mainland, thus protected from the open sea and appearing to navigate the waters of a broad, deep river. We were continually passing the most wild and magnificent scenery, lofty mountains covered with unmelting snow, while in the valleys could often be discerned the immense shining glaciers. But the most attractive feature was that the generous sun never ceased to shed his rays upon us except when obscured by clouds.

There is something peculiarly impressive in passing those bleak and dreary shores, where everything is so still, the sun ever over head, and the water smooth as glass, and owing to the Gulf Stream never frozen.

The first night after passing the polar circle and entering the frigid zone, it was cold and clear, and then for the first time we saw the sun at midnight.

The steamer "Prinds Carl" was small, and the cabin passengers were only about six or eight in number. The sight was new to us all with the exception of two Norwegian ladies. As is customary, we wished to burn holes through some letter paper with the rays of the midnight sun for the purpose of writing home. In the absence of a regular burning glass, the captain took out the principal lens from his telescope, which answered the purpose very well, though it took some time, as the sun was only a few degrees above the horizon.

Hammerfest is surrounded by lofty, bleak bluffs, which answer a very good purpose in winter, affording protection against the cold north winds. They were, however, once the scene of a disaster, which will long be remembered by the honest burghers. There are now no horses in the town; but formerly, one representative of that noble race existed there. He, of course, was duly appreciated. Upon one occasion, a man was leading him up the high bluff, when unfortunately a steamer coming into the harbor, fired the customary salute. The horse took fright, broke away, started up the hill, but fell and broke his back, thus meeting his untimely end.

The hotel at this Northern town can hardly be called a hotel, and yet travelers are accommodated there. One of the lodgers, who had a strange impression that he could speak English, volunteered to be our interpreter. In the first place, he informed us that it would be necessary to order dinner immediately after breakfast. Upon asking what we could have, he suggested that perhaps we would like some "fools." Never having been accustomed to such diet, we ventured to demur; at a loss whether to deplore the inhumanity of such a people, or to admire a system of political economy which made even fools subservient to some end. Our interpreter exerting himself and becoming more explicit, we perceived that he meant to offer us nothing more obnoxious than some fowls, and learning that reindeer venison was comprised in the category, and the large Norwegian partridges also, we were not so much opposed, and indeed never attacked a more toothsome repast.

There is nothing in Hammerfest to be seen except the curious little town and the inhabitants themselves. Most striking among these are the roving Laplanders, who dress in the most grotesque manner with skins, furs and fancy blankets, making scarcely any difference between the costume of the men and women. We noticed, fastened to the backs or slung over the shoulders of some of the women, a curious instrument, the use of which at first sight it was impossible to guess; but

Digitized by Google

upon inquiry we learned that it supplied the place of cradle to the young Laps, at once leaving their mothers the use of their arms and relieving them of all anxiety about their darlings.

We spent two or three nominal days in Hammerfest, but had we remained until sundown, we must have sojourned there about six weeks.

Our trip back towards Trondhjem was enlivened by the presence of many additional fellow-passengers. We were joined by a German Baron, (a relative of Munchausen,) a Hamburg merchant, a Belgian, who had been bear-hunting, and a number of Norwegians who were going to attend a fair: among the latter was one short bull-necked, bullet-headed individual, who, when he lay in the arms of Morpheus, produced a most terrific noise, probably from motives of security; that nobody might venture to disturb him. As the number of passengers was to the number of berths in about the proportion of three to one, and the last comers could not all expect to have beds, he of the short neck invariably slept and snored during the day to prepare for the night; but when the time when night ought to have been came, he was generally able to find a bed or sofa, and thus we were tortured until we arrived at the place of the fair.

In a few days more we had passed to a more genial clime, where at the proper time,

> "In sable pomp, with all her starry train The night resumed her throne."

> > E. C. M.

Discipline of College Life.

We have a natural love and admiration for harmony. It is this principle in Nature which chiefly delights us. The finest conceptions in Musical composition—unless they are expressed in pure harmony—grate harshly upon the ear. In painting, we look for harmonious agreement in design and in execution. If it is not found, painting has lost its power to please, and genius has spent itself in vain.

So too in character, the exhibition of a particular element at the expense of others, appears inconsistent; while that character which is at once equally balanced and symmetrical, elicits universal praise.

The development of a symmetrical character is aimed at by our connection with College. This is, when reached, brought about by the cul-

ture of the intellectual element on the one hand, and by the proper discipline of the social element on the other hand. The former is attained by our position as students: the latter is the result of our intercourse as men and companions. The former is the work of the recitation room; the latter the work of College life.

It is our design to point out the more obvious lessons of College life, which all will admit to be indispensable in the formation of a true and symmetrical character.

By our experience of College life, we are first taught to know our proper position among our associates. When a class enters upon its duties, there is no general acquaintance among its members. All is uncertain, with reference to rank and station. It is evident, however, that in this unit of a class, there is an appropriate place for every one. This then is the first work of college life, to draw out the characteristics and merits of different individuals, by which their just position is determined. Hence the mistake often made by persous, who bring to College reputations which have been enjoyed elsewhere, instead of awaiting the rank which time and circumstance in college shall dictate. It matters not what one has been or has done, before he entered College. His standing here is gained by what he does, and what he is, in College.

College life in teaching us this important lesson, scorns and abhors conceit. This certainly is one of the worst features a man can have in his character. Nothing more than this takes away from his freshness of mind, and purity of disposition, and at the same time renders him so disagreeable to others. College life, however, seldom fails to diminish its power, if not to entirely uproot it from the mind. While a person is at perfect liberty to attempt anything he may choose, he is praised by his companions only for his actual merits and accomplishments. So that if he came to College filled with an undue conceit of his various powers, and fails to realize the execution of his ambitious plans, his praise must come from his own proud heart. All castles which his imagina. tion has raised in the air, totter and fall to the ground, before the sunlight of Truth. If on the other hand a man achieves a brilliant success in College, his associates, so far from encouraging the feelings of pride and conceit, always love and respect the more as he is free from these disagreeable qualities.

Artificiality is likewise rebuked and despised in College. Nothing assumed can stand a great while. The "outward show" must ere long be removed, so that the real texture of the inner man can be discerned. The heart naturally seeks the heart for communion and sympathy.

This is no school for spurious etiquette and worthles formalities. The etiquette of the soul—the sympathies which tremble on the heart strings, and spring from the eye, beaming with the lustre of true friendship—these are chiefly sought and most highly prized among us!

Then it would seem that College life in teaching us to know our true position among our associates, inculcates a certain modesty and simplicity of character, not indeed wishing to encourage a false modesty and effeminate simplicity, but rather to develop a character, which shall appear to be what it really is, and not be puffed up with any false notions of superiority.

We are next taught to exercise private judgment—in other words, to think for ourselves. With the very idea of individual position, which we have just considered, is associated individual thought, which is its proper support. If a person looks to others for his opinions, he trusts to uncertainty. His own mind must act, so that it may be the safe guide of his actions. He cannot be a "hanger on," and at the same time have any real character of his own. The mind receives its first impulse, in the direction of private judgment, from the studies which it pursues. There are so many different opinions, theories and principles, set forth by the various authors, that these put into operation the machinery of the student's mind. He is led to think and form conclusions for himself. The mind after receiving this negative incitement to independent thought, finds positive necessities for the culture of the principle in College life. Here theory and practice happily work together and aid each other. We find that our acts, in order that they may be satisfactory to ourselves, must be prompted by our own views. Respect for one another also depends, in a great measure, upon independent thought and action.

The next lesson taught us is liberality of opinion. The obstacles to the exercise of this principle are inexperience and prejudice—the latter being the natural result of the former. If these are removed by our College life, liberality of opinion is certainly inculcated. That extensive experience takes the place of our former inexperience, will appear evident, when we consider our numbers in College, and the many portions of the country which we represent. We virtually learn the customs of all sections, and the opinions of all parties. Our experience afforded here is also varied. The acquaintance with many of our classmates is intimate, and their peculiarities are familiar to us. We find that nearly every one has his own opinions and courses of action. We further discover, that every one has a good share of sincerity in him, and that the

cause of difference of opinion between others and ourselves, is early education. We then learn to look at the heart of men and things—to regard with a kind spirit the faults of others, and to perceive and acknowledge the good and honorable in every man. Prejudice is necessarily removed by such experience, for inexperience was the only cause of our prejudice. With the removal of prejudice we become candid, liberal minded men.

But we must not fail to speak of the encouragement which College life offers for the formation of friendships. In this is exhibited its crowning service, and one which will bind us to College days, with silken cords and golden chains. It performs this service, by bringing us so intimately together in one common pursuit, and by our various associations. This is just the period of our lives, when the mind is most susceptible to such influences. Congeniality being discovered, friendships are formed which last for life. It is the highest kind of friendship which is formed in College, viz, that which springs from respect for one another. Perhaps there is not much intensity of affection. It is well that it should be so. For as this springs from the emotions, it will, like those emotions, be uncertain and transitory; while that friendship, which springs from respect for some brilliancy of mind, or virtue of heart, will, like those qualities, be real and permanent.

We can find no other adequate reason, than the memory of pleasant acquaintances in College, why old graduates invariably regard their College days as their brightest and happiest. They could not appreciate their worth until they were cast into the cold world,

"Where love of gain
And luxury possess the hearts of men."

Then they recalled and cherished for life,

"Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet; Smiles, radiant long ago, And features, the great soul's apparent seat."

Observe with what eagerness graduates of three years greet and embrace each other, and weep tears of joy at meeting again, and then you can have some conception of the friendships formed in College. It would seem that the ivy, which was planted on "Presentation Day," after the pipe of peace had dispersed all unkind feelings, had entwined itself, in its friendly embrace, around the hearts of all, and made them beat in unison for joy, when the hands are clasped, that have been parted so long!

No one can doubt the value of this service rendered by College life.

Many a gloomy and melancholy mind, which would otherwise have passed its life in darkness and doubt, has been made light and happy, and fitted to inspire others with cheerfulness, by the associations which it enjoyed. Here all receive an energy into their social nature—a light which brightens their path in life and makes them men of heart, as well as men of intellect.

W. H. W.

Winter.

Twas winter first with frosty finger
Tipped the forest leaf with red,
And where the em'rald fain would linger,
Left a crimson stain instead.
But soon, alas! the bloom had faded,
And envious winds came whistling by,
To rob me of what erst had shaded
My summer bower right pleasantly.

Ere Winter came, the light of morning Roused the robins from their nest;
And vieing each in friendly warning,
Vain to me were longer rest.
But now, alas! 'twere vain to listen—
The warblers wing their weary way,
Where flowers are glad, and dew-drops glisten,
When sunlight amiles at dawn of day.

The tiny brook, whose waves seemed twinkling With mischief as they danced along,
The violets with its spray besprinkling
That dared to list its prattling song—
Amid, alas! that song entrancing,
Felt stern Winter's stiffning breath,
To lay aside its mirth and dancing
Within the chill embrace of death.

Speak not then of Winter's glory, Nor her snowy spangled wreath— Mournful is the sadd'ning story; Forms once loved lie dead beneath.

Digitized by Google

W. L. J.

Conversation ; a P. S. Exegetical.

One of the truest of those sayings of genius which condense whole volumes into a single line, is that expression of Goethe, "When we begin to speak, we begin to err," disclosing by a single stroke the vast difference between thought and expression. Through this fog of words our ideas contract, expand, and waver, nor do any two eyes see them exactly alike. The truth of this impressed me with peculiar force a few days ago, on reading an article in the Lit. entitled "Conversation Again," containing strictures on one in the previous number, nearly all of which sprang from a misunderstanding—which I have too high a respect for the writer to believe intentional-of the meanings of words therein used, though after careful thought I can find none better. A due respect for my own character, and a certain paternal affection, must be my excuse to our subscribers (whom Allah increase and multiply) for occupying a few pages of this number in explaining what I meant, which will, I hope, be in itself a sufficient refutation of the charges preferred. by one, and in all fairness, I will attempt to examine the status controversice, as I understand them.

First and foremost, my critic objects that instruction, though an "excellence, is not an essential " in good conversation; he even goes so far as to assert, "The highest style of discourse may be carried on, and neither party impart or receive information." If by information he means instruction—and the distinction is worth remarking—I at once and completely deny the allegation. In refuting it, I might bring up Sydney Smith, who was certainly capable of this "highest style," whatever it is, yet who states that he never talked to a man five minutes without learning something; I might adduce and examine the long talks of Wilhelm Humboldt, Goethe and Schiller, in the house of the latter in Jena, and quote from the biography of each the recognitions of the instruction that each received; but no; I will meet the critic on his own ground, I will take the "ideal of conversation" that he himself gives, and what is its very climax? "When the wealth of each nature and each experience is poured out to enrich the character and ennoble the life of the other." Now if this means anything else but teaching the understanding of another what it did not previously know or appreciate, I can make no sense out of it; and if this is anything more or less than instruction, Noah Webster is at fault. If I mistake here, I should be extremely happy to learn an example of that highest



or any high style of conversation, wherein instruction is neither imparted nor received.

Next, I am told that he who says analysis of character is the end of Conversation "is grossly mistaken," (en passant, "grossly mistakes" is the more correct English;) indeed, that the proposition refutes itself. But let me ask what the word end, in this sense, means? Evidently two things. Objects, ends in view, are either immediate or remote, yet ever coetaneous, at least, should be. To illustrate; a boy does a sum, his immediate end being to gain a correct solution, but the remote, though ever-present and far more important end is to acquire mental power, intellectual ability. The distinction is obvious, and almost, by this very example, I illustrated it in my article, likening the victories and defeats in conversation to the figures of a problem, the analysis of character, the never perfectly attained, underlying result. To make it still clearer, I called this analysis the foundation of rational talk, upon which it is built, beyond which it cannot go, on which it relies for its strength. Every one, I argued, should seek to extend this foundation, to work at this unending problem, and while his immediate ends be what they may, ever to keep in view the strengthening and augmenting of this essential and fundamental one. Without fear and without hesitation, I leave to the judgment of every candid reader whether I "am grossly mistaken" in this or not.

"'Having by these means studied your man, you have wherewith to mould him to your purpose.' Indeed! 'Mould him to your purpose'!!! Is this recommended as an honorable, legitimate use of conversation?" Yes, O most sapient critic, it undoubted!y and undeniably is, but very bitter words, my friend, more bitter than he would like to hear, or I to write, might justly be said of that man who seems incapable of imagining any purpose but a dishonorable and illegitimate one. Such a man would see obscenity in pure white marble. This passage is attacked from one of three reasons; either he means that conversation should have no purpose, which no sensible man would assert, or that no purpose is praiseworthy, which is absurd, or that I intended no praiseworthy purpose, in which case he most unjustly and unwarrantably calumniates my motives. By judicious discourse to soothe the dying moments of suffering humanity, to foster and cherish the germs of neglected merit, to snatch an erring brother from the path of sin, or in any way to soften and better the hard lot of the sons of men, are purposes which I recognize as fully, and credit to others more willingly, than he does, and I, in turn, ask of any right-minded man, is it not legitimate, is it not honorable, to mould men to these or any honest purposes?

In passing, I will explain the signification of "weak." It means assailable, not wicked, as the critic seems perversely to believe. I said, attack the weak points of a man's character, and thought it would recommend itself to the common sense of everybody that it would be as absurd to commence an attack on a man's fixed prejudices, as it would be for a general to plant batteries against the most impregnable part of an enemy's fortress.

Having laid down a few general principles, I found it necessary to confine my subject, so casting about for one of the most efficient aids in influencing men, I stated it to be flattery. This horrifles my critic. Not but that it is perfectly true; even he does not deny that; but, as in the fable of the monkeys and the traveler, the truth is so hateful. Of course he begins by taking the very worst and narrowest definition of flattery, and that only. If he had consulted Mr. Webster's Dictionary, he would have found that flattery is not confined to adulation, but includes "just commendation that gratifies self-love;" the exact definition which was present to my mind, and which I would have given had I not thought it superfluous, was that of a celebrated French writer-" the saying such things as are capable of pleasing others," ("choses les plus flatteuses, c'est-à-dire, celles qui sont les plus capables de plaire aux autres," Maximes de la Rochefoucauld, Max. C, variante.) Now, if a man chooses to lie and deceive in flattery, just as logic may make a sophist, rhetoric a demagogue, he becomes a sycophant, but the assertion that all flattery is inconsistent with "moral obligation and hightoned honor," is contradicted by the signification of the term itself, and could only be advanced by a person ignorant of the real meanings of the words he employed.

We next come to direct collision on a point of fact,—the nature of women; I maintaining that they are more accessible to direct flattery than men, he denying it. I am consigned to the righteous indignation of the sex. Terror overpowers me; with fear and trembling I search the why and wherefore I made that unfortunate assertion, and am almost induced to recant, for I find only three reasons, and two of them are hardly worth a floccus;—because the shrewdest analysts of human nature had said so before me; because my own limited experience had confirmed their judgment; and because I had found it to be the general opinion of men with whom I had talked. That the first is not mere assertion, let me refer the reader to La Bruyère's Chapter on Women, La Rochefoucauld's Maxims, the 163d, 183d, but especially the 161st Letter of Lord Chesterfield, various plays of Fielding, and all the

works of Thackeray, particularly his Modern Wives. Now if I err, it is in such company, and I do not know where you will get greater names to convince me of it; but if it is truth, I care not a straw whom it casts a slur upon, or whom it insults, but am prepared to assert and maintain it, and am perfectly willing to be left "to their disposal," as every honest man ought to be. That noble and brilliant exceptions may be pointed out, I most cheerfully admit, for this is a rule, not a law of human nature, as the very notice we take of the exceptions prove its general applicability, and I am only astonished that such a common-place remark should find a denier at this late day.

Concerning various insinuations connected with the names of Iago, Uriah Heep & Co., I have nothing more to say, than that he who rejects a science because bad men have employed it to wicked purposes, indicates something very like narrowness of mind, and bigotry of judgment, anything but recommendatory to a candid and unprejudiced intellect.

The other aids to a skillful conversationist, as truth, good-nature, courtesy and good sense, mentioned by my critic, I am far from ignoring, but had space permitted, would have been glad to speak of the relative advantages of these and many other qualities, but I preferred to treat of one thing somewhat thoroughly than many superficially.

Before closing, I wish to warn my readers, distinctly and clearly, that I laid down no precepts, attempted no portrayal of an "ideal conversation, when two noble characters, two great souls, pure and beautiful, meet in full freedom and sympathy," for neither I nor they will ever have occasion for them. I had no such object in view. I only proposed to hint at a few of those rules by which we may study men, influence them, pass our time agreeably and profitably, and fit ourselves for gaining a commanding and useful position. If they think them founded in practical common sense and reality, it is all I ask; if, on the other hand, they consider it more efficacious to use a transcendental, a spirituo-harmonical, or any other style, pray do so, for

"Who shall decide where doctors disagree, And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?"

D. G. B.



Our Development.

THE New World, which the Europeans found in America, has become a new world in more senses than one. There seemed to have sprung up a giant spirit, bright with the experience of centuries, strong and beautiful with the civilization of all time centered upon him, who, with the battle axe and the woodman's axe, has cleared ground for a new empire, and scattered over it a new and wonderful race of men. We are probably a step beyond all others. Civilization walks with the sunlight. It arose in the East, and counting centuries its hours, progressed during its day through Europe, and with one huge stride, seems to have accomplished the destined physical extreme. Its creatures, monuments dead and living, stand along where it trod. Glancing back, we observe how they diminish in the distance,—how they grow as they near us,—and we believe we can catch some definite glimpses of the pathway which that giant genius is tracing forward for us. It disappears towards the bulwarks of the Rocky Mountains. Between that extended barrier, which shuts out barbarism on the one hand, and the Atlantic, which brings the treasures, and keeps back the turmoil of Europe, on the other, we believe will be the house and home of greatness. It is the development of this country which is to accomplish that high destiny.

Ought such a view to be wholly chimerical? Can we not vouchsafe for somewhat of its fulfillment, by the palpable indications which are everywhere about us? Our whole nature, and especially our American nature, is opposed to political or moral stagnation. We have struck the first blow, we have laid the first stone, we have done the tenth part.

Viewed externally, there are found wanting what are sometimes the accoutrements of advancement. Our birth, indeed, was not heralded forth with the magnificent displays of royalty. There are no vast armies, no extensive navies frowning down the world. We have no gorgeous palaces, and purple and gold, and orders, to dazzle the senses and charm the imagination; nor are there those names and brilliant histories with which romance and fiction delight to revel. But rising from the smoke of a decisive war, there appeared a stupendous republic, such as the world never saw, founded upon simple, grand old truths, tried by all times and governments, built by simple, giant minds, and embracing all the elements for accomplishing a proud and uncommon destiny. Our civilization grew up in the woods, and is still in the woods, but it is nevertheless a civilization. We commenced on a high grade—probably the



highest—affording an unique instance on the records of history. We had no long gradations of the primeval states of society to pass through; no barbarous, no shepherd, no agricultural states in a measure to give a distinctive character to each, as such, respectively. We appeared suddenly among nations, the embodiment of those perfect maxims to which history had been pointing us. We were born spasmodically of England, as Minerva leaped from the head of Jove: a thing of wisdom, from a thing of strength. We founded upon a constitution drawing from, and referring back to, the brightest periods of civilization—a constitution the most just, the most comprehensive, the most simple, the most practical of which history can boast.

Such is the starting point whence we proceed politically. What the old philosophers dreamed of, what revolutions have shaken the world for, every American citizen holds in his grasp as his right and his doctrine. Whether these fundamental principles will undergo change, is a question of speculation. Probably time will adapt measures to exigencies,—probably we have not arrived at perfection in government,—but we feel that all movement will be advance. As far as human vision can penetrate the future, the Constitution of the United States seems adapted to the wants of generations and ages to come,—if humanity remains what it always has been, and now is. It is enough for us to guard its sacred principles and develop them in legislation. They are the full flowering of the past, and they are become seeds in American character for the future. So exalted is the standard of our Representative Government, which is to protect and oversee the grand achievements set before the energies of the American people.

But we are met with predictions that we shall be checked in the onward course, that we cannot pursue the high-wrought purpose, that the splendid fabric of our Government must fall. Some of our ablest enemies across the Atlantic whisper that we are on the eve of a revolution,—already in that calm of temporary satisfaction which precedes a terrific political catastrophe. Centralization of power, civil war, overthrow and destruction, monsters of the wildest shape are fashioned and magnified from the minor acts of this Government, which are but slightly different from the minor acts of all Governments.

No one, indeed, grounds his fears on the Constitution, or the great laws or general policy of the nation. But there are internal, temporary struggles, which, to those not intimately acquainted with American character, seem to threaten our safety. Now and then a rowdy's voice is heard above the great masses, crying out against the Constitution, the

high court, and the Confederation. There is sometimes an honest and wide-spread fear that the federal body will become corrupt and decay, and that each vermicular sect will work away in confusion and the dust of insignificance.

Let the state of our politics be fearful—as bad as English writers imagine, which would be impossible,—let there be threatenings of a speedy dissolution, (and they are weak voiced and few,)-let sectionalism be a hundred fold more violent, (and it could be comfortably,) -yet underneath all these there lie those solid, practical principles which God Almighty has implanted in the very instincts of men, everlasting: the desire and the power of money, which links and rivets interests, as it were, by its metallic tenacity. He in Massachusetts who would invade South Carolina, must first march through the mills of Lowell and Lawrence; he must burn down Lynn, and demolish the docks of Boston, and let loose starvation over the land. And the Southern man who would invade the North, must do not only all this, but he must add also the destruction of every interest by which he is bound to his section of the country. Whatever be the higher theories, all governments are based upon and held together by the practical concerns of the people. these prosper,—if these wholly accord,—no internal power, however great, can break up the harmony. Thus conditioned, the sovereign States grow and blend into a whole of adamant. The idea of revolution is wholly incompatible with such considerations. Necessity is too great an arbiter of human affairs.

Moreover, the development of resources is a criterion by which to judge of national importance. In this consists the whole meaning of manifest destiny. What are these interests? They are the three great branches of human industry,-commerce, manufactures and agriculture, the brain, the blood and the sinews of every nation. The commanding position which the United States now, in their infancy, occupy, is owing to the health and strength of her resources. For pursue the idea into The material prosperity of the country has been almost fabits details. ulous. To-day, its manufactures are beginning to compete with those of most skilled and powerful people in the manufacturing interest. Its agriculture clothes and feeds half Europe. Its commerce is master of the A single prohibitory act of Congress, a single failure of crops could create a wide-spread revolution on the other side of the Atlantic. And yet this is but a fore-shadowing of what must come to pass. We are but in the germ. Placing our national importance upon these resources, who can estimate for half a century hence the power and influ-



ence to which manifest destiny is steadily directing us? And our resources must unfold. It is in the nature of things. There is an inter-lacing, an interdependence of interests. Agriculture raises Manufactures, and Manufactures react upon Agriculture, and they both breed Commerce.

The steps of advancement, where there are no extraneous interruptions, are certain and irresistible.

In the United States progress has been magical. The operations before us are wonderfully vast, yet we are taught to believe they are so related that the means of execution are equally vast. Geology demonstrates that the whole country is laid out for the grand object. The most extensive beds of coal in the world lie beside the most extensive beds of iron—portending a manufacturing industry of so gigantic a character as to be supported only by that great valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies. Then inland seas and great rivers flowing from the heart of the country, afford exits for its products to every section of the globe. It needs but little imagination to picture the prominent features of that period which must as surely come as "men walk forward when they walk."

If such be the case, we have certain premises to assert that one cycle of American civilization will have been perfected—a civilization exceeding in grandeur anything with which we are acquainted in the past. The development of our energies requires an adequate population and an adequate development of mind. If we rule the pockets of the world, the fact presupposes that we rule also the head of the world. With the active blood and brain of Anglo-Saxons in the masses, we are on the highway to that end. We have the highest type among the races of men. The prime elements of civilization, equal rights and universal justice, are also the prime elements of our government—the means by which we proceed—and such must continue to be the case if we have no disastrous revolutions, which, it has been noticed, from the nature of the country itself, and the interests of the people, are things not likely to occur.

In so hurried a glance,—in so crowded a space,—it was impossible to note more than the outlines, the main facts for advancement. Our high Constitution, our high character and policy on the one part, and our limitless physical means for execution on the other, are sufficient to warrant a prediction as to the future. We have not mentioned the development of the individual; the progress of science and arts, of morality, of oratory, of poetry, of statesmanship, of education; nor have our

growing relations with other governments, and the increase of territory been touched upon; but they are all necessarily implied. They must grow out of our material progress, and in turn react with an elevating influence. The action and reaction of society and the individual, with us go on without tumult and revolution, but none the less surely and energetically.

When this continent is wholly ours,—when the Valley of the Mississippi is peopled with its millions of active bodies and minds,—when commerce, manufactures and agriculture are extended to their widespread and legitimate limits, and all sections are bound together by bands of iron and the golden net work of interest,—then "this great people," says the most eminent living historian, "will dictate the terms of peace and war to the world." Such will be the condition of State, and "the State," says Burke, "is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection." Such are the prospects of the individual,—the whole of the highest civilization, and one chapter, at least, of manifest destiny.

Egotism.

"All persons," says Hawthorne, in one of his best tales, "chronically diseased, are egotists, whether the disease be of mind or body." Were the converse of this true, the number of persons afflicted with mental hallucinations, vagaries, and all the fantastic varieties of lunacy as well as countless plagues of body, would vastly exceed all computation. Indeed this universality is the first thing to strike us in the consideration of our subject. Moreover the great moral law of humanitythe command to "love thy neighbor as thyself"—implies a certain degree of self-love which is the main constituent of egotism. But this is using the word in its more benevolent sense. The narrow, but more common meaning of the word egotism, is confined in its application to a class of persons possessed of an overweening self-importance which, displaying itself at all times and places, excites in the minds of observers a mingled feeling of disgust and pity. And here we must be careful to distinguish what are but too often confounded—this petty egotism and that lofty confidence which is born of great purposes and thorough self-knowledge. The calm self-reliance of Milton, the sublime confidence of Bacon, has nothing in common with the eternal reiteration of "ego" and "memet" in Cicero. In the "Confessions" and "Suspiria" of De Quincey also there are continual allusions to his precocity in childhood, his extraordinary mental powers, and yet there is a certain spirit running through all, giving the idea of perfect appropriateness, which removes all suspicion of egotism.

But let us not forget that this petty self-admiration is sometimes a characteristic of men of really great minds. There seems to be in some great men a two-fold nature—a superficial one which directs their intercourse with men-a deep and true one in their communings with themselves and Nature. Hence their mental productions, the fruit of their earnest hours, are directly at variance with their daily life. are honest, unostentatious, truthful as becomes one who speaks in the presence of God and his own soul; the last is not frivolous and vain indeed, but tinged with conceit, arrogance and much that is unworthy of true manhood. These two influences act reciprocally. The one struggles constantly to modify and reform the outward conduct, the other to render the mind superficial and dishonest. In men of really noble natures and powerful intellects the true generally overcomes the false, and hence egotism is commonly noticed as among the faults of their youth. But sometimes the false prevails, and there comes forth from the intermingling of power and weakness a character at once ludicrous and mournful. Tennyson has given us a true picture of a powerful mind thus held in the fetters of a shameful servitude:

"Most delicately hour by hour He canvassed human mysteries, And trod on silk as if the winds Blew his own praises in his eyes, And stood aloof from other minds In impotence of fancied power."

Happily there are not many such. Powerful minds become humbled before the great problems they are called upon to solve, and "human mysteries" leave them neither time nor inclination for intellectual dandyism.

Shallow and superficial men then are most affected with undue self-reverence. Indeed, men are often led to consider a really great mind weak and trivial, because of this unfortunate tendency to self-exaltation. But this class of shallow and superficial men is large, and how are they to be reached? What is the corrective of egotism in them? There is in most men together with this tendency to conceit a more or less keen

perception of its puerility and ridiculousness in others. There is some thing inexpressibly ludicrous in a single atom of the mass of humanity lavishing upon itself all admiration and praise, and often for qualities which it does not possess. There is no idolatry so laughable and at the same time so contemptible, as that of a human being bowing in deep reverence at its own shrine, pouring out floods of libations to its own excellence, and sending up pæans of exultation for its own complete superiority. Now there is no more powerful corrective force than ridicule or contempt. And the employment of these forces is more universal because those affected by the fault are by no means prevented by this from directing them against others. On the contrary, there is a certain jealous watchfulness in this class of persons which makes them discover more quickly the presence of egotism in others. Like the bosom serpent in the story of Hawthorne, the foul reptile leaps and writhes when it detects a kindred existence in the breast of another. Thus this fault is in a certain sense self-destructive. Always gorging, yet always famished, it feeds on its own kindred.

But a greater reformatory power lies in the discipline of life. Devotion to anything, whether literature, art, or even the various kinds of business, tends to draw off love from self and fix it upon the objects of pursuit. A man can devote himself to nothing, however ordinary, and at the same time be erecting temples and building costly shrines to himself. Also whatever deepens and widens the experiences of men, makes them more fully aware of their own nothingness. This the joys and sorrows, the daily routine of even the most common-place career cannot fail to do. No aged man, whatever be the feebleness of his natural capabilities, views human life with the superficiality of a child.

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun, Do take a sober coloring from an eye That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

He whose head is white with years, looks not upon the waters of life as a youth, viewing them only as a playground for the sunbeams, for he knows by his own experience, that far below—the bottom is paved with mud and slime, and wrecks of stately ships, and that those boundless territories are full of dens and deep cavernous recesses—the habitations of unsightly monsters. Experiences like these humble the proudest and coldest soul.

From these considerations it would follow that egotism is mainly a failing of youth. Observation proves this. How often do we hear parents complain that their offspring, from the age of ten to twenty, know you xxIII.

far more on all subjects-domestic and foreign-social and politicalthan themselves. Jupiter was hardly able to lift a thunderbolt before he began to consider Saturn an old fogy, unfit to govern. would seem that our college life is tinged with all the various shades of And such is the fact. In the first place, there is a sort of general egotism pervading all, which cause them to consider outsiders as a kind of promiscuous "profanum vulgus," whom they are to "hate" and "shun" on all occasions. This ought to be eradicated, for it is a pernicious spirit, unworthy of men. Again, the members of college are those who are very likely to have had an egotistic spirit fostered in them in earlier years. They are often the prodigies of country schools and small academies, and have been patted so much by pious deacons and praised so much by mediocre schoolmasters, that they come to regard themselves as almost omniscient. But notwithstanding the prevalence of this fault among us, we cannot but regard college life as a good discipline for the above mentioned class. Few graduate without placing a lower estimate upon their abilities. The success of no one is uninterrupted. Besides, there is nothing which students will tolerate less than arrogance or superciliousness, whether of broadcloth or brains. If a man would enjoy the respect and companionship of his classmates, he must at least outwardly conduct himself as their equal. And if his conduct be modified, it is hardly possible that his character will not be modified also. He becomes a gentleman outwardly, and therefore inwardly he is likely to become a man.

Book Notice.

The New Englander for November, 1857.

It may seem needless for us to use much time or space in speaking of a Magazine so well established as this. Yet we are quite sure that in College the purpose of this publication and the work it is doing, are not fully appreciated. It was started fifteen years ago by leading men of New Haven. Some of these were connected with College, others were engaged in literary and professional duties in the city. They were then, and are now eminent in scholarship, learning and power. They formed themselves into a club for furnishing matter for the Magazine. They took the best man they could find for editor and proprietor. The first

five volumes had for proprietor a man of marked ability, contributors very enthusiastic in their undertaking, and success was complete. The Magazine was accounted second to none in the country.

It met a demand of the times, and met it well. Its aim neither was, nor is, merely religious or theological. But it proposes to discuss the great vital questions of the day, be they moral, political or social. The great excellence of the plan is, that the discussion is carried on by men not engaged in party strife, nor showing the self-interest of those in the thickest of the fight, but, who viewing everything on a broad scale and from a moral stand-point, discuss questions with reference to their principles, and the ultimate effects of those principles in practice. It aims to be high in tone and character. None can over-estimate the value of such discussions in a country like ours. As we said before, the first five volumes were pre-eminent. It has gone on with fair success till the present time. To be sure it has had its ups and downs. Just now, in the present number, we find that it has come up to all that could be desired. It has come into the hands of one of our own Alumni as proprietor,-a man of the requisite energy and enthusiasm. The present is the best number we have ever seen. The Magazine has always a local interest to students, because so much of the matter is furnished by our own instructors. The critical notices of books—a very valuable part of the publication—is conducted almost entirely by them. Religious and theological works are committed to our pastor; Philosophical to our Professor of Mental Philosophy; Scientific to one of our Scientific Professors: Philanthropic and Educational, to our Librarian. In the present number, the President of the College has an article on the "Relations of Christianity to Natural Rights," both profound and easy to understand, which none can read without being wiser. Another Professor has a very valuable article, entitled "The American Student in Germany," of no slight personal interest to many of us. This has been struck off by itself, for the accommodation of students not wishing to purchase the New Englander. We recommend all to obtain and read it.

For sale at the College Book Store, 155 Divinity College.



Memorabilia Dalensia.

BURIAL OF EUCLID.

The past month has been one of decided quiet. Among memorable events, first in order of time, occurred the Burial of Euclid. This annual disgrace came off at the appointed time, with the usual blowing of tin horns, burning of torches, and array of men disguised in the robes of hobgoblins and imaginary fiends, and accountered with horns and a tail, like devils. Undoubtedly many individuals appeared that night in their most appropriate dress. We have been told by those who saw it, that the performance was fair for one of its kind. We have styled the event memorable. It is so as a relic and an heir-loom from darker times. It is so as an indication of the wretched tastes of those who like it, and of the destitution of moral courage and manliness on the part of those who do not like it, but are too fearful of scorn to oppose it. The former class is small, and their boldness commands for them a certain respect. The latter is larger than it ought to be, and deserves and receives only contempt from all quarters. We are glad to believe that both classes are diminishing.

THANKSGIVING EVE

Among firmly established institutions, is the Society gathering of Thankrgiving Eve. Before the big dinner, everybody puts their digestive organs into good working order, by four hours of continual laughter. The performances this year were, on the whole, excellent—the best we have ever seen. The Prize Debate was capital,—the dignity of the umpires was equaled in loftiness only by the tone of the speeches. Of the minstrels, we cannot express our admiration. It is the general opinion that they exceeded Christy's. We wish something of the kind could be introduced into the Wooden Spoon Exhibition. The temperance lecture was an unpardonable imposition,—we doubt not a thoughtless one. "The Dead Man" was intended for a joke, but it shocked more than it pleased. The plays were good sport, but the operatic singing, together with the immense crinoline robes of the performers, was second to nothing in the evening, except the minstrels. Everybody went home satisfied.

SOCIETY GIFTS.

We are glad to thank, in behalf of all College, Mr. Buttre, the engraver, for a fine steel engraving of President Buchanan, together with the Declaration of Independence and Washington's Farewell Address, a copy of which he has presented to each of the three libraries.

Also, in behalf of the two larges Societies, we would thank Edward S. Parker, Esq., of Boston, for a copy of his own work, entitled "The Golden Age of Oratory." Mr. Parker is a graduate of the Brothers. The Brotherly fire burns yet. He accompanies each present with a very pleasant note, signing the one to Linonia, "Your ancient enemy." Such enemies are worth something.



MARRIAGE. '

Not often do we have the privilege of recording an event of this kind in Yale. But a few weeks since, under very auspicious circumstances, Beethoven was united to Cecilia. Cecilia delivered herself up heart and hand to Beethoven, assuming that time-honored name, and beginning to share in its reputation. Everybody seems well pleased with the event, and there are ardent hopes and favorable prospects that College singing will again rise to its former standard. Already there is evident improvement. Next Sabbath eve the Chapel will ring with the old Christmas anthem of forty years standing.

THANKS TO THE PRESIDENT.

On Monday, Dec. 14th, the Senior Class passed a vote of thanks to President Woolsey for his extra lectures upon Art and History. Those who have attended those lectures have been highly pleased, and think that others have missed what they cannot easily find elsewhere.

Editor's Table.

READER, the weather is a common theme, but these days glide over us so delightfully and beautifully, we cannot let them pass unnoticed. Silently they come and go, every one of them a smile from Heaven, filling the air with cheerfulness, robing the earth with light, and blessing not only the homeless and hungry with mild warmth, but making glad with calm and quiet music every soul that is not dead. Winter generously delays his coming in wrath and rigor. and we enjoy the mellow sunlight of October by day, and a strange, solemn starlight by night. But how it will last we know not. Even now, while we write, there appears in the horizon a cloud big as a man's hand, portending what we cannot tell. Never talk about the weather! Why not! Can anything be named that affects us more! It tends to make us glad or sad all the time; lifts us up or casts us down in spirit every hour. Does it not help accomplish our plans, if it be good, or if bad, defeat them! Certainly. It determines our health to no small extent, our strength of body, vigor of mind, and, according to its quality, our temper is sweet or sour. It enters our life with every breath we breathe, and with every look we take of the world around and below. We say then, talk about it all you please. But if it be stormy, dark and gloomy, cold, wet and muddy, don't growl. It will do no good. But if it be clear, light and joyous, drink it in, open your soul, be glad, and tell of it.

Well, we have arrived at the beginning of the end of the best College term we have ever seen. The best, we say, and we say it for all. For it is the joy of College life that each successive period is happier than the preceding. We



think we have some drudgery to go through, we groan under our burdens dole-fully sometimes, but there is not a happier set of fellows than ourselves, in the whole wide world. The days pass over us gently, almost unnoticed, swift as a weaver's shuttle, and every one of them is a pleasant dream. Just now, however, we are brought to our senses most effectually by the bugbear of an examination, that disagreeable prelude to vacation, intended to operate like a discord in music, to make the succeeding harmony sweeter. Already "cramming" is talked of, hard and bateful. But not all are affected by this. Seniors have reached that lofty, imperturbable dignity that disdains to be moved at all by reached that contains a multitude deeply, and it is both interesting and instructive to behold the nonchalant air with which they stand in front of North College and while the hours away discoursing the merits of various new beavers and enlarging in no moderate terms upon their comparative success in whicherian aspirations.

Apropos of whiskers, we will remark here, that we have been at considerable pains to collect statistics with regard to the various hireute manifestations among both Faculty and students in the academic department. Of this we give our readers the benefit.

The number of the Faculty blesse	d in this respect, is18
Of the Editorial Board,	
Of Seniors,	59
Of Juniors,	
Of Sophomores,	
Of Freshmen,	
•	
	Total

Thus it will appear that our Alma Mater never was in a more flourishing condition than at present, so far as the matured manhood of her sons is concerned. What more striking proof of prosperity can we have? We understand that the Juniors have recently debated this question in the division room, and that the verdict in favor of cultivating Moustachios, Imperials and Beards as long as St. Paul's was overwhelming and final. This is one of the most sensible things we ever knew that Class to do, the wisest conclusion they ever arrived at. Of the truth of the above table of statistics we are ready to give evidence in court, except with regard to the two lower Classes. A Sophomore gave us the statement for his own Class, and from the fact that a man in that stage of his College course is apt to see every thing that pertains to himself through a highly magnifying glass, we suggest that it would be perfectly safe to divide the number stated by two or more, according to the feelings of the reader towards the Sophomores. The number given of Freshmen is purely hypothetical. It is believed, however, to be a very shrewd guess.

The Juniors are just now in a hot political stew. Who will be forced into office against his will, nobody knows as yet. Seven have been nominated for Editors of the Yale Lit., and a number more expect to be. If that class are not more enthusiastic in support of the institution next year than this, a double Board will be desirable to foot the printer's bill. However, we sincerely hope they will elect the best men to what an honored fifty-seven man said was the

"highest office in the known world." The requisites are talent and literary enthusiasm. Without the latter, a man had better keep clear of the position, for the honor does not pay for the work, unless the pursuit is fitted to one's taste.

The Sophomores are digging, cramming and skinning for prize compositions and debates with fearful energy. It is estimated, as usual, that there are as many as twelve in every division, each of whom is destined to carry off the first prize triumphant over the rest.

The Freshmen are working as Freshmen only know how to work, for their first College examination—many of them without doubt, for their last. Pull away, friends, you have four jolly years ahead of you.

But we must stop this stupid, random talk, and say a few words

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We have been more favored during the past month or two than usual in the quantity, if not in the quality of contributions. We wish to say in the first place, to writers for the Lit., direct your communications according to the directions on the cover. Send no notes on Lit. business to individual members of the Board, if you wish to be sure of notice. "Two Pictures from a Virtuso," by "Ignis," is an attempt to be witty, or at least humorous, without the requisite native wit. We believe it to be a fact that a wit is born, not made. He who strives to amuse his readers with nonsense, but has not a genuine sense of the ludicrous, born and bred in him, will make a failure which will create a laugh at himself, rather than at his production. If you have plain common sense, and nothing else, for everybody's sake be content to write that, and nothing else. The piece entitled "Talent," has been read by the Board, and unani. mously agreed upon to have more "talent" in its title than in its argument. We were advised to print none of it, but we will show our readers with what directness the writer aims at his mark in the first sentence, and how he hits it in We quote first, "There are very many 'cracies' in this atom of universe on which we are sojourners, aristocracy, democracy, idiosynocracy, live crazy, &c.; but at present, our attention will be confined to the first of these." The last sentence is, "And be sure to pay your bills at Pond's." The logical connection between the two passages quoted will be readily seen by all. We confidently affirm that it is as clear from these specimens as from the whole. From an "Ode to Tea," "written under the inspiration of Young Hyson," we can find room for only one stanza.

> "Tear away from life each blessing;— But, oh woman! spare that Tea, Lest tears of grief in streams unceasing Flow to all eternity!"

Deliver us from Young Hyson, if such be its "inspiration."

The Article entitled "A Medley" is good. The idea is an excellent one, but we do not think the writer has done himself justice. Evidently the piece was gotten up in haste. More study will make it acceptable.

We are much obliged for the translation from Antigone, but we must say that

to stand an equal chance with ordinary or even poor original poetry, a translation must be exquisite. This piece seems to us to be good, but not good enough.

"The Character of Thomas Jefferson" is an article we are sincerely grateful for. The writer has evidently taken interest enough in the Lit. to exert himself. But the piece is too long for publication, even if there were no other objection to it. But besides there is an immense deal of the "Spread Eagle" in it. There are four times too many adjectives, and the sentences are half a page too long. Moreover the subject is an unfortunate one. In a strictly College Magazine we want matter of local or present interest, or something very spicy of another kind. We get good general literature outside of the Lit., here we want something that can be brought home. Now there have been folios written on Thomas Jefferson better than any student can write, and if anybody wants to know anything about him he will go elsewhere than to the Lit. Yet we wish to say that the author of the article in question is one of marked force and ability, and we hope he will write again.

We wish these remarks to contributors to be taken as they are given. In our intellectual strife there is no place for any feeling other than generosity. We ask for contributions, but must take our pick from them as they come in, and publish nothing which a liberal reading public whom we strive to serve, would deem it foolish to print under the circumstances.

While we write, a joke too good to lose occurs. The fancy, Fifth Avesue Sophomores, have within a day or two come out in a new fangled, brimless cap, much to the wonderment of the natives. This morning, two well known apple peddlers, Afric's sable sons, were furnished with head pieces of the same kind by Juniors, and coming forth therein turned the laugh on to the leaders of the fashion. According to Dugald Stewart, the Sophs have returned to their former costume.

Did you ever write at a mark, reader? That is what are we doing now, aiming to fill out this page. You can't imagine how deeply one gets interested in a work of this kind. But verily we have something else to do and you are out of patience, so we will stop, wishing you a good vacation, a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

ERRATA.

In Vol. 23, No. 1, Page 31, 5th line, for "with" read both. In the middle of the page, for "not being" read nothing. At the end of the same paragraph, after "succeed," insert struggle. Page 32, 6th line, after "be" insert not. In No. 2, The Palm, 7th line, read, "O'er coral reefs enringed in foam." Page 74, 4th line from bottom, for "when" read where. On page 45, quote the last three stanzas. Page 77, 3d line from bottom, transpose "poor" and "ita" Page 78, 11th line, for "Freehmen" read Freshman. Page 79, 22d line, for "blocked" read flecked. Page 30, 6th line, for "your" read you. Line 30, for "Prof. Noah Porter, D. D.," read Prof. Noah Porter.

VOL. XXIII.

No. IV.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

DE THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dam mene grain manel, nomen landesque Yangsens Cantabum Sosonas, unanimique Parage."

FEBRUARY, 1858.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS II. PEASE.

MERCOCKFITT.

CONTENTS.

Our College Literature	-					
La Oypriore, -						
" The Everlasting Jow,		-		4		
Machinvelli, -				+		
Our Dobates,					-	3
"AVail,"						
The Keil Gonius-A L	egen	I of Y	ale.			-
Dreaming, -				+		
Book Norice,			-			
Минонации Уанка	ma,					
EDITOR'S TABLE						

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1858.

No. IV.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '58.

E. F. BLAKE,

C. S. KELLOGG.

D. G. BRINTON,

J. E. KIMBALL,

S. H. LEE.

Our College Literature.

Nothing has been the subject of so much criticism, whether malicious or well-intended, nothing has been so laughed at or lauded as our College literature; and indeed there is material enough to criticise. In addition to the regular requirements of College, the compositions, disputes and declamations, our societies, both literary and secret, our magazines and papers, our jubilees, to say nothing of our pow-wows and burials of Euclid, all demand literature of some sort. To meet these demands, a small army of writers is required; we have them, and the number of quires weekly covered with 'our College literature,' is truly astonishing. That in such a profusion of literature, there should be a variety of styles, is not surprising, and we propose to glance for a few moments at some, which if not peculiar to Yale, are at all events prominent characteristics of Yalensian writers.

First, we have our biographical writers, a most energetic and industrious set! From Demosthenes to Douglas, no orator; from Cicero to Clay, no statesman; from Homer to K. N. Pepper, from Sappho to Mrs. Browning, no poet; from Sophocles to Shakspeare, no dramatist has escaped these rapacious biographers, while the number of great generals, philosophers, sages, heroes and heroines of all kinds, who are indebted YOL XXIII.

Digitized by Google

to them for fame, is beyond computation. Some have attempted to account for the number and energy of these writers, by saying that biography is an easy style of writing, a few anecdotes, a description of one or two events interspersed with statistics, is sufficient to make quite a good piece. But biography does not involve merely the statement of facts and narration of events connected with the life of the subject; the faithul biographer is called upon to analyze character, to 'show the relation of events with each other, the chain which connects them, their causes and effects,' as carefully and as thoroughly as the historian. must not content himself, nor will he his readers, by a mere Putzand-Arnoldian collocation of names and dates; expansion and illustration belong as much to his department as to any other, and his success will depend greatly upon his skill in the use of them. Now when we turn to our College biographers, what profound analysis of character, what subtle tracings of cause and effect, what sound logic and pungent rhetoric do we find! The influence of events upon character is delineated with a masterly hand, principles are deduced and applied with all the skill of an experienced writer, scenes are painted with amazing power, battles so graphically described that the armies seem to start up before us and fight their battles over again, and we sit surprised at the sudden display of precocious talent and power by those whom we had never before suspected of being fine writers. It cannot be denied that our biographical writings are, as a general thing, superior in style to the rest of our productions. There are some evil minded persons who say that this superiority is owing to the existence of a certain large brown stone Gothic building, adorned with numerous towers and pinnacles, in the rear of the College grounds.

"Credat Judzus Appella; non ego."

The next style we shall notice is the mystic. This abounds in the upper classes, and is very generally aspired after, from its (we had almost said supposed) efficiency in prize writing. It did not, however, originate with us. We are told that in the time of Titus Livius, there was a rhetorician so great a partisan for obscurity, that he made his scholars correct those passages in their works which appeared intelligible. The greatest praise that could be bestowed on the eloquence of that school, was to say, "I do not comprehend the smallest portion of it." To write well in this style, great skill and experience is required. Select first a profound subject, or rather a profound title, for the attempt to confine one's self to a single subject, shows an inexcusable want of knowledge of

the art. Then proceed to put down sentence after sentence, filled with dark and impressive words, such as mystery, in finity, eternity, sublimity, So go on till you have covered half a dozen pages. When you have got thus far, turn back, and here and there insert a few sentences which have, or seem to have, some sense in them; then conclude with a long and brilliant sentence, in which you must not fail to have the phrases, eternal truth, infinite beauty and splendor, glorious light and power; so that the effect of the whole is like a vast thunder-cloud rising at sunset. Huge black masses lie piled across the sky in magnificent confusion, lit up occasionally by sudden flashes, which leap from crag to crag, and then vanish, leaving the darkness more profound, while on the outer edge there runs a streak of golden light, separating the dark, angry clouds, from the peaceful blue of the heaven above. Having thus finished your essay, you must write an analysis; never do it beforehand. Though to the novice it may seem a somewhat difficult problem to write an analysis of such a document, it is but the work of a few moments to the initiated. He glances over what he has written, selects a few of the most profound sentences, cuts them up at random into divisions and subdivision still they will fill a page, and then sprinkles in A. B. C.'s, 1, 2, 3's, &c. If you attempt it, you will find a few 1', 2', 3''s very serviceable, and the introduction of some half a dozen Greek letters, a. β . γ . δ ., &c., is sure to have a telling effect. If you are to speak it, and wish to have it characterized as a "fine thing," "splendid effort;" if you are fond of such rumors as, 'Prof. Blank said it was the greatest thing that has ever been delivered in Yale College,' or 'Miss C- thought he delivered it so gracefully,' you must pay great attention to your elocution and gesturing. There is the mystic style of delivery fully as marked as the mystic style of composition, and no less important. Even the dress can be brought to bear upon the audience. Tie your cravat loosely, brush your hair wildly, and if you have whiskers, (we are not speaking to Seniors now,) do not, as you value the prize, comb them smooth. Mount the stage with a thoughtful air, and commence your speech in a low, sepulchral tone. As you warm up, scowl fiercely, roll your eyes madly, dash your hand savagely through your hair, (this alone, if done skillfully, would give you the prize from the ladies,) and when you gesture, let your hand tremble visibly. End in the same low tone with which you began; as you close, look fearfully forward into the future, and stand gazing into the vacancy for several seconds after the last word, as though fixed to the spot by some invisible power; then suddenly recover yourself, drop your eyes, bow gracefully and retire. The audience is mystified, you have conquered, the prize is yours.

The simile in this case is transferred to a dioramic thunder storm. The effect is impressive, the audience shrink from the vivid lightning, shudder at the low mutterings of the distant thunder, and shiver as the rain pours down in torrents; but few are aware that a few pinches of powder, an old gong, and a tin pan containing a handful of shot, produce it all.

Of Prize Compositions there is no end, but as many of the writers are outside the College walls, and still more, sadly neglect that rule of punctuation which requires quotation marks for thoughts not original; it would be difficult to say what proportion of them really belong to our College literature. The hosts of students besieging the library doors immediately after the announcement of the subjects for prize compositions, afford a sufficient explanation of that strange patchwork style of writing, which is as unfair an exponent of our student writing as it is unworthy the prize. A good instance of the intelligent zeal which these original writers display, is afforded by a late incident.

The subject given out for the Prize Compositions, was, "The Baptism of Suffering necessary to the Development of a noble Soul." Among the books drawn from the Society Libraries next day by the eager crowd, was one on "Infant Baptism."

Of strictly pedantic writing, we have not much. Few are willing, still fewer able, to expose themselves to the charge of pedantry. Still, we have any amount of that affectation which interlards an article with frequent scraps of poetry, and considers no piece complete till Longfellow, Tennyson and Mrs. Browning have been ransacked for quotations.

Political writers are scarce, but the few who do indulge in this style stick to it with an energy and obstinacy which is more creditable to their perseverance than to their taste. There is no subject of which they cannot take a political view, no principle which has not its bearing upon our country. Are they writing upon the Power of Truth? Buchanan must be hauled over the coals. Upon the Influence of Religion on Civilization, the Clergy must consent to a literary castigation. This class is a small one, however, and not very destructive.

Another division of our writers comprehends those who take it upon themselves to reform existing evils by the power of their mighty intellects, at least, such is the object they announce, though no one would suspect it from the nature or result of their productions. A College paper is issued, and a few of the more 'flush' or curious disburse six cents for a sheet covered with feeble attempts at sarcasm, low jokes intended to wither that unfortunate class of beings, the Tutors, or, as seems the

fashion of late, open Billingsgate. For a week the paper is read and applauded by those who like such things, but at the expiration of that time nothing has survived but the printer's bill. But these reform writers do not always confine their philanthropic efforts to comic papers. They are willing to gratify their spleen at a higher expense, and spend time, money and pains upon what serves no end, but to show to what extent malice and conceit will lead when fools will follow. A temporary success is no guaranty of such a production; it merely makes obvious the truth of that sentence of Demosthenes, φύσει πάσιν ἀνθρώποις ὑπαρχει, τῶν μεν λοιδοριῶν και τῶν κατηγωριῶν ἀκουειν ἡδέως.

We come finally to that which is not, but ought to be, a large classthe humoro unriters. It is not strange that this class is a small one. The humorow is a style in which many fail. It is a style which renders the writer most exposed to criticism, and in which failure is most mortifying. It is a style which cannot be acquired by any amount of study, and yet requires as much skill and art as any other. It cannot be deep, it must not be shallow. If lofty it is flat, if low, vulgar. It is pointless if not aimed at something or somebody, while if it is, it is personal. These difficulties and dangers have kept many from attempting the humorous style, who were fitted for it by nature, and indeed for nothing else, as their painful attempts at profound writing abundantly attest. This is wrong. Why should a man be more afraid of trying to be funny' than of 'trying to be deep?' Why should one carefully dodge a possible failure in the humorous style, and rush to a certain one in any other? True, many fail in it, but an equal number fail in attempts at profound writing. In one case the failure is more evident; every one knows when a man has attempted to write a funny piece and has not succeeded; it is not so easy a thing to pass judgment upon a piece which has no such aim. Though it is a style which cannot be acquired by study, there is none upon which study and art may be more advantageously laid out. You may fail at first, but try again. Success is as surely the reward of diligent, intelligent labor in this department as in any other. We do not, of course, mean that a man should obstinately persevere in making a fool of himself; there is a distinction between them which a person of ordinary sense will see and regard.

Try faithfully, then, to write funny, for if you succeed, you will supply a deficiency which is sadly felt in our College literature; if you fail, you will do no more than scores are doing in trying to be deep, graphic, or fluent, and will have the satisfaction of dying in a good cause.

E. F. B.



La Cypriere.

It was down by the dim lake of Auber, In the misty mid-region of Weir, It was hard by the dank tarn of Auber, In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

ULALUME.

-invisas cupressos.

HORACE, LIB. II, ODE XIV.

Side by side in the picture gallery of my memory there hang two cartoons. Both are in the positive lines and strong color of an extreme climate, both were penciled where the limner Nature is past vigorous and most palpably powerful, but in all other respects you could hardly imagine two more unlike. One is sombre and contracted, the other ample and joyous; here, is seen a forest, peopled by wavering forms and deep shadows, there, a silver-flashing ocean scattering its waves in a million glittering diamonds over banks of iris-colored corals. Would you know what they are? This is the Reef, that, the Cypress Swamp, of Florida.

It is the latter that I shall try to describe—only try, for it would task a Vernet to do it justice. In Florida we used to call it "a cypress," "a hammock," and sometimes by the prettier name the Louisianian creoles give it, "La Cyprière." I had heard of it by all these appellations, but never rightly understood any of them till one dark day of December. Many things had combined to fill my mind with gloomy fancies,—the heavy, gray clouds, the discomfort of a chilling drizzle, the gaunt pine branches overhanging the trail on which we had been journeying; level plains around us covered with saw-palmetto and thorny-pear, and the entire absence of all traces of our fellow creatures. In the afternoon we encamped in the pine land between which and the river St. Johns, extended a broad stretch of cypress. My curiosity had been too long fired to await a more convenient opportunity, so, leaving my companions, I hastened alone to the swamp, and with a wild delight threaded its dusky avenues, plunged into its rayless bowers, and listened to its cavernous echoes. Underfoot, a soil soaking with a coffee-colored water that smelt and tasted of putrefying vegetation almost to nausea, offered a favorite habitat for sphagnous moss and aquatic grasses. Through these, black, gnarled roots twisted and twined like snakes in their writhings, now sinking into bog-holes, now rising into what the woodmen call knees,—abortive attempts at trees that spring to the height of several feet in roundish and pyramidal shapes, studding the ground nearly as thick as corn in the field. The ways were blocked up by innumerable running plants that lashed their tendrils like cords around every possible twig, by gigantic grape vines, eight, ten, and twelve inches in diameter, knitting trunk to trunk with huge cables, and by tall sawgrass that rends the toughest cloth easily as a knife. Not unfrequently it is only by cutting his way by main force, with hatchet and bowie knife, that the hunter can penetrate these tangled fens where bears and panthers alone reside. But the crowning wonder of all were the cypresses themselves. Cyclopean columns rose around me, supported on broad, circular bases, double, sometimes triple the diameter of the trunks, formed by hypertrophic growth, where these come in contact with the water, themselves, in turn, resting on pilasters occasionally so numerous and large as to form a vegetable grotto in which several men might stand; each pilaster ending in a long serpentine root firmly fixed in the ground. Above this expansion the tree shoots upwards with a smooth, straight and tapering shaft, seventy or eighty feet in length, at which height the branches spread out horizontally, clothed in small leaves of the most delicate tracery. The summits form a flat surface, seeming, to the distant eye, as level as a table, "wherein," says the enthusiastic Bartram, "the eagle builds her secure nest, and cranes and storks find congenial resting places." High and low, from topmost bough to humblest twig, floated in the breeze the long streamers of the gray Spanish moss, shrouding all things in a sad drapery, and making fit complement and clothing to the whole.

When, to a scene like this, we add the shades of approaching night, an ashen sky, the splashing of the water as it dripped from the weeping trees, the moaning of the wind soughing among the branches, but leaving undisturbed the noisome miasma that floated in the lower strata, the jarring screech of the sand-hill crane, and a sense of being alone in this desolate palace of nature, it is easy to conceive that unwonted sensations arose which once felt can never be forgotten, and which must be felt, for they cannot be described.

What yet increases the impressiveness of these forests, is the reverberatory power of their arches and avenues, which reflect, roll, and multiply sound like the corridors of some vast cavern. When the woodman fells some giant tree, its crash is heard for miles on every side, pealing down the passages, echoed and reëchoed from maze to maze of the labyrinth, now growing, now lessening, till it dies away in low mut-



tering like far-off artillery. Never can one forget a walk at dawn, in one of these wilds, the dead stillness only broken by strange night-sounds, the bellowing roar of the alligator, the cry of the panther, the twittering of turkeys, the splash of trout in the river, all mellowed and broken to that peculiar cadence which arises when the homogeneous air of night is disturbed by the sun's rays.

But the cypress I speak of lacked one great distinction; namely, the "pond."

Somewhere I once saw a painting entitled "The Cypress Pond," I do not remember by what artist, but whoever it was, he rightly appreciated his subject. In the foreground slept a waveless mere, nought but half sunken logs and scattered bunches of sedge breaking its surface; to the left, a deserted log cabin was rotting away into the waters at its base; on all other sides, the cypress pressed down and shut in the pond, while the last rays of the sun, flinging a lurid redness over their highest branches, strongly contrasted them with the storm-rack that lay piled up over the western horizon.

Simple and unpretending as it was, it affected me powerfully. It vividly recalled one fair day on the Upper St. Johns, when fatigued and thirsty from a protracted deer-hunt, I pushed across a savanna to a cypresa, several miles off, to find water. Forcing through the outskirts of the swamp, suddenly a lake came into view, overhung on all sides by the hammock. Its stygian waters glistened wierdly in the sunlight. An alligator, scared at my approach, rolled his unwieldy carcass off a log, dived with a heavy splash, and, rising a few yards distant, floated on the water, watching me with his dull eyes. A bevy of squirrels scrambled to their holes, making a rattling dissonance among the sere fronds of the palmettos. It seemed as though I had wandered into that obscure and lonely land, down by those mystic lakes,

"That endlessly outspread
Their lone waters—lone and dead,
Their still waters—still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily,
By the gray woods,—by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp,
By the dismal tarns and pools,
Where dwell the Ghouls."

But no; I was not the first who had stood there. Just on the verge where I approached the lake, a canoe, warped and split, was rotting in the shade. Rank weeds clambered through the crevices. Inside lay a

broken paddle and the tattered shred of a rope. Where a straggling sunbeam happened to fall, a yellow lizard basked, and a centipede crawled from under the leaves.

I have rarely felt a scene of more blank desolation. To journey long murky days through boundless marshes, to listen to the Ocean monotonously rolling on a rock-bound shore, to look from heights over barren mountain scenes, to see the proud monuments of man's craft go down to that dust whence there is no return,—all these are mournful, it is true, but mingled with them all is a sentiment of the sublime and the infinite, the Yet and the Gone, not consistent with the feeling of utter gloom. For this we require a circumscription of space, a confinement of thought to the Here and the Now, a feeling that This is all, and nowhere are these more complete than on the borders of the cypress ponds.

But it is to the south of this, to the lowlands that stretch between the Everglades and the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Calosahatchie to the mangrove covered shores of Cape Sable, to the region distinguished by the name of "The Big Cypress," we must go to see the swamp in all its terrors. There, under a roof of limbs impenetratable to the Sun's rays, the water covers the earth all the year round to the depth of several feet, coated with a mucous, green slime, which, when disturbed, emits most noxious vapors. Animal life, in its most abhorrent forms, teems in these fens. Incredible quantities of reptiles, the swamp-moccasin, most fatal of serpents, the coach-whip snake, the delicate glass-snake, writhe and twist among the roots and branches; lizards, alligators, and creeping things innumerable abound.

"Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coil and swim, and every track Is a flash of golden fire."

In these dismal fastnesses the Seminoles find their last retreat; to such a home is the wretched remnant of the free red men, east of the Mississippi, driven to eke out their scanty life.

This picture would not be complete were I to omit that singular and beautiful appearance, peculiar to the tropics, which Bernardin de St. Pierre so happily describes as "a forest above a forest." It occurs when the cypress or similar trees grow among low pines. The clean trunks of the latter expand into bushy tops about forty feet from the soil, while the branchless shafts of the taller species shoot an equal height above them, overshadowing all with a dense and contrasted

foliage,—ranges of natural pillars, set one above the other, with umbrageous architraves of differing device.

And such is the picture that the limner Nature has hanged in the hall of my Memory. Scantily described though it be, those who have seen the original need not be told how time and distance can never efface its lines.

D. G. B.

"The Everlasting Jew."

"Der Ewige Jude-which is the commmon German expression for The Wandering Jew."

DE QUINCEY.

T.

On ways that are dusty, on ways unworn;
On broad high-roads, and on paths forlorn;
Unchecked by showers,
Uncheered by the sun,—
In the hot noon hours,—
When day is done,
Still travel I on, 'mid light and 'mid gloom,
By the dwellings of silence, by homes of men,
By mountain and river, by meadow and glen,
'Through the loneliest places
And nooks of the earth;—
'Mid sorrowful faces
And haunts of Mirth,
Still journey I on till the day of doom.

TT.

Where measureless wastes of white sand glow,
Where sight is wearied by limitless snow,
Where 'mid the willows
The full streams pour;
Where thunder the billows
Upon the lone shore:
Still travel I on and on,
Where white sails glisten and taper masts rise;
Where forges darken the summer skies;
Where bells slowly swinging,
Toll their knell forlorn;
Where they hail with wild ringing
The marriage morn,
I journey till time is done.

TIT.

Wayworn and weary, all joyfulness hushed;
Desponding, despairing, all hopefulness crushed;
'Mid mourners all tearless—
No token of grief,
'Mid revelers cheerless—
No smile of relief,
Still, curse-stricken journey I on.
Though pleasure may becken and gay voices call,
Though sorrow would stay me while bitter tears fall;
Though I linger forever,
I bide not delay;
Though quickening never,
I urge my sad way,
Unhasting, unresting, till wand'ring is done.

Machiavelli.

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick, Tho' he gave his name to our old Nick.

HUDIBRAS.

I. R.

·Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duks. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Or all names that appear in Political History, to that of Niccolo Machiavelli, has fallen the greatest share of odium. For more than three centuries it has been the synonym of fraud, dissimulation and deceit, and even to-day, we stigmatize a dishonest politician, by calling him "a second Machiavelli." Clement VIII condemned The Prince, and excommunicated its readers. Frederic II, of Prussia, backed by a preface by Voltaire, brought out a work against it—and in more acts than one followed its maxims. Cardinal Pole, the first assailant, condemns The Prince without benefit of clergy. Mr. Roscoe thinks the same work recommends the crimes and deceit it attributes to new rulers, because its tone is not one of irony, and because just such maxims are put forth in "The Discourses." In fact, from the day of its publication

down to the present hour, The Prince has not wanted assailants whose judgments, to say the least, have lacked the spirit of Christian charity.

It is well to note who the most violent of Machiavelli's critics are, for though we find them among all nations, and under all governments, yet—and it is a most significant fact—the majority belong, by far, to those who support the decaying claims of absolute monarchy. We can hence infer, that Machiavelli did not entertain the same political opinions as themselves, and, in fact, a perusal of The Prince will show us, that, not only was such the case, but that he was, moreover, an out and out Republican. As it is from principles laid down in his Prince, that his character is derived, we shall discuss that work alone, and, since the history of the world tells us that its judgment is not always to be relied on, we shall try to find out for ourselves whether Machiavelli has received a just character or not.

Though we often see or hear used the term "Machiavelism," we may well doubt if our author or orator has ever investigated its meaning. He has probably taken for granted, that he is using just the word that expresses his idea of political trickery, but neither has he the right to take for granted anything that may be the cause of false ideas, nor should the public be content to receive, without examination, everything it reads or hears. The character of Machiavelli has, in America, suffered from both these errors. The people have had their notions formed by the casual mention made by their writers or speakers, and these have received theirs from the hands of the Europeans.

But Europe has, in general, herself erred in her estimate of the Secretary's character, and from two causes. The first was the condemnation of The Prince and its readers by the bull of Clement VIII, by which, at so early a date, the world of Catholicism was deceived as to the real state of the case. For, of course, all good Catholics ceased reading the book, and mentioned it only with abhorrence. And as there are men in every community ready to attack, without examination, that upon which the "evil eye" of government rests, so, when Clement issued his bull, there arose over Christendom numbers who sought Papal favor by denunciations of The Prince. Many a critic loudly inveighed against that which he had never read, and it has been proved conclusively, that even Possevin, the Jesuit who composed the bull, had never given its object so much as a perusal.

The Protestants, too, occupied in maintaining the position they had but lately taken, and in spreading their doctrines, gave more time to the study of Greek and the Scriptures, than to profane and modern litera-

ture. The consequence was, the writings of the Florentine received but little, if any, of their attention, and, perhaps, they too, carried away by religious fervor, agreed with the Catholics in condemning the book.

The second and far more influential cause, has been the political character of Machiavelli's assailants. We have already said, that the majority of the most violent have belonged to the supporters of absolute monarchy. That this is the case may be seen by a glance at the list of eritics. In this little work lay the seed, which, well sown, might bring to the famishing body politic of the Republican school, invigorating nourishment. These, therefore, attacked with might and main that which so directly opposed them. Irony, they made earnestness, fiction fact, and having a right idea of the author's intention themselves, they strove to impress the contrary upon the mind of the reading public. The supporters of pure monarchy were not slow in receiving the ideas advanced, and as, till within a century, they have been the most numerous, the majority of voices have been against the Secretary of Florence. Thus was Machiavelli the object of the hate and oppression of those two powers, which, for so long, ruled the minds and actions of men-the Pope of Rome, and the Absolute Monarch, while the third and greatest power, through ignorance or inattention, likewise gave him the cold shoulder.

It must not be thought, however, that no voices have been raised in palliation of Machiavelli. As early as 1550, Gentilis, an Italian, defended The Prince. Lord Bacon remarks, "We are indebted to Machiavelli and those writers, who openly and undisguisedly relate what men commonly do, not what they ought to do." Rousseau said, the Court of Rome proscribed the Italian's works, "because it is described in them too truly," while Clarendon, the first Premier after the Restoration, asserts that Machiavelli "was as great an enemy to tyranny and injustice in any government, as any man then was, or now is." In our estimate of a character, the opinions of Bacon, Rousseau, and Clarendon, should not be overlooked, for they are founded upon observation and reflection. and such men commit nothing to posterity that they do not believe to be true, well knowing, that on the foundation of Truth stands the Temple of Fame. If, then, we look well into the proscribed work of the Florentine, we shall see that their opinions have upon them the stamp of Truth, however much it may be rusted over by the prejudices of the times.

In 1512, at the instigation of the future Leo X, the army of the Holy League marched against Florence. The city, filled with consternation



at the invasion of its territories, allowed its government to be overthrown by a small band of young men, and immediately concluded a treaty by which the Medicis were admitted as private citizens. It was not long, however, before this ambitious family placed itself at the head of affairs by fraud and violence. But the spirit of liberty had not yet fled from Florence. In the following February, a revolution broke out, in which many young men of the highest class were implicated. It failed. Some were executed, others imprisoned. Machiavelli, on suspicion of encouraging the revolt, was thrown into prison. Here he endured the torture of the cord, and remained till the accession of Leo X.

On his release, he retired to his country-seat, but only to meet with the trials of poverty, and the still more depressing trouble—the thought that he had lived in vain. But he was here left to himself, his solitude was unbroken, and as, like Scipio, he could say, that he was never less alone, than when alone, we find him busy with those occupations which characterize the man of education and refinement. His days were spent in out-door exercises, his evenings with his books. After giving Vittori a pleasant description of his snaring thrushes, cutting wood, and playing games with the peasantry of the neighborhood, he thus writes: "But when evening comes I return-home, and shut myself up in my study. Before I make my appearance in it, I take off my rustic garb, soiled with mud and dirt, and put on a dress adapted for courts and cities. Thus fitly habited I enter the antique resorts of the ancients; where, being kindly received, I feed on that food which alone is mine, and for which I was born. For an interval of four hours I feel no annoyance; I forget every grief, I neither fear poverty nor death, but am totally immersed." It was in the midst of such scenes and influences, that he wrote The Prince.

This work has for its subject *Principalities*. These the anthor divides into *hereditary* and *newly acquired*—the latter, are those wholly new, or those annexed to the hereditary. To continue in the words of the first chapter, "States so acquired either become subject to the dominion of a prince, or they enjoy their liberty. The conqueror subdues them either by his own powers or through the intervention of foreign arms, from some fortunate event, or by means of his own personal courage and talents." Such is a sketch of the main portion of The Prince. The author afterwards considers the different relations in which the ruler stands to the subject, the modes of overcoming the difficulties an ambitious prince will have to encounter, and occupies the re-

mainder of the work in showing the bad effects which result from employing armies of foreigners, and in an examination of the personal qualities of a prince. The book concludes by exhorting Lorenzo to be the means of freeing Italy from the hand of the foreigner, and with the hope that Petrarch's prophecy will yet be fulfilled.

In no part of The Prince does Machiavelli support the character of the Man of the Times more than in the twelfth and thirteenth chapters. He there combats, with all the force of earnestness, the great military vice of his age—the use of mercenaries. He shows that the best supports of good laws are the people who make them, but so prevalent was the use of foreign troops, that the Italian had as difficult a task to perform in proving to his countrymen its bad effects, as had Demosthenes in proving the same to the Athenians. We can hardly appreciate the service thus rendered by the author, from the simple fact, that the effects of which he speaks were too well known to us already. But it must be recollected, that time had not yet shown to him what it has to us, and that the surest mark of a great statesman is to make known to this age what will be familiar to the next.

We do not claim that Machiavelli is so much an injured character as to be wholly free from the bad principles imputed to him. So far from it, we assert, that, probably, no other man ever has or ever will lay down a system of rules in which so many principles, contrary to true morality, can be found. But let those who assert that there is no excuse for an offense against morality, remember, that its standard is by no means a constant one. What are unsound morals to one nation are, sometimes, not so to another. A Frenchman, for instance, thinks it but proper to praise God in His church through the best selections from operas, but if, to some of our nation, the opera in its right place is an abomination, how great a moral offense would it be, transplanted to a meeting-house? As with nations, so with ages, what is the meat of one, may be the poison of another.

The times, then, as Macaulay has fully proved, are answerable for a great deal of Machiavelli's one-sided morality. We cannot agree with the author in believing that a prince has a right to keep his engagements only when it suits him, because every other ruler does the same—nor that dissimulation may be practised if the appearance of virtue be kept. But we should be cautious in taking for granted that Machiavelli himself meant what he said. He is a poor judge of human nature who always takes another at his word. We believe that Dr. Hurd (who probably got his idea from the above quoted remark of Bacon) was very

nearly right when he made Machiavelli say, in his Dialogues of the Dead, something to this effect: If you had only read my book carefully, you would have seen that I tell what men do, not what they ought to do.

No one of the present day can but admire some of the principles set forth in The Prince. Such as, There is no better fortress for a prince than the affection of the people—A wise prince should at all times so conduct himself, that at all times, his subjects may feel the want of his directing hand. Apothegms like these, make their appearance on every page, but, as the grandeur of mountains is sometimes modified by intervening mists, so the truth of these sayings is often obscured by the lingering gloom of previous immorality. Enterprise and industry, respect for religion, economy and rigid justice, in a word, all those virtues indispensable to the support of the state, find in this work encouragement and praise.

It is a remarkable fact, that since the revolutions of the last century, and the consequent dissemination of the principles of popular liberty, the works of Machiavelli have been more read and better appreciated, than in the whole two hundred years before. This may, in part, be accounted for by the greater progress of printing, but, however easy it may be to print books now, they are not brought out unless called for. The real cause, to us, lies in the increased determination of the human mind to think and decide for itself. It is to be hoped, that still greater attention will be paid to the works of the greatest of the Italian statesmen, and that some of the writers of this nation will give to the world the results of their study of him viewed as an ardent Republican. That the Florentine Secretary would stand in the right light, is certain, and the world would then acknowledge his claims to the praise graven on his tombetone:

Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium.

E. G. S.

Our Debates.

COÖRDINATE with the disciplinary instruction of our Collegiate system, we may fairly rank our large Debating Societies. From the commencement, far back, when our forefathers wisely laid the coarse stones of intellectual culture in this Commonwealth, our Societies sprung up, flourished and became even peculiar features of this Institution. They

are based in a just and commendable hypothesis. Education signifies more than the bare development of intellectual vigor. Shall a man be half educated? Dull apprenticeship to "the Gerund Grinders," patient sufferance through mathematical affliction may be necessary and profitable. This is not all. There is a practical standard of valuation, in our time, which measures and approves or rejects all education.

The wise system of education here is unassailable in the main. It is disciplinary. But any advantages, secured from the uses of acquired discipline, are entirely or wisely left to the option of the student. Hence the incomparable benefits of our large Societies. Under the guidance of Instructors the rich, solid ones of culture are laboriously sought out and secured. Beyond this it is left to the student, acting according to his various motives, to shape and sharpen and burnish these dull, yet valuable masses into keen and glittering Damascus blades of Ready Use.

This is precisely the relation which exists between our system of Instruction and our large Societies. Together they aim at the education of the whole man, and he who unwisely neglects the one to reap greater profit from the other, not only takes a narrow view of education, but will, in time, reap thorns from the very tree he planted in error and folly.

A generation back, and the Collegiate who marched into the world, with a "sheepskin" banner, woven by his Alma Mater, aloft, beheld it victorious almost as Napoleon Eagles. In our mobile, nervous process of civilization, it has now lost its privilege. From the factory, the farm, the flat-boat, the hovel, men come thronging into the crowded avenues of life, reliant in no antecedents, turning the scale of fortune and failure by the bare force of individual character. One may talk of Aldevaran, and Boötes, and the Pleiades; repeat from memory the name of every hamlet in Asia Minor and India, "know more of Homer than Homer knew," but it is only the talk of a parrot now-a-days. man steps out from the quiet, dreamy years of College life, into the seething, jostling masses of active life, the first question that startles him from his Joseph-like dream is rudely put, "What can you do?"not, what do you know? There are Encyclopedias rich in knowledgenot, have you trained up properly your mind ! Your mental machinery may be perfect, yet, like the Chinese steam engine, not be capable of action. Discipline, like moneyed capital, may be necessary. The sure encroachment of unavoidable expense will gradually impair it. But we ask, can a man improve his capital? Can he invest it well, and obtain

VOL. XXIII. 11

quick returns? or are the "three per cents," the limits of his speculations? Capital then of any kind is profitless business. There are hundreds of "appointment men" scattered over this Republic, endowed with intellects of high training,—mathematical and classical minds, forever waiting for opportunities, deficient in that burnished efficiency of intellect, which only comes from constant use in earlier years, men who can think vigorously but cannot write attractively, who may write elegantly but cannot speak powerfully.

Surely no man, possessed of extended experience, will fail to admit the utility of the Debater's Art. Primary meetings, political conventions, legislative assemblies, jubilant national occasious, public dinners, Agricultural, Literary, and Scientific Associations, and greater yet—the Pulpit and the Bar, are the arenas upon which an educated man may be summoned at any moment. Is not then, that part of our Collegiate course which looks to these important conditions of life worthy of the highest patronage?

Why is it then (for it is useless and unworthy to concoal the fact) that our debates have degenerated the past few years, or have never risen in merit above their present condition? In those lofty halls, forever consecrated to the warm eloquence of young hearts, swayed by noble aspirations, in the rich adornments of taste, and chaste decorations, there can be found nothing wanting to charm the eye and enkindle the soul. Yet each and every one of us says in his heart, "our debates are not what they should be." We will not here, at any length, discuss the Prize Debates. They have been sufficiently commented upon elsewhere. "War to the knife," should be declared against them. In the process of "bringing men out," we forgot that the preëminence of the few results in the depression of many. Hero worship we love too well, as all men do. But we often find ourselves looking up to men, not tried, like gold in the fire, but through the feeble and incomplete test of a Prize Debate, easily raised upon pedestals of honor, pigmies upon Alps, but to our admiring gaze pigmies no longer. The award of three umpires has woven their wreaths, and they are content, neither to enter the lists, to make themselves more graceful chaplets, nor to abide by the trying and sure tests of real merit, in the ordinary debates. Whoever heard of a Prize Debate out of College, or a single, solitary victory of intellect, which elevated a man for life? "Single speech Hamiltons" are rare indeed. The problem of our Prize Debates is this. Given: a dozen ambitious men,—six weeks' preparation—books and newspapers innumerable—some honest men relying upon themselves, others on books and pamphlets, and others still on convenient friends—three umpires of widely different tastes, compelled to decide on a dozen different pieces rapidly delivered—who will take the prize !—leaving the remainder to chafe over bitter disappointment. There is no uncertainty here,—uncertainty which is the very life of contest. The highest honor of the So cieties must be given to the prize man. There is no question about it. Men of strong sense, endowed with great acuteness, and persevering throughout in self-culture, are unequal to him. He is a marked man.

There is a want of earnestness in our debates. Removed, as we are, far away from the arena of political and sectional strife, we look out through loop-holes on the great questions that "shake mankind." It is natural that it should be so. Yet it need only be said that the traits of an effective orator consist in the reality with which he invests his subjects, as Burke declaimed on Indian affairs, as though he were on the very spot, amid the tumult of strife raging there. Debating should not be a duty only. When it assumes such a shape it becomes a drudgery. It abjures that bond of feeling which connects man to man. The requirements of duty would be discharged should one address a post.

Nor is there sufficient thought bestowed upon the questions in our debates. Keen analytical argument, condensed statements, clear and perspicuous arrangement, apt illustration, are grand and frequent deficiencies. There is a want of the metaphysical method of treating,not the foggy, meaningless combination of general expressions, so conspicuous in many of our essayists—but the metaphysical treatment of subjects, as Mackintosh defined it,—" nothing more than the employment of good sense, in observing our own thoughts, feelings and actions." This arises, frequently, from mistaken views regarding the character of extemporaneous speaking. Many regard it as a knack of speaking offhand, without previous preparation. There are men, yet rarely do they appear, whose mental organization is such that they possess a wonderful facility in the vigorous discussion of subjects in an off-hand method. It is only after years of close application, and a power attained by constant practice, that it can be acquired. Unlike poetry, it does not come by inspiration. Chatham might flash upon a subject by the "lightning of his mind"—but the vast majority of debaters must be content to labor and study ere they reach preëminence in the art. We think extemporaneous debate consists in profound thought, clear conception, natural arrangement, and fit illustration prepared before hand, and a ready and graceful delivery of these without the mechanical aid of memory and the assistance of written matter.



Our democratic institutions, while they contribute much to the formation of excellent orators, depress the standard which measures good debaters. The speeches of most of our Congressmen illustrate this. Randolph said much truth, when he replied that the speeches which members addressed to posterity, would fail to reach their address. The "stump" style of speaking greatly prevails in Congress, especially in the House. This leads us to consider again the art of debating. It is twofold, the Conversational and the Declamatory. Abstractly we can scarcely award the superiority to either. Circumstances, national traits, the refinements of education, the nature of subjects, and the character of the occasions, determine the proper style. The Conversational style, which prevails in the British House of Lords, for obvious reasons does not obtain in the American Senate. Prevailing in an assembly, composed of equals by birth and fortune, it adopts the calmness and dignity of elevated conversation. It presupposes a body of men, but slightly swayed by the forces of passion and prejudice, where truth needs to borrow no vehement oratory, or rhetorical subterfuge, and where that deference which exists among cautious and deliberating statesmen, checks the outbursts of enthusiasm and applause which prevail in more ordinary debates. It is the most difficult style of oratory, inasmuch as it stirs no passion, and aims to excite no vivid emotion. The best exemplification of this style in America, may perhaps be found in Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips, in their ordinary elocution.

The Declamatory style prevails in America. The majority of our orators and debaters address themselves to democratic assemblies, not always the most enlightened, to juries proverbially deficient in acuteness, to legislators whose laws bear qualified testimony to their intelligence. Energy of action is a stronger argument than vigor of thought. Much depends upon elocution and rhetorical art. "Hits" are the very life of it. Our Republic, though so young, has produced many distinguished speakers of this class. Few orators have ever lived endowed with greater declamatory powers than Patrick Henry, S. S. Prentiss, and Henry Clay.

We have thus distinguished between two styles of oratory and debate, because it is not critically studied in our Societies.

There is, assuredly, in the mind of every man, great moral principles, latent perhaps, and covered up by the rubbish of false education, destructive influences and worse ignorance, yet planted firmly there, with an inherent power over his actions, which not all the evils of ignorance and vice can wholly obliterate. These are the principles of Truth, Jus-

tice, Benevolence. Yet they are ever trammeled by the forces of Error, Prejudice and Passion. These varied and opposing principles are the orator's key-notes. By appeals to the deeper principles of right and justice, by calling in all the aid of intense feeling and patriotic enthusiasm, does the true Debater magnify his office, not only by extending the sway of these principles in his own breast, but also by strengthening the bands that hold the moral Universe together.

Before us are facilities for acquiring the greatest perfection in the art of debating. It is treachery to ourselves, and recreancy to the solemn promises which bind us to our respective Societies, to neglect these opportunities.

W. N. A.

"Mait."

On! how oft the heart recalleth, as it gropes among the years, Words that even in our Childhood wrote themselves in burning tears, Words that parent voices uttered, yet we could not understand, And we questioned with rebelling, as was dropped a nerveless hand, Why, when all our life was beating, with the highest hope elate, Over all should fall a shadow, silent, dreary shadow, "wait."

Little dreamed we in the future, that was pictured fancy bright,
We should droop 'neath that same shadow, deepened to an Arctic night,
We should meet a closed door-way, while the forces of our youth
Stood without in wild impatience, eager for the search of truth;
While the hope and strength of purpose that would save a noble fate,
Panted with its wasting vigor, rose, rebelled, fell back to "wait."

Oh! but soon we felt some meaning in the hopes so unfulfilled,
Saw 'twas well Life's brimming goblet should have half its nectar spilled,
Found the spirit's high ambitions needed taming 'mid the real,
That God's way could ne'er be altered to meet each fond ideal;
Learned the storms that drove us backward at such seeming fearful rate,
Had been sent in holy wisdom, with the humble lesson, "wait."

Sad it was, that first subduing, sad to sit by Youth's first graves, Feel the currents slowly flowing, that had rolled such songful waves; Hard to blend the care and patience with the work of hurrying years, Hard to bear the palm of duty 'bove contending doubts and fears, Hard to learn Life's mystic language, all its meaning to translate, Write it out in earnest action, strong to trust, to "work and wait."

Yee, to wait, though life-blood precious stains the ground on which westand. Though the sacrifice is offered, and we feel no blessing hand. Though we've toiled from morn till evening, and from eve till morn again, And we see no ripening harvest, see no reapers on the plain; More complete He'd make our service, and the sacrifice more great, Perfect us in God-reliance, love and wisdom, as we "wait."

Oh, we'll fold the sacred lessons close upon our throbbing life,
Trust the good that's deeply working through the spirit's toil and strife,
Murmur not that truth comes slowly, or that crosses we must bear,
For there's joy enough in living, from the beauty everywhere:
Oh! this beauty brings us freedom, triumph e'en in captive state,
With its rich and glorious fullness we're content to "work and sesit."

"Work and wait"—our souls relying wholly on the arm Divine,
"All things well the Father doeth," storms may lower, or sun may shine;
We can walk with calm and patience o'er the dark, mysterious ways,
Ever from our hearts ascending incense, prayer and grateful praise;
So we'll journey till the angels beckon from the pearly gate,
And amid the Hallelujahs, enter in, " so more to weit."

The Evil Benius.

A LEGEND OF YALE.

THE Skeptic may doubt or deny the ghostly stories of the past, but their very existence, after so long an interval, is at least presumptive evidence of their birth. We all, however incredulous, look back with awe to those times when the spirits of the departed walked the earth, and, though seldom seen, communed with the living. There, too, is certain belief mingled with our wonder, for such tales touch a responsive chord in our nature. Man must believe in supernatural agencies; convinced of the future existence of the spirit, he is, nevertheless, at a total loss in determining its nature. With its departure from the body terminates his knowledge of it; and all beyond is mystery. What is it! Where has it gone? Can it revisit earth? Such questions none can answer, but all must propound to themselves. Superstition is too universal, too natural a feeling to be totally disregarded. But there exists a very common opinion that these days have departed; that now great facts alone govern the universe, and the guardian spirits of the Good and the demoniacal influence of the Bad, have been banished from

among men. The idea is erroneous; to-day, and in our very midst, these influences are as potent as ever. Departed Spirits now, as then, permeate space, overlooking and, in some degree, controlling the destines of men.

Such an explanation is rendered necessary by modern skepticism, as an excuse for recounting a few mysterious facts.

Among the applicants for admission to the Class of 17-, gathered in the College Chapel for examination, was one who attracted universal attention. A sad, melancholy expression rested on his face, seldom relieved by any manifestation of emotion. Among others he was admitted, and from that day was with, but not of, them. As time progressed and Class bonds were strengthened, he remained without the pale. never spoke unless addressed, and then briefly; he roomed alone, walked alone, lived alone. No one knew him, no one wished to; amid social, congenial spirits he existed—a misanthrope. He was naturally disliked; it was a superstitious age, and he became the Jonah of his Class; all evils and misfortunes, public and private, were attributed to him. The feeling against him increased with time, until many serious charges were alleged, and grave suspicions were whispered about. Strange stories were told how he had been seen at night to leave his room and wander toward West Rock, a place of which little was known, much was presumed. A few bold spirits attempted to explore it and discover his place of resort. They returned with terrible stories, and proclaimed it a fit abode of Ghosts. Thus spread a report that he visited that lone spot to commune with Demons. Each one added some confirmation to the rumor. He had been seen at night walking with some one, he had been heard in his room at midnight conversing with some one, though no one went in or out. The suspicion became certainty, and he was proclaimed a wizzard. At this juncture a desperate midnight expedition against the College bell was discovered, and the conspirators expelled. The plan had been carefully laid, and every precaution been taken; it was certain that they had been betrayed, but by whom? A secret self-constituted Lynch Court of twelve began an investigation. Suspicion immediately fell on the gloomy misanthrope; unfortunately his room was next to the one in which the plans were laid, and, upon examination, a loose brick was found in the walls of his coal closet. The evidence was deemed conclusive, and he was condemned as a spy. At midnight he was seized, dragged to the pump, and though protesting his innocence, received the allotted punish-Every indignity was heaped upon him, and many injuries



inflicted. When they desisted he rose and faced them; his countenance was terrible; that meek expression of melancholy had disappeared, his nostrils expanded, and his eye flashed fire. In a voice almost supernatural, he exclaimed, "A curse on you all; from this hour I am the Evil Genius of Yale. My life shall be spent in devising injuries for you and your race; my Spirit shall haunt the College forever, and work out my plans. My revenge shall be sweet."

With these words he retreated toward West Rock and never returned. But few knew the truth; a fruitless investigation was held, and in time all was forgotten. One by one those twelve Judges lost health and spirits; not one of them ever graduated.

Seventy years passed by and an old man, worn down by age, arrived at New Haven. Eagerly he viewed every locality; he spoke to none, he was avoided by all. There was a malignant expression on his face that told even the most casual observer of evil passions. He was noticed by all and elicited many remarks of wonder. North College had just been built, and his favorite resort was its attic, where he sat by day and slept by night. Pitied as well as feared by all, he was not molested, and in a few days disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

A few days ago, prompted by curiosity, (or perhaps some more potent influence,) I wandered to that attic. Great beams running in every direction, the tapering roof, and its size all conduce to give it the appearance of some haunted castle of old. A mouse, running to his hole, attracted my attention, and while carelessly examining the place of its exit, by chance I discovered a small roll of paper nicely folded and hidden in a crevice. Age was manifest, for Time had stamped upon it his yellow seal. The writing being almost illegible, I placed it in my pocket for future examination. That night, while musing by my fire and recalling one by one the events of the day, I thought of the paper and drew it forth, expecting to find a Greek exercise, or, perchance, the more precious relic of a Latin excuse. Far different were the contents that met my astonished gaze. The writing was much obscured by age; some was entirely worn out, and the remainder was with considerable difficulty deciphered. What I succeeded in reading was as follows:

"Curses, aye, bitter curses, be upon the Students of Yale, whose predecessors worked great injury to the innocent. I will be their Evil Genius forever, yea, I will ever haunt the College. I have sworn a terrible oath and will fulfill it. I have cursed, and will accomplish it. Terrible destruction shall overtake "My life have I spent in devising means for injuring my tormentors and their race. My Spirit shall work out my plans.

"I have lived out the measure of my days, and have wrought misery to my Persecutors. Now I have come back to die; but, that future generations may know that I torment them, I will conceal my plans till the time shall come for their fulfillment. Then shall I have my revenge.

"I will dwell in North College—yea, among the vermin of the attic shall be my abode. My Spirit shall commune with the Faculty, and I will be as one of them. Thus shall my revenge be sweet. I will possess..... I will whisper suspicions against the innocent, for even so was I treated. I will suggest systems of marks and letters, of admonitions and warnings. Above all, will I put it in their heads to contrive biennial examinations; fearful and destructive shall they be, yea, the curse of curses.

"And I will kindle feuds among the Students, and mar their pleasures. I will put it in the hearts of wicked men to war against and destroy them (Here much was illegible.) Thus will I have revenge upon my foes, even the race of my tormentors."

As I read amazement gave way to terror, at the conviction that the very College in which I lived and slept, was haunted by a Fiend—the thought that perhaps he often stood at my bedside, at midnight, concocting his dreadful designs. I recalled the many noises I had heard, my troubled dreams, and strange sights attributed to imagination. Now all was reality—a dreadful truth. The very mouse that led to the discovery might have been, nay, more probably was, the Fiend himself.

Reader—have you ever slept a night in North College? Did you ever hear a soft footstep, and a noise of gentle movement by your door? If so, you have heard the tramp of the Evil Genius of Yale.

Dreaming.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

How natural and delightful it is to-day to dream. It is a calm, clear morning, bright as sunlight can make it, full of gladness and joy. The almanac calls it Wednesday, January 27th, but earth and sky together

declare it is May. The skies of Italy cannot be more beautiful, and the air that floats in at our open window is as sweet and mild as the breath of the Gulf Stream on the shores of Florida. It is delicious to live to. day. Simple, passive existence, unmolested and free, is all the heart de-There are times when winds roar, storms rage, and all the elements are at war, in which a man longs to grapple some labor, to struggle with difficulty, to bear responsibility, to summon his energy to work and display his positive force in some direction. But when such a day as this comes, a harbinger of Spring, a messenger from the Tropics, a visitor from the land of spices and palms, we are content simply to be, and by the quiet enjoyment of his presence, welcome the stranger as a friend. Whether from our window, looking forth upon the glory of the scene, or walking abroad in its midst, gladly we entertain the multitude of strange, fanciful dreams which the full harmony of nature suggests and cherishes. Our thoughts need no control. Abandonment is our feeling, and our meditations are at random. Swiftly and silently the hours tread their way to their never-ending rest in the Past, and as they go, every one bestows its blessing. Visions of fond hopes realized, aspirations fulfilled, and longings satisfied, rise into view, all permeated and pervaded with the wonderful beauty of the day.

In such moods as these, we often grow more in an hour than in weeks of common plodding life. Do you say it is of no use, there is no useful knowledge acquired, no discipline gained? Away with your cold practicalities, with your chilling utilitarianism, "come not anear." As well rebuke a man for his dreams by night, as for his reveries by day. It is a delightful and beneficent provision of our nature, that when our slumber is not profound, dull Reason may step aside and Fancy, wild and free, work fantastic wonders for our amusement. For our departure from life, we ask nothing more peaceful than Bryant's picture of

"him who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Say nothing against them. Were not dreams the messengers of God to man? Are the good times all gone? No, others besides Jacob may see the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and the angels ascending and descending on it. If your dreams are bad, it is because your life is not pure.

But visions of the night are not happier than those of the day, for in the latter we behold what we please. When the body is exhausted with labor, and the brain has been racked with exertion, when the heart is wearied with anxiety and worn with care, it is a calm, deep joy to lose ourself in 'vague reverie of sweet possibilities.' When discouragement, like a cloud, hangs over the horizon, it is in dreams that hope is brightened to come forth as the sun. Here purposes are strengthened.

There are certain hours of the day, and seasons of the year, and to every one particular spots on the earth, when and where these dreams are especially fond of coming. At twilight, when the Sun hides his departure behind a curtain of gold, and Night solemnly lifts her sceptre upon the world, a man's spirit is open to every suggestion of Fancy, and is glad to look upon the ideal of everything the day has not made real. We envy the shepherds of the East, who, surrounded by their flocks, spend their nights gazing in silence upon the sky. To such came the heavenly message, "on earth peace, good will to men." At evening we love to look upon the embers on the hearth, and build up there what we please. Now we live in the middle ages, and behold a castle with its walls and towers. Again, it is the seventeenth century, and there is a ship laden with wealth from the Indies. Later and better, it is a cottage on a New England hill-side—our future home. Surrounded by trees, the home of singing birds, by fountains and flowers,-it is delightful without, but happier within. Be assured, reader, we live there not alone.

But to the student, of all dreamy times vacation is the best. Then loosened from all restraint, with no demands for exertion upon him, relaxation is full and complete. The mind wanders freely where it will. The merely practical man is bound to the present, but the dreamer is confined within the limits of neither time nor space. He is a citizen of the world. In the visions of his idle hours, memories of the by-gone are mingled with the unsatisfied longings of the present and hopeful promises that look to coming years for their fulfillment.

Of all places promotive and suggestive of dreams, the best is home—the home of our childhood. As we approach it, every rock and every old tree is a remembrancer of innocent and tender days—the vestibule to every human life. We go home to visit our friends, but beside this to see ourselves. No spot is unvisited. We roam over the house from top to bottom, entering every room, looking into every closet and corner. We are living our childhood over again. In one room we always linger. There stood the sick bed—no matter when, we see it now—of one whose life the physicians declared to be near its end. She was ready, and but for her two boys, willing to die. We hear her now—those grieving, anxious words, too sacred to be written here. A few mornings



after, when we woke, our brother told us we were without a mother—the saddest thing to a child or his home. The funeral came. We did not know its sorrowful meaning fully, yet it was to us strangely and wofully solemn. Every time we go home we go through the experience again. Those last words of anxiety and bleasing have lost none of their power, but have acted always as a charm to drive away evil. In how many crises have they withheld us from ruin-entering into all our plans for life. As we dream of that departed mother, we are not the young man forming our own plans, but the little boy, six years old, to whom her word and wish are law. Thus by our reveries we gather up the wealth of our experience, and grow strong both to work and endure. We make certain places rich with the affections we lavish upon them. If we ever travel through lands fraught with classic and sacred associations, we shall never find a place we can love like our New England home. Aye, if we ever come to the spot where He suffered who suffered for all, we cannot more deeply worship than when we stand beside our mother's grave. HERE, too, was a cross uplifted for us.

Dreams idealize the heart's longings—the longings of the human heart, which ever craves more. What one wishes for most earnestly, in his reveries he sees realized. This is a most happy experience, but a man is never content with it. Visions of fulfilled hope urge him on to make his ideal real. Napoleon, the boy, with his little cannon, imagined himself vanquishing his foes. There was no rest to that spirit till the dream was made a fact.

Dreams indicate character. They are mirrors which reflect the general tenor of a man's thought and feeling. The epicure sees himself at a delicious banquet. The ambitious man in his dreams sways the people, is delighted with their applause and his fame—the artist succeeds in portraying upon canvas his cherished ideal, and the natural philosopher in explaining perplexing phenomena. We all have our characteristic reveries. If they are not excellent, the fault is in ourselves. When exciting circumstances carry the mind out of its usual course, its dreams follow. The anxious mother dreams night and day of her sick child. In his reveries the lover has but one idea, sees only one being—it is the loved.

But to us dreams have a deeper meaning than this. They are the promises of a sublime future. Surely, the heart whose hopes have impelled the imagination to such creations, is not doomed to the disappointment of never seeing its fancies realized or equaled. If a man dream anything noble or exalted, he has implicit faith that at some time and in some way he shall meet it. Whence this faith except from his

Maker, who will perform his promises? The fact is, this aspiring, human soul, in the present life finds itself fettered, hedged about, walled in, with none of its highest conceptions attained. But to us there is a hopeful and happy belief, that the loftiest of our present visions are low to the experience of a future existence that may be attained by all.

6. H. L.

Book Notice.

The New Englander for February. For sale at College Book Store, 155 D. C.

THE New Englander has come to us in such shape that it is a pleasure to read and recommend it. It is in excellent dress, commending itself to the eye by its mechanical perfection. With clear, large print and good paper, it presents a page which it is a luxury to look upon. Nor are appearances deceitful. The matter is of the same substantial nature as the manner, well worthy to be offered in the most attractive form. The expectation warranted by the November issue, that its new proprietor would give the Magazine newness of life, and raise it to the foremost rank of American Quarterlies, is fully realized in this Number for February.

The first Article, from the pen of our Pastor, discusses the question, "Is Protestantism responsible for modern unbelief?" The charge that the freedom of thought, which Protestantism brought into the world, is the guilty cause of "modern unbelief," is refuted by an appeal to the origin and nature of the Reformation, taking the character, works and words of Luther, as an exponent of the purposes and results of that greatest of modern revolutions. The prevailing unbelief is traced to Germany—to the idealistic, spiritualistic tendencies of the German mind—to the characteristic desire of that nation to solve all the problems that can occur to man—to compass the Infinite by the finite, which naturally strikes out a personal Infinite Being and ends in Pantheism. The discussion is very instructive, to any one interested in the progress of ideas, within the last two centuries.

Article second is by Dr. Daggett, of Canandaigua, on "Spurgeon and Extemporaneous Preaching." Overlooking the many faults of taste and occasional errors of judgment, charged against Spurgeon—a young man, younger than many students in Yale College—the writer

truly admires him for his great and wonderful work, and, for the most part, for the way in which he does it. He gives some very valuable hints on Extemporaneous Preaching, claiming that the practice of exclusively reading sermons fails to attain the ends of preaching—it instructs men, but does not persuade, influence, move them. By no means would he have ministers entirely dispense with the pen, but by its use acquire clearness and exactness of statement, and enforce their ideas by speaking them directly. His discussion of the subject is masterly and entertaining. It ought to be read by all who intend to preach and who desire to do it well.

Article third, entitled "The Israelities in Egypt," is a brief consideration of the agreement between Egyptian hieroglyphics and the Bible—too learned for us to appreciate fully.

Article fourth, "Mosaic Cosmogony," roughly handles a man who has written a book on the subject without knowing anything about it, and then sets forth the views held by the best authorities.

"The British in India," by Prof. Whitney, is the most full, complete, and satisfactory discussion of this subject, we have seen since the rise of the recent troubles in the East. He admits the wrong done by the English, but lets "byegones be byegones," and fully sympathizes with them now, setting forth clearly the evils sure to result from their failure.

Article sixth, "California, its Characteristics and Prospects," is from the able pen of Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, whose view of things never rests on the surface, is always comprehensive and sagacious. Never have we read anything upon this subject more entertaining and instructive. Dr. Bushnell uses the English language as well as any man in New England, and his ideas, coming fresh and earnest, gain the ready assent of the reader.

The Notices of Books are numerous and full, but the most we can say is, that they make us desire to read quite a number of books we never have seen.

We close as we begun in praise of this Magazine, and rejoicing at the success of its new proprietor in his new work. No one, not even the most fastidious and exorbitant, can demand a better Quarterly than this February number. We should also, in justice, say that the printer of the New Englander is T. J. Stafford, and that he is also our printer.

Memorabilia Palensia.

OBITUARIES.

DIED, in this city, Saturday, January 9th, HEZEKIAH AUGUR.

Mr. Augur was a self-taught sculptor of no ordinary talent. Among the principal works of his chisel are the bust of Prof. Alexander M. Fisher, the bust of Oliver Ellsworth, and the figure of Jepthah and his daughter. About the year 1837, the sculptures last named were purchased by the citizens of New Haven and deposited in the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College, where they still remain. In relation to the figure of Jepthah and his daughter, Edward Everett says: "The female figure is complete and in the highest degree beautiful. The attitude is well conceived; the expression of surprise and affectionate disappointment at her father's averted looks, is admirable. The drapery is finely disposed and wrought. The father we thought not quite equal to the daughter, though still treated in a masterly style."

Mr. Augur received the degree of A. M. from Yale, in 1833. He was a man of uncommon refinement of feeling, of cultivated taste, of patient industry, of high morality and Christian character. Could he have worked in his favorite pursuits, free from the embarrassment of debt, he would have reached a much higher eminence, but he yielded up with resignation his high hopes and aspirations, and betook himself to humbler labors. On Saturday night, January 9th, he composed himself to his accustomed sleep and woke to life immortal.

Died, in New Haven, December 30th, 1857, DAVID TODD, of Great Valley, Penn. At a meeting of the Sophomore Class in Yale College, January 8th, 1858, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the sudden death of David Todd, of Great Valley, Penn., we have lost a beloved Classmate and highly esteemed friend, whose modest bearing and manly virtues we shall ever remember and strive to imitate.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to his parents and friends, imploring for them those consolations which the Friend of mourners can alone give.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for his memory, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to his parents—also to the New Haven papers, the Yale Literary Magazine and the American Republican, for publication.

LUTHER M. JONES, JOSEPH L. DANIELS, W M. E. PARK,

The Senior Class held a meeting in the President's Lecture room, Wednesday, January 20th, for the purpose of choosing the Valedictory Orator and Poet for Presentation Day. After spending the whole afternoon in balloting, the following successful candidates emerged from the cloud of tobacco smoke, peanut shells and scraps of paper:

Class Orator, GEORGE P. ANDREWS, New Haven, Conn. Class Post, Edward C. Porter, Hadley, Mass.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The elections were held simultaneously in Linonia and in the Brothers in Unity, on Wednesday Evening, December 16th, resulting as follows:

President.

LINONIA.

BROTHERS IN UNITY.

WILLIAM N. ARMSTRONG.

JOHN E. KIMBALL,

Vice-President.

CHAUNCEY S. KELLOGG,

PRESTON L SWEET.

Secretary.

HENRY M. BOIES.

EDWIN H. YUNDT, EDWARD G. MASON,

Vice-Secretary.

THOMAS H. WHITE.

PRIZE DEBATES.

LINONIA.—The Senior Prize Debate in the Linonian Society, took place Monday Question-"Ought the American Tract Society to pub-Evening, January 18th. lish Tracts on Slavery?"

Umpires-Hon, E. K. Foster, Hon. Alfred Blackman, Prof. James Hadley. The Prizes were awarded as follows:

First Prize-CHAUNCEY S. KELLOGG. Second Prize-George B. McLellan.

The Annual Bishop Prize Debate took place during the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, January 20th. Question-"Ought the United States Government to use Force for the Suppression of Mormonism?"

Umpires-Worthington Hooker, M. D., Joseph Sheldon, Esq., Daniel C.

Prizes-First Sophomore, W. E. FOSTER; Second do., E. G. HOLDEN; Third do., S. H. DAVIS. First Freshman, H. S. MERCHANT.

BROTHERS IN UNITY.—The Annual Sophomore Prize Debate of the Brothers in Unity, came off Wednesday Evening, January 18th. Question-"Ought we to sympathize with the English in the present rebellion in India ?"

Umpires-Prof. James D. Dana, Hon. Henry B. Harrison, Prof. John A. PORTER.

The Prizes were awarded to: First Prize-Robert S. Davis; Second Prize-WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON, JOSEPH L. DANIELS.

The Freshman Prize Debate occurred Saturday afternoon and evening, January 16th. Question—"Ought Judges to be elected by the People?"

Umpires—Hon. Thomas B. Osborne, Hon. Henry Dutton, Cyrus Northrop, Esq. First Prize-James W. McLane. Second Prize-Burr G. Hosmer. Third Prize-WILLIAM ADAMS.

BOATING IN JANUARY!

We think the following fact worthy of a place among the records of Yale, as commemorative of the unprecedented mildness of the season. Wednesday after50°

noon, January 27th, the crew of the Nereid donned their uniform, decked their gallant craft with flags, and under the command of the Commodore of the Navy, rowed down the harbor to the light-house, where they drew the boat up on the beach, enjoyed themselves on shore for an hour or so, and then returned in time for Prayers. Last year, at that date, they might have skated over the same route, if they could have survived the distance, in a cold of twenty degrees below zero.

JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS OF THE CLASS OF 1859.

Greek Oration.—E. H. GROSS. Latin Oration.—H. D. CATLIN.

Philosophicals .- EDWARD CARRINGTON, EUGENE SMITH.

	High Orations.	
W. H. Anderson,	J. H. Hewitt,	H. J. WHEELER,
T. B. Dwight,	W. H. RICE,	A. H. WILCOX,
L. B. FAULENER,	EUGENE SCHUYLER,	A. B. Wood,
S. D. FAULENER,	W. A. Stiles,	A. W. WRIGHT.
G. O. FAY,		
	Orations.	
W. H. Anderson,	B. N. Harrison,	H. G. NEWTON,
T. C. Brainerd,	S. S. Hartwell,	L. D. PAGE,
R. J. Carpenter,	J. M. Hubbard,	E. H. Perkins,
J. A. Cooper,	G. W. Jones,	R. A. Stiles,
W. P. Freeman,	T. R. LOUNSBURY,	HENRY WINN.
	Dissertations.	
C. F. Robertson,	G. P. Welles,	R. S. White.
	$\emph{DisputesFirst}:$	
E. B. Allis,	E. F. Hows,	J. O. SLAY,
GREEN CLAY,	RANDOLPH McMurtrie,	J. T. TATUM,
APOLLOS COMSTOCK,	Т. А. Розт,	G. F. Voss.
P. V. Daniel,		
	Second:	
James Faulkner,	W. R. HALL,	H. R. Sheldon,
E. B. FOOTE,	J. J. Но чен ,	A. J. TAYLOR.
	Third:	
W. B. DARRACH,	A. A. Sprague,	E. H. Yundt.
J. B. RECTOR,	J. S. Weinberger,	
	Colloquies.—First:	
C. H. BOARDMAN,	R. W. GRIDLEY,	J. C. Holley,
H. L. Breed,	С. Н. НАТСН,	F. J. Jones.
E. T. PAIRBANES,	Second:	
E. R. BRARDSLEY,	W. E. Mather,	E. C. Shrypibld,
C. H. Burt,	T. E. RUGGLES,	HENRY UPSON.

Editor's Cable.

THE prevailing characteristics of this Term are Mirth and Mud.

Mirth, for it brings the bustle of Prize Debates, Public Lectures and Junior Exhibition, to say nothing of the hearts that have been made glad by Appointments and Prizes, or of that other kind of hearts for whom this Term rolls round laden with evening calls, sociables and sewing circles.

Mad, for who ever spent a Winter Term at Yale that wasn't muddy? Of all muddy places and times, New Haven in an open winter, is the muddiest, and this is an open winter. Mud exists so abundantly and so constantly here, that it has become one of the elements. Chemists tell us that they can separate some of the dryer portions into earth and water. This story may, or may not be true; for our part, we doubt whether any such experiment has ever been performed at the Laboratory. Granting it to be true, however, (for our Chemists are undoubtedly correct,) it has occurred to us that a theory of mud might be easily and scientifically established. Though to the untutored mind it may seem rather deep, we hope no one will get stuck in it; it may appear hard to him as he first enters upon it, but let him advance a little farther, and all obstacles vanish, the hard parts yield to his conquering tread, and but a short time will elapse before he is entirely absorbed in it. Now for the Theory.

In the first place, then, we can, by chemical nomenclature, construct a series of formulæ which shall express the relative combination of ingredients in all the possible forms of mud. Placing D for dirt, as the base, and HO for water, we have the series D+HO, D₂+HO, D₃+HO, D⁴+HO, &c. Then taking as the first term in this series, the Ocean, (D+HO) which is infinitesimally mud, and, as a limit in the other direction, the Desert of Sahara (D_n+HO*), we have the series between the two, exhibiting the proportions of all the known varieties of mud on the globe. For example, by the formulæ we have, the soaking mud, D₃+HO, splattering, D₅+HO, alimy, D₈+HO, slippery, D₁₂+HO, sticky, D₁₅+HO, spongy, D₂₅+HO, and so on, ad infinitum.

To the Mudologist, no place offers greater attractions than New Haven. Here he will find all varieties and all depths. He need not be driven into the streets,—the sidewalks, paths and public squares abound with fine specimens. More especially is the College yard to be admired for the facilities it affords the lover of this department of science. The liberal hand of Nature has here poured forth all manner of mud in the richest profusion. It is rumored that, on account of the peculiar advantages offered here to the student in this line, a Professorship of Mud will soon be established. It may be asked by croakers, of what use will this study be † To all such we answer briefly: 1st, Disciplies The word explains itself, and has silenced many a caviler before this. 2d, 'A knowledge of the earth upon which we tread,' essential to a liberal education.

[•] Formula for the American Desert, D,-,+HO.

3d, The study of Nature in all her phases, thus developing the aesthetic talent, and leading to a knowledge of the True, the Beautiful and the Good. But as we do not desire to become a Batrachian, we will dwell no longer on Mud.

Reading over some "Proverbs and Maxims of all Ages and Nations," lately, we found none arising from, or adapted to Student Life. To supply this deficiency, we have collected a few:

Time, Tide and Prayer bell wait for no man.

He is a Freshman who loses his heart on Chapel street.

Late to bed and early to rise, Brings fizzling, flunking, and blood-shot eyes.

The careful scholar buyeth ponies and saveth his eyesight; but the Freahman goeth about with a blinder.

A Tutor is known by his windows.

He who maketh a call in grape-time, and neglecteth to have his chum accompany him with a sack, is a Freehman.

Much study is a weariness to the flesh, but the skin of a sheep prayeth for all.

The Freshman cometh and saith, "I will get no marks;" the Sophomore goeth and saith, "I have eighty."

The Freshman putteth trust in the Tutors, the Sophomore putteth stones into their windows.

He who enters South Middle will depart with a flea in his ear.

He who wishes to learn Chemistry or Geology, must not sit upon the front seats.

The Freshman weareth tight sleeves into examination, and flunketh sadly.

We extend our hearty congratulations to the Class of 1859, for the noble list of Appointments they furnish. Go on, and if you do as well in the future as in the past, Commencement Day will find the Church filled with proud fathers and happy mothers, assembled to hear the 106 'Philosophicals,' and one Valedictory.

We have received through the Post Office:

- 1. Peterson's Bank Note Detector. Why it was sent to us, we cannot imagine. Bank notes rarely make their appearance within our horizon. When they do however, we find no difficulty in detecting them.
- 2. The Student's Miscellany, from the Wisconsin State University, with the request that we would exchange. We do so most cheerfully, and with this No. of the Lit. forward a hearty grasp of the hand to the author of the first piece in the Miscellany, our former co-laborer, H. K. Smith.
- 8. Emerson's Magazine—a good country magazine, though rather shaky in politics. The Editor seems to be trying to please both North and South, a somewhat difficult task in the present state of circumstances.

- 4. Something which was considered a good joke by the writer, but which we are induced to decline through doubt whether the public will agree with him.
- 5. A short piece of poetry, written in a delicate hand and poet-marked "Bangor, Maine." It purports to be the lamentations of a "Maiden Aunt," over the sorrows of a Bachelor. They are lost upon us, an A. B. is not such a desperate kind of bachelor as she takes him to be. The last two lines lead us to infer that these 'lamentations' were not so disinterested as they might be;
 - "And nobody pities the bachelor, who leads such a sorrowful life,
 For every one knows he'd be happier, if he only would take him a wife."

 "Maidon Auni."

In short, there 'is more truth than poetry' in the piece, and we regret, in addition, that the meter is such as to compel us to take the will for the deed.

- 6. Six sheets, the first entitled "The Love of Job Jones," the last subscribed "Hal." They will be found in the Poet Office, done up nicely in wrapping paper, and addressed to the author. "No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!" We are grateful for the industry which this writer has displayed, but hope he will be induced to try again, bestowing a little more time and pains upon his next.
- 7. Our College Exchanges, as follows: Erskine Collegiate Recorder; Kenyon Collegian; Kentucky Military Institute Magazine. What has become of the Georgia University Magazine?

In looking ever the old volumes of the Lit. we have found that up to the last two years, this No. has been called the February No. Why the last two were changed to January is a puzzle. We prefer to resume the old method for two reasons: First, the numbers will follow in regular succession, February, March, April. Second, we shall not be obliged to apologize for the lateness of this number.

Owing to the laxiness of two of the Editors, this number, which has been waiting at the printer's for two weeks, is about four pages short of the forty. We won't specify who these two are, but the curious will find their initials absent from this Lit.

VOL. XXIII.

No. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1858.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.
PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

MDCCCLVIII.



Chauncey A Goodrich

STATE BOARD BY A A CONTRACT.

Digitized by Google

construction of the Digitized by Google

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PROFESSOR GOODRICH.

CHAUNCEY ALLEN GOODRICH, the second son of Elizur Goodrich—first Professor of Law in Yale College—was born in New Haven, Conn., October 23, 1790. He entered Yale College in the autumn of 1806 d graduated in 1810.* For nearly two years subsequent to graduahe was Rector of the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, and 812 was called to a tutorship in Yale College. While in that office commenced his literary labors by preparing, at the request of Dr. wight, a Greek Grammar for the use of the College, which was pubshed in 1814 and extensively adopted in our colleges, where it continued to be used for nearly twenty years, until superseded by more recent modes of teaching introduced from Europe. At a later period he published two elementary works of the same kind, entitled "Latin Lessons" and "Greek Lessons."

VOL XXIII.

Digitized by Google

^{*} This Class, though consisting of only fifty-four members at graduation, seems to have embodied more than ordinary talent. Among those who have become eminent in various departments of professional and public life, we notice in the Triennial Catalogue the following distinguished names: Samuel F. B. Morse, Inventor of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph; Abraham B. Hasbrouck, President of Rutgers College; Ethan A. Andrews, Professor in the University of North Carolina, and Author of the Latin Grammar and Latin Lexicon; Eleazar T. Fitch, Professor of Divinity in Yale College; Ebenezer Kellogg, Professor of Languages in Williams College; William W. Ellsworth, Governor of Connecticut, Judge of the Supreme Court, and for a time, Professor of Law in Trinity College, Hartford; Henry L. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents; Edward Avery and Frederic Grimke, Judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio.

In 1815 he entered the ministry, and in the following year was ordained Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Middletown, Conn. In 1816 he married Frances Julia, the second daughter of Dr. Noah Webster of New Haven. After the death of Dr. Dwight, in 1817, the duties which had devolved upon him were divided and a Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory was instituted. A call to this position was accepted and he accordingly entered upon its duties at the close of the same year.

In 1821, Professor Goodrich received an appointment to the Presidency of Williams College, which office, however, he declined. Owing to protracted ill health, in 1825-6, he was compelled to suspend his labors for upwards of a year, during which period he made an extensive tour in Europe. Soon after his return, Dr. Webster, his father-inlaw, commenced the publication of his American Dictionary of the English Language, in two large Quarto volumes. As this was designed more especially for the learned, and sold for \$20.00 per copy, an abridgment in the Royal Octavo form was also required, embracing that part of the work which was most important to the public at large. This, Dr. Webster committed to Joseph E. Worcester, Esq., under the superintendence of Prof. Goodrich, who was authorized to alter the orthography and pronunciation on numerous points, with a view to adapt the work to more general use. These duties prepared him for his subsequent labors in lexicography. The abridgment appeared very soon after the original work, and, for nearly thirty years has been widely circulated throughout our country.

In 1829, Prof. Goodrich became proprietor of a monthly journal published at New Haven, which he changed to the Quarterly Christian Spectator, a review embracing religious and literary subjects, and combining the talent, not only of distinguished officers of Yale College, but of many eminent men throughout the country. Peculiar circumstances gave it great prominence in the theological discussions of the day, and consequently a very extended circulation. He continued in this office about five years, at the end of which period he committed his charge to another editor.

In 1835, Brown University conferred upon Prof. Goodrich the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1839, a Professorship of the Pastoral Charge was created in the Theological Department of Yale College, and Prof. Goodrich being transferred thereto, he has continued to fill the office to the present time. His duties in this capacity did not, however, separate him entirely from the Academical Department; his course of lectures to the Senior Class on Rhetoric and Oratory have been continued as formerly.

Soon after the death of Dr. Webster, in 1843, it was decided to publish his large Dictionary in a single Quarto volume, adapted to more general use. Prof. Goodrich was requested to subject this and the Royal Octavo abridgment to a thorough revision, in order—as stated in the preface—"that each department embraced should be brought down. as far as possible, to the latest advances of science, literature, and the arts, at the present day." In conjunction with William G. Webster. Req., who had been associated with his father in his later labors on the Dictionary, the changes originally made in orthography and pronunciation, he carried to a still greater extent, and at the close of the year 1847—nearly four years having been devoted to this undertaking these two works, in the revised form, appeared simultaneously, and were found to remove nearly all the objections to the American Dictionary which had previously existed. Stereotype plates of each were speedily prepared for use in England, and both have been very widely circulated not only in this country, but throughout the British Dominions.

In 1852 he published a part of his lectures on English Oratory, in connection with a work entitled Select British Eloquence, containing the masterpieces of oratory in Great Britain for nearly two centuries, a life of each orator being given with sketches of political history designed to illustrate the subjects under debate, together with critical remarks on the peculiarities of each speaker.

The last published work of Prof. Goodrich is an abridgment of the American Dictionary, in a medium sized Octavo volume, entitled A Pronouncing and Defining Dictionary, designed especially for the use of young writers. Its distinguishing feature is, its containing—scattered

throughout the volume—many thousand synonymes, ranged under distinct heads with a discrimination of the more important terms, after the manner of Crabbe. This has sometimes been called the New University Dictionary. An abridgment of it has also been published under the title of the Academic Dictionary. At present his literary efforts aside from professional labors, are for the most part directed to the revision of his published works.

To the great body of students in the present College generation, Prof. Goodrich is best known in his weekly religious lectures on Sabbath evening, being a continuation of exercises commenced and carried on, from the time of his assuming the professorship of the Pastoral Charge, in 1839, with only occasional interruptions from ill health, and from which, it is not too much to say, no one of the scores of voluntary attendants who throng his lecture-room ever went away without a more profound regard for the claims of religious truth, and a higher admiration for the exhibition of its power.

The accompanying portrait from a daguerrectype by Moulthrop of New Haven, was executed by J. C. Buttre, Eaq., of New York City, who is at present engaged upon the engravings of the Senior Class, and is pronounced by the friends of the Professor to be a faithful likeness. Long may it be, however, ere this representation of what, in our day, is more deeply graven on the tablet of the heart, shall cease to be associated in the minds of the youth who frequent these classic shades, with that instruction and counsel which so often elicit the prayer of the Roman Bard—

SERUS IN COLUM REDEAT.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIII.

APRIL, 1858.

No. V.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '58.

R. F. BLAKE,

C. S. KELLOGG,

D. G. BRINTON,

J. E. KIMBALL,

S. H. LEE.

Elihu Dale.

"The pile by Yale's beneficence was raised,
Who, pious honors to his country paid,
And deep and strong the sure foundations laid
Of virtuous learning in his native soil,
A generous bounty and a God-like toil.
Her country, back her grateful vows repeats,
And Yalk in every thankful bosom beats."

Few names in history have acquired a wider or more enviable notoriety than that of Yale. Associated, as it is, with the highest walks of literature and science, it requires no gratuitous commemoration to herald its praise; and yet this very notoriety operates essentially to render mythical, if not to obscure, the man whose wisdom and generosity have rendered it famous.

The Institution which bears his name is too extensively and too favorably known to need comment. Founded in prayer and fostered by the cooperation and patronage of a nation, it has ever maintained the high

^{*} Extract from a poem entitled "The Benefactors of Yale College," printed at Boston in the year 1733; a copy of which is in the possession of the American Antiquarian Society, in Worcester, Mass.—V. Memorabilia Yalensia; p. 198.

rank among American Colleges to which by virtue of its antiquity, it was justly entitled; while the spirit which animates it to-day is a seal of the noble perpose whereby its founders were actuated when they christened it "The School of the Church." But the success of a great and praise-worthy enterprise, though it may sometimes temper, should never be the condition of public gratitude to those who have labored and sacrificed for its promotion. Had this college never become a radiating centre of Light and Truth, had it never sent forth in its cause, an army of champions on which the Sun never sets, Governor Yale would have merited the heart-felt benediction of every Christain philanthropist to the end of time. Much more, since, in the dark hour of adversity his timely aid has secured to the world a well-spring of intellectual life, should his memory be cherished in the heart of a grateful posterity.

An attempt, therefore, to glean the few isolated facts relating to this worthy personage, that are scattered here and there in history, and present them in a connected form, needs no apology, and it is a matter of the deepest regret that the sources of information which may be laid under tribute for such an undertaking are so extremely meagre. The basis of nearly all that has been written on the subject is found in "The Annals or History of Yale College," by President Clap, published in the year 1766, but subsequent research has detected errors even in this carefully prepared and valuable work, while time is constantly developing new and interesting facts.

Elihu Yale was descended from an ancient and wealthy family which for many generations possessed the manor of Plas Grannow, and several other messuages of the yearly value of £500, near the city of Wrexham, the capital of Denbighshire in North Wales.

His ancestry may be traced with certainty to David Yale, E-q., who as early as 1618 was married to Ann, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Morton, Dean of Winchester and afterwards Bishop of Chester, Litchfield and Coventry, and Durham in England. David Yale died in 1617, leaving three children, David, Ann and Thomas. In the following year his widow became the second wife of Hon. Theophilus Eaton, Eeq., who, about twenty years afterward, in order to escape the religious persecutions that were rife at that period, embarked, in company with his family and the Rev. John Davenport, on board the Hector, for America, and arrived at Boston, Massachusetts, June 26, 1637, whence they removed in the following year, to New Haven—then known as Quinnipiac—where they arrived April 15, 1638.

Thomas Yale, the youngest of the family, and father of Elihu—the subject of this sketch—with an estate of £100, settled as a merchant and



became one of the most prominent men in the colony. In 1645, he married Mary, daughter of Capt. Nathaniel Turner of New Haven. Here their third son, Elihu, was born April 5, 1648.

Soon after the death of Gov. Eaton, which occurred January 7, 1657-8, Mrs. Eaton returned to England, accompanied by her son Thomas Yale, Esq., who took with him his son Elihu, then ten years of age, to be educated. In 1659, the year following, the father returned to America, where he died, March 27, 1683. His wife survived till October 15, 1704. Though retaining, as it would seem, an affectionate remembrance of his western home, it does not appear that their son Elihu ever returned to his native town. From his subsequent career we may infer that the twenty years succeeding his arrival in England were devoted to his education and such an acquaintance with men and things in the business world as was to prepare him for his future duties in mercantile and official life.

In, or about the year 1678, he left England for the East Indies, where, by his industry and enterprise, he amassed a princely fortune, and was made Governor of Fort St. George (Madras) on the coast of Coromandel. While here he also contracted marriage with a wealthy Indian lady, the widow of Governor Hinmers, his predecessor in office. By this marriage he had three daughters, Catherine, Anne and Ursula, of whom the eldest, Catherine, married Dudley North, Esq., son of Sir Dudley North, who was the brother of Francis, Baron Guilford, Lord Keeper; the second, Anne, married Lord James Cavendish, third son of the first Duke of Devonshire, and the youngest, Ursula, died unmarried.

After a residence of twenty years in the Indies, Gov. Yale, at that time about fifty years of age, retired to England with his family, to enjoy the fruits of his diligence and success. To such an extent had he won the confidence and esteem of those who knew him that soon after his arrival he was chosen Governor of the East India Company, and still later, about the beginning of the year 1718, as a further testimonial of the high consideration in which he was held, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

An interesting circumstance in relation to the Governor is mentioned by Collins, in his "Peerage of England," in these terms: "Elihu Yale, Esq., brought such quantities of goods from India, that finding no house large enough to store them in, he had a public sale of the overplus, and that was "the first Auction in England."



^{*} The following Bill of Sale, which has recently been brought to light, may also, in this connection, possess some interest for the Antiquary, if not for the

But his enjoyment was not to consist in hoarded treasure. No sooner had he become established in London than his native generosity began to cast about for some worthy objects on which to bestow his wealth. For such benevolence it was not arrange that his prudence and sagacity should have singled out the endowment of an institution of learning as an enterprise most worthy of his liberal patronage. The next consideration that presented itself was, What institution should receive his donations? Whether one of the celebrated universities in the land of his adoption, whose honor might link his angestry to fame, or one of the obscure provincial schools amid the forests of his native settlement. From the following paragraph, extracted from a letter addressed to Mr. Pierpont by Jeremiah Dummer, Jun., then agent in London for the colony of Connecticut, and dated London, 22d May, 1711, it appears that Governor Yale previously designed to enrich some English university, but that the course of his charity was, perhaps, turned by Mr. Dummer, who was devotedly attached to the interests of the colony:

"Here is Mr. Yale formerly Governor of Fort George in the Indies, who has got a prodigious estate, and new by Mr. Dixwell sends for a relation of his from Connecticut to make him his heir, having no son. He told me lately that he intended to bestow a charity upon some college in Oxford, under certain restrictions which he mentioned. But I think he should much rather do it to your

general reader. It was discovered in a copy of "The Evening Post," a newspaper issued at London several months after the Governor's death, and bearing date,

"From Thursday March 8 to Saturday March 10, 1722."

THE LAST SALE FOR THIS SEASON.

Being the most Valuable Part of the Collection of Elihu Yale, Esq.; (late Governor of Fort St. George) deceas'd. Consisting of Jewels, (particularly that celebrated Diamond Ring, on which is cut the Arms of England and Scotland, formerly belonging to Mary Queen of Scote) fine Diamond and Pearl Necklaces, Gold repeating and Silver Watches, and Clocks with several Motions, Chas'd, Philligrew and Household Plate, with several Dozens of silver Plates, and some Dishee; a large Collection of valuable Pictures and Limnings, among which is the Capital Picture of the Samaritan Woman, by the famous Vander Werf; a fine India Skreen, with great Variety of India Cabinets, and divers Sorts of Household Goods; brass Cannons, curious Fire-Arms, Mathematical Instruments, fine Sauff Boxes, Swords and Canes, several Parcels of fine Silks, Linens, Muslins, &c. With many valuable Curiosities in Gold, Silver, and Agate, will be expos'd to View, at his late Dwelling-house in Queen's Square near Ormond-street, till the Time of Sale, which will begin on Thursday the 8th of March at 11 a-clock. Catalogues to be had only at the Place of Sale, and at Mr. Cock's near the Vine Tavern in Broad-street near Golden Square, St. James's.

College, seeing he is a New England and I think a Connecticut man. If, therefore, when his kineman comes over, you will write him a proper letter on the subject, I will take care to press it home."

But irrespective of Mr. Dummer's intervention, various circumstances conspired to direct the attention of Gov. Yale to the cause of education in New England. It was the land of his birth and childhood; and in his native town where the bones of his parents reposed and where many of his relatives were still residing a new College had just been established and was struggling to maintain itself against the adverse fortunes of a new colony, which considerations were alone sufficient to move the sympathy of a nature far less susceptible than that of Gov. Yale. But still another influence operated perhaps more directly to effect this end; it was the circumstance hinted at in the paragraph just cited. By the laws of England the paternal estate being entailed to the eldest male heir of the family, and Gov. Yale having no son, he sent to his brother. Mr. John Yale of New Haven, requesting him to send one of his sons to inherit the estate. Accordingly, in the year 1712, he sent his son David Yale to London, who, upon his return, received an honorary degree from Yale College in the year 1724. "These things," says President Clap, "brought Gov. Yale into correspondence with the Hon. Governor Saltonstall and the Rev. Mr. Pierpont of New Haven, which was the occasion of his generous donations." These donations, consisting for the most part of books and goods, and varying in amount, were made at sundry times from the year 1714, at which time he sent forty volumes of books in Mr. Dummer's collection, till the year of his death. years subsequent to the first, he sent above 300 volumes in addition, both of which parcels were estimated at £100. In the following summer he sent goods to the value of £200 at prime cost, together with the king's picture and arms,* and three years later he sent to the value of £100 more, which two collections were sold for an equivalent of £400, these donations amounting in all to five hundred pounds sterling.

The following extracts relating to these donations, are from letters addressed by Mr. Dummer to Gov. Saltonstall. Under date of London, March 12, 1717-18, he writes:

"I am endeavoring to get you a present from Mr. Yale for the finishing your College, of which I shall write you more particularly in a little time."

After the long and bitter controversy in relation to the permanent



Charles I by Sir Godfrey Kneller, now deposited in the South room of the Trumbull Gallery. Some over-zealous patriot destroyed the king's arms during the Revolution.

locality of the institution which resulted in its final establishment at New Haven, he writes, April 14, 1719:

"I heartily congratuate you upon the happy union of the Colony in fixing the College at New Haven, after some differences which might have been attended with ill consequences.

"Mr. Yale is very much rejoiced at this good news; and more than a little pleased with his being patron of such a seat of the Muses; saving that he expressed at first some kind of concern whether it was well in him, being a Churchman, to promote an Academy of Dissenters. But when he had discoursed the point freely, he appeared convinced that the business of good men is to spread religion and learning among mankind, without being too fondly attached to particular tenets about which the world never was, nor ever will be agreed. Besides, if the discipline of the Church of Eagland be most agreeable to Scripture and primitive practice, there's no better way to make men sensible of it, than by giving them good learning.

"Mr. Yale's picture at full length, with his nephews on the same canvas, is drawn for a present to your College Hall, and he'll send you by the same conveyance, another parcel of books, part of which he has promised me, shall be the Royal Transactions, in 17 volumes. He proposed sending you a pair of Globes; but when I told him you had two pair already, we agreed that in lieu of them you shall have some mathematical instruments and glasses for making philosophical experiments, as microscopes, telescopes, and other glasses for use,

as well as for ornament and curiosity.

"I have some books and other things for you of my own collection, which I'll either put up separately or pack them with what Mr. Yale sends."

Again, Oct. 1, 1720, Mr. Dummer writes:

"Mr. Yale makes me many apologies for having done nothing for your College this summer, and promises to make ample amends by the first ship."

The following, dated Feb. 25, 1720, (1721,) probably refers to the last of his donations noticed in the list above:

"Mr. Yale has shipped a hundred pounds sterling in goods for your College. This however is but half what Mr. Yale promised me a month ago, when he assured me he would remit you 200 lies sterling per annum during his life, and make a settled annual provision to take place after his death. But old gentlemen are forgetful. I was with him last night, to refresh his memory about the books, pictures and other presents, which I formerly mentioned to you, and to see if they could be ready to go with the goods, but it seems they won't be in order 'till a month hence. I shall be glad if they are ready then."

According to President Clap it is said, that a little before his death he wrote his Will, wherein he gave £500 more, and soon after, thinking it best to execute that part of his Will during his life, he packed

^{*} This picture was unfortunately never received; and probably nothing in this collection ever reached the College.

up goods to that value ready to be sent, but as he died before they were shipped, the goods were never sent; neither could the Will obtain a probate, although Governor Saltonstall took much pains to effect it. Mr. Dummer writes in relation to this matter, under date of March 8, 1722-28:

"The suit in Doctors Commons, about the legacy to Yale College, goes on well in the main. There is, indeed, one unfavorable circumstance attending it, that the preamble to the will and the schedule were distinct papers, and found in different places. This will be an objection, but I believe not strong enough to hinder the probate."

Again, July 22, 1723:

"I am still in the Commons about Gov. Yale's Will; because the sons in-law use every art of delay. I have received twelve pounds more from Mr. Ashurst. I sent you some prints. I long to have somebody come over from Mr. Beard, or else we shall lose the estate."

By the munificence of Governor Yale, the Trustees of the new College were enabled, soon after receiving his second donation, to complete a large and commodious edifice,* which, in honor of this distinguished benefactor, they named Yale College,† and entered upon record a memorial thereof in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

"The Trustees of the Collegiate School, constituted in the splendid Town of New Haven, in Connecticut, being enabled by the most Generous Donation of the Honorable Eliku Yale, Esq: to finish the College House, already begun and erected, gratefully considering the Honour due to such and so great a Benefactor and Patron, and being desirous, in the best Manner, to perpetuate to all Ages the Memory of so great a Benefit, conferred chiefly on this Colony: We, the Trustees, having the honour of being intrusted with an Affair of so great Importance to the common good of the people, especially of this Province, do with one Consent agree, determine and ordain, that our College House shall be called by the Name of it's Munificent Patron, and shall be named YALE COLLEGE: that this province may keep and preserve a lasting Monument of such a Generous Gentleman, who, by so great a Benevolence and Generosity, has provided for their greatest Good, and the peculiar Advantage of the Inhabitants, both in the present and future Ages."

^{*}This structure stood on the southeast corner of the present College Green, fronting College street. It was constructed of wood, one hundred and seventy feet long, twenty-two feet wide and three stories high; containing nearly fifty studies besides the Hall, Library and Kitchen, and cost about £1000 sterling. It was raised October 8, 1717, and completed in the following year. It was demolished in October, 1782, a part having been pulled down six or seven years before.

[†]This name, though originally applied to the first "College House," was used indiscriminately to designate this and the Collegiate School, until by the Charter of 1745, it was applied to the Corporate Body.

This occurred on the occasion of the first Public Commencement held in New Haven, September 10, 1718, "where were present," in the language of President Clap, "besides the Trustees, the Honorable Gurdon Saltonstall, Esq. Governor of the Colony of Connecticut; the Honorable William Taylor, Esq. as representing Governor Yale; the honorable Nathan Gold, Esq. Deputy Governor, sundry of the worshipful Assistants; the Judges of the Circuit; a great number of reverend Ministers, and a great concourse of spectators."

"On the Commencement day morning," continues the learned annalist, "this monument, both of generosity and gratitude, was, with solemn pomp, read off in the College Hall, both in Latin and English; then the procession moved to the meeting house, to attend the public exercises of the day: wherein, besides the oration made by one of the Bachelors. the Rev. Mr. John Davenport, one of the Trustees, at the desire of the body, made a florid oration, wherein he largely insisted upon, and highly extolled the generosity of Governor Yale. Eight candidates received the honor of a degree of Bachelor of Arta; and several more were created Masters. And the Honorable Governor Saltonstall was pleased to grace and crown the whole solemnity, with an elegant Latin oration; wherein he congratulated the present happy state of the College, in being fixed at New Haven, and enriched with so many noble benefactions; and particularly celebrated the great generosity of Governor Yale, with much respect and honor." "All which ended," says an eye-witness,* "the gentlemen returned to the College Hall, where they were entertained with a splendid dinner, and the ladies, at the same time, were also entertained in the Library; after which they sung the four first verses in the 65th Psalm, and so the day ended."

On the same occasion the Trustees sent to Gov. Yale a letter of thanks, which, so far as we know, has never been published, and whose quaintness of style, aside from its subject matter, render it a document of unusual interest.

The following is an exact transcript:

HONOURABLE SIA:

The Trustees of the Collegiate School of Connecticutt, fixed in the Ancient

^{*}Rev. Samuel Johnson, D. D., first President of Kings [Columbia] College in the city of New York, at that time Tutor in Yale College, who left a manuscript history of the College from its foundation to the year 1719.

^{• †} These Stanzas have been prefixed to a new collection of "Yale Songs," just published by Thomas H. Pease, New Haven,

famous Town of New Haven, have Convened on our Academical Solemnities, where we have had the Honour done us of Seeing the names of the famous Books sent us from yr Honr appearing in the Catalogue of the Books of the Noble Spirited Benefactors of our School, and of Knowing your most Generous Bounty of a Large Quantity of very agreeable Goods, together with a further Ornament of choice Books, his Majesties Picture and arms are safely Arived at Boston, and had the Happiness of the Honble Coll. Taylor, Representing y Honor, Gracing the Solemnities of our Commencemt. In whose presence a great number of Learned men and ye fautors of Learning attending, we the Trustees in the Large and Splendid Hall of our Bullding, Have done our School the Honour of naming it with your Illustrious name and have called it Yale-Colledge, and read off a Memorial of it in the Lattin Tongue, And also a Memorial of the Same in the English Tongue, answered with a Counterpart in Lattin. which Coll. Taylor was pleased to say was very agreeable to him representing yr Honor. From the Hall the Schollars in the way usual walked to the meeting house, where in the presence of the Honble Govr Saltonstall and his Generous Lady, the Honble Coll. Taylor representing your Person, the Honble Deputy Governe Gold, with sundry worshipful Assistants, the Judges of the Circuit, a Great numbs of Reve Ministers, and Learned men and of a great frequency, your Hon'rs bounty hath been opened with the great gratitude by the Saluting Orator, and after the Disputations were well performed, in an oration managed by one of our Body, hath been proclaimed the wonderful Goodness of a most Bountiful God, and the Benefits of Liberal Donors, and in a Distinguishing Degree the admirable Munificence of your Hon, with warmest Prayers to the God of all grace to inrich your Honor more and more with all Spiritual Blessings; and that after the long Continuance of a publick blessing so rich in Good works, a multitude, who have been Satisfied with your beneficences, may receive their Generous Benefactor into Everlasting Tabernacles, Immediately after which ten Deserving proficients received their Degrees, which being given. our Honbie Governor Saltonstall was pleased in a famous Latin Speech to do us the Hon of Crowning the Solemnities of the Day, Extolling with profound respect your Honble name. The Solemnities being perfected, in Colledge Order from the meeting-house we returned to Yale-Colledge Hall and Library, wherein were Generously entertained with a large Colledge Dinner a vast number, and in the Library y' Honble Representative the Honble Ingenuous and Generous Coll. Taylor, was pleased to seat himself at the Table of the Ladies. The Day hath with Divine countenance, been carried on in a Splendid manner. We rejoyce in the Goodness of Almighty Gop, who hath provided for our School so honourable a protection, and revived our Hopes that so great and Glorious a work, for the Honr of Almighty Gon, for the Service of Religion and Learning, for the Ornament and Weal of our Colony, and in particular for the accomplishment of many your worthy Relations, may, under your great name, flourish and increase in Glory. As we offer humble and hearty Thanks to y' Hon' for your many bounties, so we are and shall be Constant Solicitors at the Throne of Grace, that your Abundant Charity and Liberality flowing from your Pious Breast may be found to the making very weighty your Crown of Glory to be

received from the hands of adorably free grace in the Day of our Lord Jesus: and we humbly desire Leave to do our Selves the Hon' of Subscribing

Honble Sir.

Your Hon's most obliged, Most Thankfull.

And most obedient Servanta

New-Haven, Sept. 12, 1718. Jame Notes,
Samuel Andrew,
Samuel Russel,
Joseph Werb,
Jon. Davenport,
Thomas Russels,
Stephen Buckingham.*

The Honble ELINU YALK

The place and date of Governor Yale's death it is difficult to fix with certainty. It has been generally supposed by those who have, at different perioda, made the record, that he died while on a visit to the seat of his ancestors in Wales, but it is now pretty well established that he died at London on the 8th, and was buried at Wrexham on the 22d of July, 1721...

The inscription on his tomb is usually given as follows:

"Under this tomb lyes interr'd ELHE YALE, of Place-Gronow, Esq.; born 5th April, 1648, and dyed the 8th of July, 1721, aged 78 years.

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd; at London dead.
Much Good, some Ill he did, so hope all's even;
And that his soul thro' Mercy's gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain Exit to prepare,
For enly the Actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blessom in the dust."

From more recent investigation it appears that the monument of Governor Yale, having become worn and defaced by time, was repaired in the year 1820, and the original inscription re-cut, with modifications and additions. This monument, situated in the church-yard of St.

^{*}The obsequious deference which is manifest in affixing these signatures, requires in the manuscript little less than a page of foolscap, which, for want of room, is not here imitated.

[†] The last two lines of this epitaph will be recognized as a quotation from that noble dirge by Shirley, opening with

[&]quot;The giories of our blood and state Are shadows, not substantial things."

Giles, Wrexham,* was visited in June, 1857, by Professor Edward E. Salisbury of New Haven, who copied the following inscriptions:

On the east end:

In the year of our Lord MDCCCXX

this tomb underwent a general repair by the Parish

> to perpetuate the memory of him who so liberally contributed to the improvement of the Church.

On the south side:

M. S.

Elihu Yale Esqr

was buried the twenty-second of July
in the year of our Lord

MDCCXXI

On the north side:

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd; in London dead.
Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,
And that his soul through Mercy's gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read this tale take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust.

There is, at present, in the possession of Yale College, an original full length portrait of the Governor, which, on the application of Presi-

^{*}Wrexham is one of the largest towns in North Wales, and its chief ornament is the fine old church, near the west end of which stands the tomb of Gov. Yale. A lithographic representation of Wrexham Church has been recently deposited in the Trumbull Gallery by Prof. Salisbury. A modern tourist in describing a visit to this locality, speaks of this as "an elegant gothic structure very richly ornamented, and having a most beautiful tower, at least one hundred and forty feet in height." Of Gov. Yale the same writer says, "He appears to have been much attached to Wrexham; for he has ornamented the church with a very fine altar-piece, which he purchased at Rome, and, although he died in London, he desired his remains might be deposited among the fair green hills of Denbighshire."

[&]quot;Miss Seward, who has eulogized many a beautiful scene in the Principality, has paid a passing tribute to the venerable towers of Wrexham Church:

[&]quot;Her hallowed temple there religion shows, That erst with beauteous majesty arose, In ancient days, where gothle art displayed Her fanes in airy elegance arrayed."

dent Stiles, through Samuel Broome, Esq., of London, was presented to the College in 1789, by the grandson of Catharine Yale, Dudley North, Esq., member of Parliament for Great Grimsby, and at that time owner of the family seat of the Norths, at Glemham, in Suffolk, England. From a date on the canvas, the portrait appears to have been executed by E. Seeman, 1717, about four years before the Governor's death.

The following correspondence, preserved among the literary reliques of President Stiles, in the College Library, invests this painting with a new interest, and it is hoped will tend to perpetuate the memory of that praiseworthy zeal which secured to the institution so valuable an acquisition.

[Dudley North, Esq. to Samuel Broome, Esq.]

Bra:

I have the honour of your Letter inclosing the request of Yale College, and shall be very happy to have it in my power to comply therewith.

I believe I might indeed promise it at present, as I recollect that I have more than one Portrait of the Governor, at Glembam, in Suffolk.

I shall probably not be in Suffolk immediately, but will give orders (if you wish to send it by an early conveyance) to have a Portrait sent hither as soon as possible, which I will be obliged to you to present to Dr. Stiles and the College, with my compliments and thanks for the Honour which they confer upon my Ancestor and his family.

I have the honor to remain, Sir,

Your most ebedient Servt.,

Hamilton St., May 16, 1789.

DUDLEY NORTH

Ma. Bacome.

In a letter to Dr. Stiles, informing him of the success of his negotiations, Mr. Broome says:

"When this Portrait has reached you, I wish, Sir, you would, if you think proper, acknowledge the receipt thereof by a line directed to the Honourable Dudley North, Esquire, at Glemham, in Suffolk, Great Britain. This will be pleasing to his Honour the Donor, and if it is signed in behalf of the Corporation it will no doubt be the more acceptable."

This extract is under date of July 20, 1789. He announces the sending of the Painting as follows:

LONDON, Aug. 5, 1789.

DEAR AND REV'D SER:

On the 4th Instant your picture was shipped on board the ship New York, Captain Dominick, for New York. I wish the same safe to hand and to your estimates. I have not seen it, and if I had I am no Judge of painting, from its size I have no doubt it cost originally fifty or one hundred guineas; it was sent from Mr. North's seat free from expense. I have paid only the carriage, shipping, &c. • • • •

In his reply to the letter of which the above is a fragment, Dr. Stiles says:

"Correspondent to your ideas and the feelings of our own hearts upon this occasion, I have written a letter of thanks to the honorable Donor which I enclose, and beg you would be kind as to present to him. We return you thanks for your persevering and successful application, and for the care and trouble you have taken in this matter."

This "letter of thanks" is here introduced in full :

[Dr. Stiles to Hon. Dudley North, M. P.]

YALE COLLEGE, Nov. 2, 1789.

SIR:

The 15th ult we received in good preservation and deposited in the public Library of this College, the grand and elegant Pourtrait of Governor Yale which you have done us the honor of presenting as a donation to this University, which ever since the year 1718 has had the honor of bearing his name, as a memorial of its most distinguished benefactor. Twice before during my Presidency, I had attempted to obtain this very pleasing and acceptable acquisition, but without success, as for want of its intermediate connexions my address did not reach the benevolent possessor, until by the address and perseverance of our worthy friend Mr. Broome, we have at length obtained our wishes. The alacrity and cheerfulness with which you have most obligingly complied with our request, adds a double value to the gratuity, which will at the same time remain a monument of our very honorable benefactor, and of the beneficent liberality of his illustrious descendant, who has honored us with this original pourtrait of his dignified and venerable ancestor. I am now in the name of the Senatus Academicus, the President and Fellows of Yale College, to return you their thanks for this kind and generous donation, which you will be pleased to accept as coming from hearts full of sensibility for the favor, and replete with sincerity and gratitude.

Would it be gratifying to yourself or to any branches of the family to receive an account of the state of the College, it shall be duly communicated, and give me leave to add that an History or Memoir of the Life of Gov. Yale would be peculiarly pleasing and acceptable to us, for altho' he was born here in New Haven, the town in which his College is situated, yet his early departure from hence to Europe, and his spending the most of life in the East Indies, leaves us destitute of the information we wish to be possessed of with respect to so distinguished a benefactor. May I humbly ask of you, Sir, that by yourself or some intelligent friend furnished with ample family documents, you will cause to be made a history or memoir of his life, to be deposited in the Archives of this University, and to be preserved with us as a perpetual Memorial of his?

With every sentiment of gratitude and respect, I have the honor to be, Sir, Your most obliged, most obedient, .

& very humble servant,

EZRA STILES, President, in the name of the President & Fellows of Yale College in

New Haven, Connecticut.

Hon. Dudley North, Esqr.

Of Glemham, Suffolk, Great Britain, Member of Parliament for Great Grimsby, Hamilton Street, Piccadilly, London.

VOL. XXIII.

13



Had such a memoir as was solicited in the above letter ever been received, we should be spared the necessity of interrogating the faded lineaments of the canvas for those personal traits which are always sought after in a distinguished character.

In addition to this excellent portrait, there is lodged among the choice treasures of the College which bears his name, an article which is valued not only for its intrinsic worth and its associations, but especially as it presents another truthful representation of the Governor's features. It is nothing less than his Silver Snuff Box,* on the shell cover of which is elaborately carved in bass relief, an elegant profile likeness of the Governor's head. This was likewise procured by the careful providence of President Stiles, in the year previous to his successful application for the painting. As a passage in his diary contains all we know of its history, the following entry, made in 1788, May 1st, is transcribed verbatim: "This day I bought of Caleb Cook, Esq., of Wallingf'd, an antique Silver Snuff Box, of the East India Yale, the Turtle Shell cover was neatly & elegantly charged with the Governor's Head in Alto Relievo (basso relievo) and his coat of arms. I gave fourty shill'gs for it; and do now deposit it in the Archives of Yale, as a Memorial of its principal Benefactor." To which he appends a brief sketch of his life, and adds, "In 1755, Major Elihu Hall, of Wallingf'd, brot from England this Snuff Box, presented by some of the Governor's family to Mr. — Yale of Wallingford. It has at length come into my hands and is now deposited in the Archives of the College named after the Governor Yale College."

These two are believed to be the only original authentic likenesses of Gov. Yale now existing in this country, though various copies have

^{*}This box is eval in form and contains on the top of the cover, carved in a manner similar to the likeness on the inside, the family Coat of Arms, underneath which is inscribed the motto, PRÆMIVM VIRTVTIS GLORIA.

Around the edge of the box, on the outside, are engraved the following inscriptions:

On one side-GUB. ELIHU YALE EFFIG. & ARMOR.

On the other-Coll. Yal. Ex. Dono Press, Stiles.

And on the bottom of the box, in rough characters, as if acted on by some chemical agent, 1755, probably indicating the year in which it was imported

[†] A finely engraved copy of the portrait in Trumbull Gallery, executed on copper by Daggett, Hinman & Co., about fifteen years since, has been recently traced out, and would have been sought to embellish this number of the Yale Literary Magazine had it not been so injured by fire as to render it unfit for use.

been published and are now extant, executed on various materials and with various degrees of accuracy.

There was, however, an engraved likeness of Gov. Yale sent to the College at an early period, under which was placed, in Manuscript, the following inscription:

EFFIGUES CLARISSIMI VIRI D. D. ELIHU YALE,

LONDINENSIS ARMIGERI.

En vir! cui meritas laudes ob facta per orbis

Extremos fines, inclyta fama dedit.

Æquor arans tumidum, gazas adduxit ab Indis,

Quas Ille sparsit munificante manu:

Inscitize tenebras, ut noctis luce corrusca

Phoebus, ab occiduis pellit et Ille plagis.

Dum mens grata manet nomen laudesque Yalenses

Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique Paters.*

Which has been thus imitated by Dr. Percival:

Behold the man for generous deeds renown'd,
Who in remotest regions won his fame;
With wise munificence he scatter'd round
The wealth that o'er the sea from India came.
From western realms he bids dark ignorance fly,
As flies the night before the dawning rays:
So long as grateful bosoms beat, shall high
Yalk's sons and pious fathers sing his praise.

In forming an estimate of Gov. Yale's character, conjecture must supply what history has omitted; and yet enough has been recorded to define with precision its most prominent traits. But his open and manly countenance, as presented in the likenesses referred to, furnish the most unequivocal testimony to his upright and whole-souled nature. In studying his expresssion our attention is first arrested by the air of frankness and good humor that pervades his features. We hardly need to be told that the fine figure before us is that of a millionairs, who, with a brow unfurrowed by care and a heart uncorrupted by the deceitfulness of riches, has retired from the turmoil of life amid "troops of friends" to enjoy a green old age in diffusing around him happiness and plenty. In an article on "Elihu Yale," published in the American Lite-

† In Vol. I, No. 5, of this Magazine may be found several metrical translations of the same stanza.

^{*} It is perhaps needless to state that the last two lines of this inscription were adopted as a motto by The Yale Literary Magazine at its outset, and in connection with a modest wood cut of the Governor, have appeared on the title page of each issue since the first number, so that now both motto and likeness possess for every Yalensian a kind of classic sanctity.

rary Magazine for August, 1848, occurs the following happy stroke: 'Notwithstanding the huge wig* he has on-a fashion peculiar to those days—we still see enough of the shape of his head, and of his open generous looking features, to assure us that he loved a good joke, a good bargain, and a good dinner." That he possessed tact and address in the arts of traffic as well as enterprise and thrift is not improbable, but the respect, esteem and affection which he won from his cotemporaries, place his uprightness and integrity beyond question. Moreover, with all his manifest capacity for physical and social enjoyment, we instinctively pronounce him a candid and liberal minded man, and are not surprised at the result when the unwelcome scruples induced by his connection with a dominant sect, came into conflict with his generous impulses. His decision is worthy of a philosopher and a Christain, and contains a lesson whereby many in later days who have reaped the fruit of his tolerent spirit would do well to profit; "the business of good men is to spread religion and learning among mankind, without being too fondly attached to particular tenets about which the world never was, nor ever will be, agreed. Besides, if the discipline of the Church of England be most agreeable to Scripture and primitive practice, there's no better way to make men sensible of it, than by giving them good learning." Another concomitant of eminence and virtue is not wanting in the case of Gov. Yale; he, like all the great and good before and after him has had his traducers. We would not question the truth or propriety of that exception to his good deeds, which, with unwonted fidelity has been incor-

^{*}We will also take the liberty of quoting from the same source a note on this head-dress which constitutes so prominent a feature in the Governor's portrait:

[&]quot;In the time of Gov. Yale, large wigs of various fashions and colors, were much in vogue. They were wrought into a net work and curled with great care and expense—some being curled all over, like that worn by the Governor—others curled only at the bottom—others still with the end formed into a cue or tail, which was suffered to hang at full length upon the shoulders, or done up in folds so that it would flap up and down as the wearer rode upon horseback. The more expensive wigs, (or periwigs as they were formerly called, and sometimes perukes,) were made of human hair cut from the heads either of the living or the dead; while the cheaper were made of hair cut from the manes or tails of horses. Divines, and sometimes other men, wore white wigs, like the one seen in the portrait of Pres. Stiles, in the gallery of paintings connected with Yale College. In those days, wigs were worn not merely for baldness, but for ornsment, and by all who could afford them. Students wore them during College life, and as much thought they must have a new one to graduate in, as they now think they must have a new coat for that purpose."

porated into his epitaph; nor should we be surprised to learn, were the details of his private history transmitted to us, that a sway in the Indies, so absolute, had betrayed him into some indiscretions and extravagancies; but "To err is human," and gratitude, not to say charity, will find enough to commend while detraction and calumny bear decisive, though unwilling testimony to his superior merits.

President Clap remarks: "He was a gentleman who greatly abounded in good humor and generosity, as well as in wealth." Of Gov. Yale's generosity, which seems to be the most striking feature of his character, it would be superfluous to speak. Were the memorable endowment, which will transmit his name to remotest ages, the only instance that is recorded of his benevolence, the mere mention of it would be eulogy enough; while his donations to the parish of Wrexham indicate that his liberality was not accidental, and that it sprung from no mercenary motive, but from a principle of his nature. But it is not from the number nor the amount of his gratuities, so much as from the circumstances attending them, that he is entitled to the lasting gratitude of posterity. He gave, not to the Yale College of the present day, claimed by a nation and known to the world, but to a humble colonial school, which had hardly secured "a local habitation and a name;" and to this, not in the full tide of prosperity, when its benediction could give eclat to the bestowal, but in the critical period of its history, when, amid the discouragement of friends, it was struggling between life and death. It was enough for him to know that a worthy cause was suffering for aid, and in conscientiously following the dictates of a generous nature, regardless of personal considerations, he has unconsciously secured to himself that immortality for which myriads of the selfishly ambitious have lived and died in vain. Verily, in the words of his own family motto, "Premium virtutis Gloria," but this noble act teaches a higher lesson; and may we not hope that its richest fruit is yet to be realized in those, who, inspired by this illustrious example of benevolence, shall " cast their bread upon the waters," to be found by coming generations ? Many are the waste places of the earth whence are issuing the most urgent appeals to those who are blessed with this world's goods, for the illumination of knowledge and truth. If there is anything in the consciousness of duty performed, of happiness conferred, or of gratitude received, to move the heart of benevolence and humanity, the "name and praises" of Elihu Yale should be a standing exhortation for all coming time to "go and do likewise." Though in comparison with the lot of many of Fortune's favorites, whom the world calls great, no

conspicuous niche in the Temple of Fame has yet been assigned to this worthy personage, his glory is secure; for it is ingrafted in the cherishing remembrance of posterity, and will continue to augment and flourish so long as a "grateful heart remains" to echo the glad exclamation of thousands who have gone before:—

DIU FLOREAT ALMA MATER YALENSIA!

J. E. K.

YALE COLLEGE, April, 1858.

May Whispers.

LISTEN!

For the sound of the rain-drops, which fall from the eaves,
To the stir of the budding and balm scented leaves,
To the ripple of brooks, where the long sedges cling,
And the frogs bollow croaking, is hailing the spring,
To the murmurs which steal over meadow and lea,
Where busily buzzes the "bright belted bee,"
To the thousand glad voices which merrily say,
She bringeth the sounds of rejoieing alway,

The merry and musical May.

Listen!

And hear the glad tones of the children who look,
For the cresses which creep o'er the breast of the brook,
Or seek for the haunts where the violet lies,
'Mid the green of the earth, and the blue of the skies,
To the song of the bird, as it cheerily sings
On the bough, where the nest of the oriole swings,
Where rose-tinted blossoms are brightening the spray
She bringeth the buds, and the blossoms alway,

The balmy and beautiful May.

Listen!

All ye, who in languor and weariness lean

From the casement, which opes on a landscape of green,
All ye, who amid the earth-struggle and strife,
Keep fresh the sweet dreams of your earlier life,
And hear the low breathings of spirits which yearn
For the blessing and joy of the Past to return
'Mid the sparkling of dew, and the sunshine of day,
As haply some voice in entreaty shall say,

"Bring dew to my spirit, oh! May."

Listen!

Pale student, and turn from thy volume to look On the golden-elasped pages of Nature's own book, Busy merchant, who still through this sunshine would wear
On thy brow and thy bosom the shadow of care,
Leave ledger, and counter, and desk to their lot,
For Nature's arithmetic wearieth not;
How she adds the bright links of the hours to the day!
How she multiplies beauties and blessings, alway!
For merry, munificent May.

Listen!

May voices, May whispers, steal tenderly in,
'Mid the noise of the work-shop, the factory's din,
And tell the poor children of labor and pain,
That the joys of the spring time are coming again,
To those who scarce know of the beauty that lies
All blushing and bright, 'neath the smile of the skies.
Pure breath of the spring! to this earth tainted clay
Thou comest with benisons holy alway,

The pure and the peace giving May!

Listen!

Oh, weary and anxious, and sorrowful breast,
Still thrilling with passionate sense of unrest,
And know that as sure as the sun after rain,
Life's beauty and freshness are coming again
To the hearts which shall list, to the lessons they teach
These voices of May, with their musical speech,
Oh! listening to these, the lone spirit shall say,
"An angel hath walked with my wanderings to day,"
The beautiful angel of May!

B. G. E.

A Querp -?

Ventus humanae genti alas addidit. Ejus enim dono, feruntur homines et volant; ingens patet janua commercii et fit mundus pervius.

BACON, HISTORIA VENTORUM.

Now, a frende I have founde
That I woll nother banne ne curse,
For, of all frendes in felde or toune
Ever, Gramercy, myn owne purse.—Old Ballad.

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. But here is a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily, perhaps, by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians or tutelary observators.

Sign Tromas Browns, Hydriotaphia.

How and what? That's what I want to know.

Who was Casper Hauser? Who wrote De Imitatione Christi? Who was the man in the Iron Mask? Was there ever such a book as De Tribus Impostoribus? Who struck Billy Patterson? Who hit dis nigger?

All these, my friend, though among the knottiest of queries, are of the most infantine simplicity, compared with *How can a fellow raise the* soind?

I turned round on my stool twice and a third time, and at each revolution rolled it over in my brain. I looked at it back and front, now laterally, then longitudinally; peered at it edge-wise, corner-wise, top and bottom-wise; took a dextral and sinistral view. Frustra. It was opaque, solid, impregnable. It reminded me of the riddle of the Sphiux, the eternal Sphiux, the granite melancholy Sphiux, that gazeth fixedly and evermore out on the dead and noiseless desert.

"True," cried I, and in excess of joy threw my stool out of the window, "why didn't I think of that before? The last of the Pharaohs is not yet dead. The arena is still open for the bold gladiator. Still lives the Royal Bengal."

I put on my hat. I went and did it. O wealth of Indies, philosophers' stones, Golconda diamonds, South Sea Schemes, and alchemical dreams! My wallet grew as spherical as a Dutch alderman. I felt as comfortable as a green turtle. It became noised abroad. My friends thronged around.

- "Doosed luck," drawled Jones.
- "Reglar adept," said Smith.
- "Splendid play," whispered Brown.
- "One of 'em," chuckled Thompson.
- "My dear fellow, would it inconvenience you to loan me a V for a day or two?" insinuated Johnson.

I immediately took a better view of human nature. I hugged all my friends, and then hugged myself for having them; made up my mind philosophers were fools, Diogenes especially;—that lamp business, you know. I read Fourier and Horace Greeley. I spoke of founding a Society, a communistic association, the immortal Q. X. Z. All my friends exclaimed Splendid! Just the thing for kindred spirits like ours. All we wanted was to raise a little more wind. I did it; a hurricane; the one that blew away the goose with the golden eggs. The tiger left me in the spoliarium. My wallet was as lean as a poet at the end of an epic. What did I care? Friends; the immortal Q. X. Z'a. I hastened thither.

- "What did I tell you!" croaked Jones.
- "Reglar ass," remarked Smith.
- "Spooney play," sneered Brown.
- "Green 'orn," added Thompson.
- "You infernal swindler," yelled Johnson, "when are you going to give me back that postage stamp?"
 - "But," interposed I, "communism! The Q. X. Z.'s!"
 - "Leave. Mizzle. Travel," etc., chorused all.

I left my friends. Diogenes was a pretty sensible man, after all. I read Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Timon of Athens. What was to be done? I determined to borrow. Excellent way, as far as it goes. I didn't care whether it was a hod of coal or a clean shirt, a chew of Mother Miller's or a chair, an X or a bottle of XX,—I borrowed it. I never bought any books, for I used my friends. But alas!

Poco dura Viente y ventura.

Would you believe it? Some actually had the audacity to dun me! I instantly saw they were no gentlemen, and as such, straightway turned them out of my room, kicking a small one down stairs. I abhor such meanness, and never keep company with low fellows. But people are such fools! I have made up my mind that I am before the age, and never shall be appreciated. Instead of receiving proper credit for my spirit among acquaintances, I found I could get no credit at all. I bid them a gentlemanly farewell.

Real genius, however, is not often left in the lurch. After a little thought, I broke my leg, caught the measles, seized a severe cold, and sent the doctor bill home to the old gent. Now no one can accuse me of being an undutiful son; but when my father showed so little confidence in me, as positively to write to Professor Whacker about such a trifle, I conscientiously indulged in a feeling akin to contempt for such littleness. In fact I was intensely disgusted. I sat down and wrote to him that, after such mean, shabby, crusty, and niggardly conduct on his part, the relations hitherto existing between us must necessarily cease, unless he tendered the tens and a proper apology. On second thoughts, however, I burnt the letter. I recollected what some great man said of a contemptuous silence. Such I maintained.

I next turned my attention to dealing in pasteboard. This is one of the best branches of the Stationery business. For a while I found it very profitable. But when I make a positive statement that a thing is just so, it reflects on my honor to have it doubted. Moreover, although I was so kind as always to have a deck about me for the use of my friends, they got to insisting on using one of their own even in my room, thus causing a slur on my character for hospitality, which is very nice. But my genial temper put up with this, with more, even to removing a looking-glass that happened to hang at an angle from the wall, till one day, when by the merest accident they noticed that three Jacks had happened to slip up my sleeve, they were so indelicate as to hint, nay, swear with the most ungentlemanly distinctness, that I was a ——. But I cannot defile my pen with such improper expressions. Suffice it to say that I thrashed them all soundly—, I mean would have done so—; did challenge them every one to a collation of Colta, and would undoubtedly have made every mother's son of them bite the dust as dead as door nails, had not a violent fever and the main strength of a doctor and two nurses prevented me from attending.

Adversity don't discourage the true man. I next turned my hand to spouting. I can't recommend this business. In less than two weeks my wardrobe was reduced to two shirts and one suit. My old gent began to have an extremely ill opinion of the thieving character of Students. But as one of my characteristics is indomitable energy, I might have kept in it longer, but for the ingratitude of a friend. In a fit of absence of mind, I happened to get 20 on a watch he had lent me—a very second-rate Peter Funk, at that. Notwithstanding I set the matter in the clearest possible light—indeed promised to redeem it sometime—he was such a mud headed booby that he couldn't see. At length, I felt constrained to tell him so. It grieves me to say that he assisted me out of his room. I pardoned him, of course, as he evidently did it in ignorance of the rules of gentlemanly politeness.

After some deliberation, I renounced this method of raising the wind, and went to running my face. This was eminently successful. After a pretty wide experience, I do not healtate to say, conscientiously, it is the very best. Not only did my wardrobe increase like Jonah's gourd, but the necessaries of life flowed in, in abundance. Regarding these latter for example, after a careful canvass of New Haven, I am not afraid to stake my reputation that a man of even mediocre abilities may thus procure 10 oyster suppers, 625 segars, 150 games billiards, 70 plugs of tobacco, with the whole of their attendant drinks! It has its attendant difficulties, but these a man of metal always takes pleasure in surmounting. I may hint at one or two little modes which may be profitably put into practice. Ask a friend to take supper with you. When it is well over, put your hand into your breast pocket. Jerk it away suddenly,

with a stare of horror. Then dive frantically into every recess of your clothing, one after another. Friend astonished. Asks what's up? With a tremendous objurgation inform him that you have left your pocket-book in your room. He will probably set you at ease by settling the scot. If not, run your face. If the individual at the bar be a gentleman, of course you will find no difficulty. If he aint, fixing on him a sad but stern eye, deliberately pull off your coat. At this stage he will probably look scared, and say all right. But if he looks wicked, tucks up his sleeves, and catches hold of the neck of a decanter, hand your coat across the counter with the utmost suavity, and insist on its being kept till to-morrow morning, when you will call round. If he has the slightest humanity, he will not turn you out half naked to the mercy of the night. A big note ought to provide a man with at least three suppers before being changed, but the note of a bank lately broke—that is the purse of Fortunatus, better, any time, than as much California gold. But all good things have an end. This method has its inconveniences. I was obliged to keep a notice on my door all the time, to the effect that I was out of town. My path down Chapel Street became as sinuous in the day-time, as it usually was at night. I was constrained to lay out the ground plan of a Virginia worm-fence every time I went to Post. Inquiries were made as to my address. Polite notes came from Lawyer Pokeimup. Now I dislike meddling, and detest litigation. gave up running my face, and occupied myself with Literature.

I mentioned before that I have not been appreciated. I repeat it. Notwithstanding that I am one of the best writers in college, yet, to their everlasting infamy, my classmates have studiously slighted me. Tutors have been equal asses. Nobody ever yet voted me an essay, nor even an editorship, (though I doubt whether I would have accepted the latter.) Merely out of jealousy, the editors of the Lit. never asked me for an article. Vengeance is sweet. I repaid them. Voted myself an editor. Published articles full of biting contempt, of withering sarcaem. Any skeptic of my abilities I proudly refer to those periodicals, THE BOWIE KNIFE, THE SPIT BOX, and the whole issue of THE YALE ROARER. I did more. A confidential friend informed me that the very day of the appearance of my annihilating article on the Scramble and Rill, and Raw Head and Bloody Bone Societies, several members of these fraternities were seen to wear mourning-on their moustaches! But of course I did not overlook the remuneration. It was not much, but then this is such a gentlemanly business, I stuck to it as long as possible.

When this run out, and while casting about for some other method,

I usefully put in a few weeks in the Charity Subscription Dodge. The number of needy missionaries, dilapidated clergymen, forlorn widows, et cetera, that I presented to the sympathizing feelings of my associates was heart-rending. Fellows who can't get on class or society committees, with some funds at their command, will find this a pleasant and remunerative employment for a short time.

When I got through this, I was nearly on my beam ends. I thought and thought, but the more I thought, the more I couldn't think of anything. With my last red I invited my friend Jones to a last supper. Shade of Apicius, what a supper! Banquet of Trimalchio, what a feast! Elysium of Epicurus, what a carousal!

Some have said that I weathered Point Judith that night. This is a malicious falsehood. On the contrary, I returned to my room and sat down to think. My eye fell on a book. It was the rare and curious laggoge Magico—Medico—Necromantica of the famous Basque wizzard, Quien Sabe Quien. It lay open at the seventeenth Schedula,—omnes sylphas et aerit spiritus necnon Apollyonem ipsum excitandi modus.

"Thrice greatest Hermes," mused I. "Strange that this should have escaped me. Who better could raise the wind than the Prince of the Powers of the Air."

I delineated the mystic pentagram, turned round on my left toe three times, muttered an Ave backwards,—somebody knocked—somebody walked in. As he wasn't dressed in black, and had no hoofs, I supposed it was somebody that owed me money, and so informed him that Mr. Scroggs (that's me) had gone to the country, and didn't expect to return for several weeks. Upon which he remarked—

"Ah, yes. I see you forget me. I have the pleasure of being the Old Boy, at your service, otherwise called Sir Urian, familiarly known to my friends as Old Nick, Auld Hornie, Clootie, and such like. Others call me the Adversary, the Slanderer, the Father of Lies, but among my oldest acquaintances, the Hebrews, I am betitled the Prince of Flies and—"

"The devil you are," exclaimed I.

"Exactly," said he, "you've hit it. Wonderful shrewdness. I am. How are you?"

"Oh," replied I, "tolerable. Forked end downwards yet."

We immediately proceeded to business. Remembering Peter Schlemil, I proposed to barter my shadow for some such trifling consideration as the City of New York, or State of Connecticut. I think the devil misunderstood me, for he replied that his domicile smelt so strongly of

shadeaters already that it was no comfort to stay there. I don't see what he meant, but as he seemed to refuse, I picked up a pack that lay handy, and began shuffling. But I am sorry to say that the Old Boy was so ungentlemanly as to pull down the sinister corner of his dexter peeper, and desire me to inform him whether I could perceive the fourth color of the spectrum therein. Having satisfied him on this point, I asked what propositions he had to make.

"Oh, ah," hemmed he, "of course you perceive my end in view."

As by this time he had unfolded an appendage that looked like something between a whip cord and a rattlesnake, and was busy chewing one end of it, I replied with confidence that I did.

"Well," said he, "I'll fling you a million and a half. All you've got to do is to write me an autograph."

I hate writing autographs. But to particular friends I don't mind it I scratched "Scroggs." Something must have been the matter with that ink. The big S and little s looked exactly like snakes. The c seemed the triangular mouth of a coluber just swallowing the ro, while the twogg took immediately the form of pitchforks throwing it back. I shuddered; ro was the first two letters of roasted. I handed it over.

"Now," said I, "old chap, down with the dust."

As certain as I have two eyes, there stood two devils, each chewing the end of his tail!

"Haw, haw, good joke, but the rocks, the filthy!"

One made a dive at the key hole; the other stuck one leg up the chimney.

"Ho ho, rum load, but the lucre, the pelf?"

I rushed at the key hole. Smash, went my lamp.

"Hi hi, quite funny, but the rhino, the tin?"

I plunged at the chimney. Crash, went my table.

"He he, very jolly, but the mopus, the ready?"

I pitched for the key-hole. Clatterbang, went my chairs.

"Hu hu, tall sell, but the mint-drops, the yellow-boys?"

I lurched at the chimney. Rattleting, went my bookcase. I stumbled and fell.

"Haw haw, ho ho, hu hu, he he, hi hi," resounded from half a dozen quarters at once.

I maintain to this day that I lay there exactly one second and a half. I impute it entirely to *diablérie*, that when I opened my eyes it was broad daylight, that I was lying on the bed instead of the floor, and

that in place of the devil, there stood my friend Jones, calmly eyeing a heap of chair legs, table tops, pipes, books, and oil cans.

"Hello!" said I, "I raised the devil last night."

"I rather guess you did," drawled he, (Jones is a Yankee.) "Monstrous drunk, I tell you. Smashed your truck to flinders. Tried my best to stop you, but couldn't do it."

I immediately perceived that Jones had been inebriated the night previous, but didn't hurt his feelings by telling him so. I got up with a splitting headache. This I impute to the smell of brimstone that must have pervaded the apartment the evening before.

I have since been lying on my oars. The versatility of my genius will, undoubtedly, turn up something before long. At that time, if successful, I will make that public also, and unless you should think that the present article is without a moral, I append the following maxim:

Never raise the devil when you want to raise the wind.

D. G. B.

From the German of Malvaro.

At the North, far away, Rolls a great sea for aye-Unseen by mortal eye, Silently-awfully-Round it on every hand Ice-towers majestic stand-Guarding this silent sea, Grimly-invincibly, Never there man bath been, Who hath come back again Telling to ears of men What is this sea within. Under the holy starlight-Bathed in the gentle moonlight-Drinking the golden sunlight-Ever silently—never seen— Throbbing eternally there it hath been From our Life far away, Roll the dark waves for aye, Of an Eternity-Silently—awfully. Round it on every hand,

Death's icy barriers stand—Guarding this silent sea,
Grimly—invincibly.
Never there man hath been,
None of the souls of men
Loosed from Earth's fated chain,
Who could return again—
Who could tell mortal ken,
What is within the sea
Of this Eternity.

Terrible is our Life—
In its whole blood-written history
Only a feverish strife—
In its beginning, a mystery—
In its dark ending, an agony.
Terrible is our death—
Black-hanging cloud over Life's setting sun—
Ice on Life's fountain when winter is come—
Darkness of night when Life's daylight is done—
In the bearm of that cloud

In the bosom of that cloud, Locked by that cold icy key, Far within that darkness' shroud, Rolls the ever-throbbing sea—

And we—all we—
Are drifting rapidly,
And floating silently,
Into that unknown sea—
Into Eternity.

KAPPA.

Literary Lamentations.

L

Non quia delector, studeo literis.

My name is Grum. I am what the world calls—an old scholar. The turning of many dictionaries has bent my form, the yellow rays of the midnight lamp have bleached and thinned my hair, my eye is dim and sunken for want of sleep, my face wrinkled and pinched for want of sleep, my voice hollow and cracked for want of use. I am not accustomed to the sunlight, and when I wander forth, as I do once every few weeks, I wear a pair of long green goggles. Equipped thus when walking feebly through the street, boys sometimes call me 'Old Spindleshanks,' and as I passed a young woman and her beau the other day, I

heard her whisper, "look out, here is the green-eyed monster." If I was not a philosopher I should feel hurt by these remarks, but as I am, I bear them with equanimity and pity those young persons' parents.

But I do not write this to moralize; my object is, to relate my literary experience, how I came to be an old scholar, and what obstacles I encountered, that those who intend to follow in my footsteps may have a map, as it were, of the route.

I will not say anything about Greek, for you have already sat upon those hard benches where Tutors, day by day, doled out small shreds of the finely-wrought tapestry of the ancients, which you were to tear in pieces and carefully examine the color and texture of each particular thread, wondering, meanwhile, where it belonged and what part of the picture it formed; you have all in your time, in cold winter mornings dragged your slow reluctant steps from the Chapel to the Atheneum, while cramming with the concentrated power of whatever intellect you could muster from a half-asleep brain, the hateful two inches of Greek grammar and examples; you have all been deeply interested in the struggle in which the "true old Ablative, the once undisputed lord of the whole domain of indirect relations, appears to have contested every inch of ground with the new claimant that presented itself in the new Genitive,"-how rejoiced you were when the brave young Genitive " prevailed in the construction of one substantive as the compliment of the other,"-how indignant you were when the bullying old Ablative went off, got the Adjective as an ally, and came down upon the poor little G like a wolf upon the fold. Nor will I mention Latin. Your feelings shall not be harrowed with sad recoilections of 'acer, acris, acre,' of your younger days of 'hypercatalectic hexameter' in the middle ages, and of the 'præfatio' and 'hair of Berenice' of more modern times. You are already satiated with the classics. You have with me gnawed at the root of some of the most beautiful creations of the ancient authors, while the flower faded and died above you; with me you have gone down on your knees, and with your blear eyes carefully examined the dust of ages which had settled upon ancient literature, assisted by Alschfeschski, Völler, Sehütz, and Lord Brougham. Therefore, my classical labors I will not recount, but will begin at a different point.

First, then, I began to study Botany. I always had in my youth a great love for flowers, and used to spend whole days in search of them, alone and far from the dwellings of men. I knew the seasons when each flower would blossom, the spots where the most perfect were abundant, and as carefully guarded my tongue lest these secrets should



escape as did any boy who knew the best place for chestnuts, or where you could catch the biggest roaches. Time and again have I plodded home with a light heart, laden with what I considered most magnificent prizes, clusters of trailing arbutus tinged with the most delicate shade of pink, huge bunches of gay honeysuckles, of the fragant white azalia, of the rich red cardinal flower, or, perhaps, with an arm weary with its snowy burden of sweet scented pond lillies. The joy I felt on such occasions pervaded my whole soul, and though I have since learned that it was because my mind and faculties for appreciating beauty were contracted, yet I will acknowledge, after a life time spent in expanding them, that I have never, since my childhood, felt that full hearted joy.

One unfortunate day I took it into my head that I would study Botany. It was my first step towards being a scholar. I considered that it was a mark of simplicity to be attracted by mere outside show and display, however brilliant; that a wise one would strike beneath the surface. It seemed childish to be pleased with effects, I must search out causes; in fine, I came to the conclusion that a scientific knowledge of the floral kingdom, an intimate acquaintance with its names and orders, with the internal arrangements and the disposition of the various parts that went to make up such a beautiful whole, would yield me more delight than that which I now obtained from it. Alas! it was killing the goose to find the golden egg.

A botanist, then, I must be, so to work I went. Night after night I toiled over those Latin names, day after day I hashed up the finest of the garden flowers. At first, it was hard to give up the old familiar names with which some of the pleasantest days of my boyhood were associated; it was hard in those pleasant sunny afternoons, to sit cooped up with my book and microscope, conscious that in the wilderness beautiful flowers were peeping out from bush and brake, wasting their sweetness on the desert air, with no appreciating hand to pluck them; but the thirst for knowledge was upon me, and in time all my childish fancies yielded to its intoxicating influence. Poetry vanished from my soul as Science entered.

At length I had mastered enough to venture to put my knowledge to a practical test, so strapping a tin can upon my shoulders, with my book in my hand and a microscope in my pocket, I set forth. It was a mild Spring day, the warm sun, the balmy air, the short green grass and the fresh-leaved trees, filled with the songs of birds, all combined to inaugurate auspiciously my first botanical expedition. With that peculiar joyousness which one feels on a bright day in Spring, I walked quickly

VOL. XXIII.

Digitized by Google

on, drinking in fresh inspiration at every step. I thought of the fair boquet of delicate wild flowers I should in a few hours be bringing back over the same road, and in my happiness I forgot, for a time, that I had been studying botany. Howbeit, I remembered it soon after, and picking a sweet little forget-me-not from the road side, I sat down to find its botanical name. In a few minutes I got up and walked on, not quite so gaily, however, for in those few minutes one of the dearest flowers of my memory had been transformed into the "Myosotis cespitosa," 'so called from the resemblance of its leaf to a rat's ear.' Late in the afternoon I straggled home, not with the bunch of liverworts, anemonies, saxifrage and columbines with which I had feasted my fancy, a little while before, but with a leaf of the 'Hepatica triloba,' a sprig of the Sangusiorba Canadensis,' and one or two wilted 'Convolaria bifolia.'

That night when I went to bed, no vase of early flowers stood by my bedside, but, unbeknown to me, a little black-eyed mouse was nibbling a specimen of the 'aquilegia vulgaris' from beneath my microscope in the corner. I slept and dreamed that I was carefully dissecting an exquisite flower, when from it there suddenly rose a huge black hornet which stung me to the heart. In a moment my blood dried up, youth vanished, I withered and grew prematurely old. Frightened I started, awoke, and found 'twas but a dream,

"And yet, not all a dream."

It was a long time before I could reconcile myself to the new world into which my desire for knowledge had led me, but time and a resolute will at length conquered, and I became hardened to such a degree that I could see with perfect calmness the comical little Jack-in-the-pulpit vanish, as it were, into the vestry, and come forth soon after as 'Arum triphyllum of the genus Aracaea; class, Aglumaceous Endogens;' I could, with the utmost composure, paddle round in search of an ugly yellow pond-lilly among fields of snow-white blossoms, which formerly I would have seized upon with the greatest eagerness, as a fitting gift for my particular she, (for, gentle reader, even I, the old Scholar, was once compelled to bow beneath the power of the Little God.)

Bulbs, tubers, rhizomas and spongeoles now absorbed all my thoughts, and if, for a while, my mind wandered away from flowers it was sure to go to seed. I well remember an expedition once undertaken in search of a very rare plant. I expected to have a fatiguing time, and my expectations were not disappointed. Miles and miles I tramped on muddy roads, climbed up steep rocks, trudged over stony hills, waded through deep bogs splashed through stagnant waters overgrown with underbrush where

slimy bullfrogs piped their dolorous tones, where mosquitoes awarmed and hornets built their nests just on a level with one's head, where great black and yellow spiders spread their webs across my path, and when they were broken crawled lovingly down my neck; where little twigs thrust themselves into my eyes and dead branches, projecting, caught my watch-guard, and jerking out the watch deposited it at the bottom of a slimy green pool of water, where the rank grass grew in clumps, just large enough for me to step upon them, and then turn, laying me rudely on my back in the mud; where sword-grass cut my tender flesh and briers tore my tender pants; where burs accumulated in my hair and mud in my boots,—all these I endured, but at last I found the plant. Great was my joy, still greater my sorrow, when next morning an ignorant servant girl swept it into the fire. But I bore it like a philosopher, for I had already begun to take pride in being philosophical.

Thus I went on, a second Nebuchadnezzar seeking my daily food in the fields. At length I grew weary of botany. I had learned all that there was to be learned, the scientific name of every weed was at my tongue's end; those by which I formerly knew them being either forgotten or remembered with scorn. Like Alexander I longed for other worlds to conquer, caring naught where or what they might be, provided my intense longing for knowledge was gratified, and shunning the question of practical use as belonging to the idle dreams of the plebeian utilitarian. While in this state of mind, I one day found in the woods a Examining it attentively my interest was peculiar looking stone. excited and I began to search for more. The transition from botany to mineralogy was natural. Both involved the long walks, patient search and acute observation for which I had a strong liking from childhood The pleasures also derived from the two were very like, and I often united the two pursuits in the same expedition, now applying the magnifier to the petal of a flower, now to a bit of stone chipped from the rocks. In the end, however, mineralogy conquered, and I returned from every walk with my tin-can loaded down with stones and my pockets filled with pebbles. A mineralogical cabinet was erected in my study, the herbarium was packed away up garret, and night after night I sat on the floor hammering away at blocks of stone with my text-book lying open on the floor before me; going to bed late and tired with my eyes full of dust, to sleep heavily, or dream of falling from a precipice, or being crushed by a blast, and in the morning waking to a fresh consciousness of my new hobby as I stepped upon a sharp angular fragment with my bare feet.

My first steps forward in this science were more expeditious than the first advances in botany. The appetite for science had been sharpened. and the skill acquired in administering to it served to facilitate my progress. Moreover, no prejudices stood in my way as in the former case. Then, it was with a pang of regret that I saw, one by one, the landmarks of my youthful joys crumble into the dust, but now I had no such troubles. I was bound by no tender tie to a brick, nor, with one exception, when in a youthful quarrel I cracked my pate on a flagstone, did I ever trouble my little head about paving stones. On the contrary, I was somewhat pleased, I will confess, to find that insignificant stones, heretofore carelessly kicked about, under the Midas-like touch of this new found science, assumed the most pompous titles, and it was not long before I even found myself, with a certain secret satisfaction, explaining the scar upon my forehead as "owing to a concussion with a slab of mics schist, experienced in my younger days." In time I was an adept, my cabinet was full of minerals with labels half-a-yard long; I could give the scientific names of the common stones at a moment's notice, and astonished my country friends as I analyzed their stone fences and learnedly descanted on the granite and quartzose formations.

There was one department of mineralogy of which I was especially fond-metallurgy. I would search for hours after a good piece of iron ore, and day after day was spent at the barites factory in collecting specimens of lead. I had a friend who was also possessed with a metallic mania. We used to take long walks in search of ores, not with the expectation of finding anything intrinsically valuable, but because they seemed to us to be a grade higher than mere dead stones. Hearing one day from a workman in the factory, that a man had discovered copper ore in the hills a few miles off, we immediately resolved upon an expedition for specimens, although the only information we could obtain as data for calculations respecting our route, was that it was, " about five or ten mile Nor'west." We set out early in the morning, and having chosen the road which ran nearest Northwest, trudged patiently on for two or three hours without seeing any signs of 'excavations near the road,' as they were said to be. We began inquiring of persons we met from time to time, 'where that copper had been found?' The answer received generally consisted of two divisions, first, an inquiry as to what we meant by 'that copper,' and secondly, an affirmation that they never heard of it. A few miles of this work and we began to grow weary and think we had been sold. As a last resort, we determined to ask at the houses, so, taking turns, we catechised at the back door of

every house along the road, till a little beyond the fourteenth mile-stone we found one man who 'had heered something 'bout copper, but didn't remember exactly what it was.' Thus encouraged we hastened on, and in a little while arrived at a blacksmith's shop, where the blacksmith, in reply to the usual question, deliberated for sometime, till finally 'he guessed he knowed what we meant;' and coming to the door pointed to a small pile of stones on the other side of the road, saying that 'a man who stopped to have his horse shoed, one day last week, said they looked as if they might have copper in 'em, and went and poked over 'em a little while, but he did'nt find nothing.'

This expedition dates the downfall of my mineralogical madness.

E. F. B.

Solitude.

"No man," says an eminent Philosopher, "ever will unfold the capacities of his own intellect, who does not at least chequer his life with solitude. How much solitude—so much power. Or, if not true in that rigor of expression, to this formula undoubtedly it is that the wise rule of life must approximate." This remark seems to us most just. is a tendency, especially in the present age, to a too intense social life. The rush of railroads, the scream of streamers, the excitement of politics, the bustle of society, leave small opportunity for "calm Contemplation and poetic Ease." The deeper significance of life is lost sight of by reason of a too exclusive devotion to cravats and crinoline. There is scarcely a disquisition in any department of ethics, which is not headed with the proposition everywhere quoted, said, and sung-man is a social being. Not that the proposition in question is not as true as it is trite. Alexander Selkirk doubtless expressed the feelings of the majority of mankind, under the same circumstances, when he demanded of Solitude to know the whereabouts of those charms that sages were reported to have seen in her face. Man could hardly fulfill the ends of his existence by separating from his kind and dwelling in loneliness like "a sheep on a thousand hills." But we have some faculties whose development is essential to the complete development of ourselves, which are best nourished in solitude. Prominent among these are the reflective faculties. These, the latest developed, are also the noblest of the mental faculties. It is by means of these, that we separate principles from the

facts which embody them and lay them aside for our future guidance. Now these faculties, like all others, are strengthened by exercise, and they cannot be exercised with any advantage without a separation from the external world. Subtle distinctions in psychology are seldom arrived at in drawing rooms or popular assemblies. In all that pertains to philosophy, if the mind is hurried, it must be superficial. Sound deductions are reached slowly and with toil. The "thoughts that wander through eternity," are not apt to fasten upon those whose ears are filled with the "trampling and the hum" of town-meetings and news-boys. Hence, men, who have wished to ponder on the great problems which defy and perplex the reason—who have wished to thread the mazes of "fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute"—have been enamored of solitude. This is well exemplified in the monk-life of the Middle Ages. Nowhere do we find keener metaphysical discussions than in the pages of Augustine, and Sarpi; and Luther was fitted by this solitude and reflection of early life for the stirring warfare of later years.

It is true, indeed, that the cloister did not always produce minds of the best balance. Ignorance of the world often lead them into grotesque and puerile speculation. The same discipline which developed the acumen of Abelard, produced also the vagaries of Aquinas. Extremes are always unheathful. But let those who would discourage Solitude, remember how from the quiet seclusion of Port Royal, there went forth a power which should vindicate the theology of Augustine, and cause the Jesuits to tremble—that there the disciples of St. Cyran wrought with unpretending zeal for religious truth, so that history will never let their memory die-and that there were nourished and developed the keen controversial powers of Arnauld, and the wonderful genius which produced the Provincial Letters." Separate from the world, these great men turned their thoughts inward, and worked out trustworthy solutions of those great enigmas whose contemplation brings care to the heart and wrinkles to the brow of man. brings us to consider the influence of Solitude on the mental and moral character. It makes men honest. Continual contact with society, besides making men hasty and superficial, is also apt to pervert their motives and undermine their truthfulness by constantly prompting them to flatter the prejudices and yield to the opinions of others, in order to obtain influence over them. Besides, there are continual impulses to self-deception, which nothing, but keeping company with one's self from time to time, can cure.

But in the presence of his Maker and his own soul, man cannot cheat himself with flimsy sophistries—he wrestles with doubt and conquers—he makes new vows to search for and serve truth. "Carlyle," says his late reviewer, "was matured in solitude." And who can doubt that to this he owes, in no slight degree, his ardent love of truth—his intense disgust with all simulacra and semblances—his almost ludicrous indignation when he detects a sham.

Solitude is the nurse of the imagination. Hence it has ever been loved of poets and prophets. There, at a distance from all the noises of humanity, they weave in silence that "cloth of gold" from which we cut rich vestures for our utilitarian minds. To Shelley there appeared coming in slow pomp,

"Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendors and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations,
Of hopes and fears and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow with her family of Sighs
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying amile instead of eyes."

To the calmer Wordsworth, from the solitary contemplation of Nature there came

"the sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

It was not among the *elite* of Athens, nor in the drawing-rooms of Rome, but from amid the wild fastnesses and rugged grandeur of Patmos, that John beheld the splendors and ineffable glories of the New Jerusalem. Let us, then, neither reject Solitude nor abuse it, but bear in mind the words of Emerson: "We require such a solitude as shall hold us to its revelations when we are in the street and in palaces."

C. S. K.

Death of Rev. Dr. Taylor.

Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D.D., Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College, since 1822, died in New Haven, March 10, 1858, aged seventy-one years and nine months.

His funeral was attended on Thursday afternoon, March 12, from the Centre Church, of which he was the beloved Pastor for a period of ten years, from 1812 till 1822. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached at that time by Rev. L. Bacon, D. D., his successor in the Pastoral office; and on the Sunday following an eloquent and affectionate discourse was preached in the College Chapel, by Rev. Prof. Fisher. These sermons, with a third preached in the North Church by Rev. Dr. Dutton, have already been published, and are so accessible to our readers, that it would be superfluous in this place to present any biographical sketch of the distinguished Theologian whom the College now mourns; and in place of other remarks of our own, we copy from the May number of the New Englander, the glowing sentences which begin an article by one of his favorite pupils, on "Dr. Taylor and his System."

"There stands upon our table a bust which, had we seen it for the first time in the 'Hall of the Philosophers,' in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome, would have divided our attention with the busts of Socrates and Plato. The extraorninary breadth and hight of the forehead, the depth of arch in the brow, the fine symmetry of the features, the stamp of intellectuality and of benignity upon the face, would have commanded the homage we instinctively render to greatness. That homage is not in the least abated by the fact that this bust, which, if unknown, might stand unchallenged in the hall of the philosophers of antiquity, is known to be that of an ethical philosopher seated in the chair of Christian theology in a school of the nineteenth century. For those who know what an intellect was enthroned within it, and what a soul looked out through its portals, the ages could add no weight of dignity to that brow. But the brain does not throb beneath this arch, the eyes do not speak from these sockets, the words of wisdom and of power will not flow from these lips; and we turn away from the bust, to remember sadly, that all which it would picture is now cold as the marble of the sculptor.

"Upon the wall of our study is a portrait, in which the engraver's art has well preserved—what the sculptor cannot give—the life-expression of the same countenance. The forehead, the brow, the mouth, the symmetry of feature are

^{*} Memorial of N. W. Taylor, D.D. New Haven: T. H. Pease. 1858. 8vo. pp. 43.

here, as given in the bust; and beside, the eye illuminating the face, and speaking from the inner depths of the soul, and an outline of the person, showing a vigor of the muscular system proportionate to the development of the brain But this is the countenance in repose; and years of study, and physical infirmities, have traced upon it their ineffaceable ridges and depressions. This picture will not bring to us the man we seek.

"We go back a few days, and stand with venerable and reverend men—the teachers of our youth, the friends and counselors of riper years—by the yet unclosed coffin; and look with lingering gaze ugon the repose of a great soul in death. All trace of labor and of suffering has passed away; and that forehead in its serene majesty, and those lips with their voiceless sweetness, still 'rule us from the sceptered urn.' But in this very room, where the relation of Disciple was absorbed in the higher relation of Friend, and wherein familiar conversation, the Teacher and the Preacher were lost in a childlike enthusiasm for truth and its discoveries,—in this room so animated by his presence that he lives in its every object—we cannot accept the silent though majestic impress of death, as the permanent recollection of him whom we shall meet on earth no more.

"We go back a little earlier, to look upon that countenance made wan and sallow by disease, and to listen to that voice broken and hesitating through weakness and pain; and though the eye is not dim, nor the intellectual force abated, as he converts his bolstered bed into a didactic chair, and with clear discrimination and earnest emphasis recapitulates the grand points of Gospel truth elaborated in his lectures—we cannot bear to cherish the image of moral and intellectual strength overmastering physical weakness, as the abiding impression of the departed sage.

"We must go back more than twenty years, and look upon him in his manly vigor, as with an eye that riveted whomsoever it glanced upon, and a voice that reverberated like a deep-toned bell, and an earnestness that glowed through every feature and fiber of the man, he first stirred our mind with the overwhelming argument and pathos of his sermons, or lifted us up into mid-heaven by the magnificent sweep and attraction of his lectures. An older pupil of his at our side, insists that to know Dr. Taylor as he was, we should be able to go back forty years, and listen to him as he came fresh from the pulpit of the Centre Church to the chair of Theology in Yale College; that only his first class can fully appreciate his vigor of thought, his reach of intellect, and his power of inspiring others to tread with him the sublimest mysteries of divine truth. And one of his latest pupils insists, that no one of all his thirty-six classes could ever have known him' so fresh, so intimate, so earnest, so clear, so thorough, so profound, as did that little circle who gathered in his parlor to read together his lectures, and then listen to his exposition. There could be no higher tribute to the intellectual and moral greatness of the teacher, than these rival claims of pupils nearly forty years apart, each to have known him best, and to have loved him most. No bust or picture can ever compare with the likeness cherished in these living hearts."



New Publications.

Songs of Yale. New Haven: Thomas H. Pease.

In the excellence and variety of her Song Literature, Yale, if we mistake not, stands unrivalled. We are gratified at the evidence afforded that her motto in this department is Excelsior. Within the past five years, two editions of the "Songs of Yale" have been exhausted and a third called for. The collection before us, compiled by Edward C. Porter, of the Class of 1858, if, indeed, it can be called an edition of its predecessor, is materially improved. The arrangement is entirely new, and the selection, in the main, judicious. We meet most of our old favorities from "Gandeamus" to "Audacia," and many of those charming airs more recently introduced, as " Lauriger," " Edite," and " Litoria," which breathe so much of Student spirit that each stands for a host of sunny reminiscences. A few, also, that have fallen into disuse are here resuscitated, that they may regain the favor which their merit deserves, among which we notice the beautiful ode of Horace, commencing "Integer vitæ." We wish that this little pamphlet might become a text-book in the leisure moments of every Yalensian until its contents become the involuntary expression of his varying moods.

We have also had recently put into our hands an account of the Proceedings at the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Meeting of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, held in New York, June 24th and 25th, 1857 It is put up with excellent taste, and contains, besides other matter, an Oration by Donald G. Mitchell, in his happiest style, and a Poem by William C. Williamson, both worthy of the occasion and the men. This issue is the first of its kind, and highly creditable to the organization. We understand that copies may be obtained from members of the Fraternity.

Memorabilia Palensia.

THE following literary fragment was recently discovered among the floating papers of that faithful chronicler and laborious polygraphist, President Stiles. It was furnished to us through the kindness of our indefatigable friend, Mr. E. C. Herrick, a gentleman, by the way, whose historical acumen is only equalled

by his scientific accuracy. The *Poem* which President Stiles herein commemorates, was doubtless an ample return for the honor which occasioned its conception. It does not, however, appear to have been preserved, although from its having been printed, we would hazard the conjecture that it may yet be rescued from oblivion. Perhaps the last remaining copy of it is now quietly reposing under a medley of rejected trumpery in some ancient garret. If so; good betide the pious antiquarian who shall disinter it from its premature grave, and deposit it with all due observance in the Archives of our Alma Mater.

Before leaving the subject, a brief notice of its author, Dr. Hubbard, may not be deemed inappropriate. He was born Nov. 30, 1708, at Nassau, or the Isle of Jamaica, W. I. His father, who was a Presbyterian minister there, died soon after, and his mother thereupon removed to Boston, where he received the rudiments of a good education at a grammar school. We next find the family at Hartford, where Mrs. Hubbard was married to Rev. Samuel Woodbridge. At the age of seventeen, her son became apprentice to a physician. In 1724, the same year in which his apprenticeship terminated, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Stevens. In the winter of 1726-7, he settled in New Haven, the same week that Rector Williams moved into the place. Here he spent the remainder of his days; he saw his children grow up around him, enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen, and died Oct. 80th, 1778, aged about 70 years. By a householder's map of New Haven, in 1748, drawn by Gen. Wadsworth of Durham, we find that he resided on Chapel street, near the corner now occupied by the New Haven Hotel.

Cum Senatus Academicus Coll. Yal. in Nov-Anglia comitiis publicis A. D. 1730, regnante Georgio secundo, D. Johannem Hubbard, Medicum Neoportensem, Linguis Lat. et Graec. necnon Philosophia, Medicina, Poesi, Literisque politioribus eruditum, potissime Ingenii Vi spontaneoque cultu expolitum, honorario Laureae magistralis Gradu condonavisset;—Ille Poema Benefactoribus Coll. Yal. commemorandis et in eorum Laudatione Scripsit, idemque Typis impressum Rectori et Curatoribus Academise pro Gratitudine sua dedicavit. Rev⁴⁼² Elisaeus Williams eo Tempore Rector amicissimus item et Medici hujusce familiarissimus, Poema Amici sui transmittebat Rev⁴⁼² D. Isaaco Watts Londino in Britannia, qui inde nuper Bibliothecae Yalensi Libros a se scriptos dedisset. Ille Theologus utique Poeta suavissimus, Musis sublimioribus tum sacris tum humanis, deditus et excultus, de hisce primitiis Anglo-Americanae Poesis expolitae nempe puraeque mire delectatum rescripsit; atque hocce Volumen seu Librum Poematum Lyricorum ejus, Amicitiae et Honoris ergo Viro ingenuo D. Hubbard ab Anglia remisit Chirographia sua inscriptum.

Inter nuptias meas cum Filis sua primogenita D. Elizabetha Hubbard, Febr. 10, 1757, Pater mihi dedit, et inter dandum dixit: "Hoc Munus a D. Watts olim mihi receptum, summi quem ab Hominibus acceperam Honoris Pignus existimavi. Senex ego idem transdoq.tibi summi et Honoris et Amicitiae mease Testimonium; quod ut ita de me accipias, custodires et semper memorares peto.

At the risk of giving offense to our classical friends, we subjoin a translation pro bono pub.:



The Rector and Trustees of Yale College in New England, at their Commence ment Anniversary, A. D. 1730, in the reign of George II, conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts upon Dr. John Hubbard of New Haven, for his eminent attainments in the Latin and Greek languages, as well as in Philosophy, Medicine, Poetry and Belles-Lettres,-attainments chiefly due to his own native enthusiasm and unaided efforts. Whereupon, in testimony of his gratitude, he wrote a Poem in praise and commemoration of the Benefactors of Yale College, and caused it to be printed with an appropriate dedication. The Rev. Elisha Williams, who was Rector of the College at that time, being a very intimate friend of Dr. Hubbard's, sent a copy of this poem London, to the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watte, who had but a short time before given some of his own published writings to the Library of Yale College. This eminent Theologian, himself a most rare poet, who had thoroughly imbibed the spirit of the sublimer Muses as well human as divine, responded that he had taken great pleasure in these first fruits of Anglo-American poetry, so polished and so pure,—and he moreover sent this volume or book of his own Lyrics, from England, inscribed with his own hand, 'to the worthy Dr. Hubbard, as a testimonial of friendship and respect.'

On the occasion of my marriage with Dr. Hubbard's eldest daughter Elizabeth, Feb. 10, 1757, he gave this book to me, with the following words: "This volume, given to me by Dr. Watts many years ago, I have ever regarded as a token of higher consideration than had been hitherto accorded to me from among men. Now that I am old, I entrust it to you as a pledge of my friendship and my most sincere regard. As such receive it, I entreat you, guard it with diligence, and, above all, never forget its origin."

EZRA STILES.

THE RIOT.

In our Current Record we are called upon to chronicle another disgraceful and fatal affray in which certain of our number bore a conspicuous part. It originated between the students, in a boarding club on the corner of Elm and High streets, and several members of Fire Engine Company No. 2, whose house is located on High street, near that of the Club, and came to a crisis on Tuesday evening, February 9th, when William Miles, Jr., a member of No. 2, received a pistol shot, from the effects of which he died soon after.

It is not our province to enter into the specification of details, which a long and searching legal process has failed to establish beyond dispute, but which, as far as can be ascertained, are already familiar to our readers, and yet we cannot forbear a brief word of comment on an occurrence which, together with its melancholy precedents, must ever stand as a foul blot on the fair reputation of our institution and city. Without doubt blame rests on both sides, and neither party can altogether clear their skirts from the blood of the unhappy victim; but no wholesome practical results will follow unless in the circumstances of the case the prerogatives of each be so far defined as to determine where the charge of aggression properly belongs. We have no sympathy with that dog-in-

the-manger spirit that growls at the sound of a Student glee in the street, and regards it a sufficient pretext for an "insulted populace" to raise a row. Outdoor singing may be carried too far, and doubtless often is, but if immunities are granted in any direction, it should be to the Student in his moments of relaxation. That the Firemen have manifested in some instances a quarrelseeking disposition is entirely incontrovertible, but it by no means follows that this spirit has been met in the most manly way. No combination of circumstances can justify the carrying of deadly weapons to repel an insult, we will not say to protect life, and it has always seemed to us that this barbarous custom in the quiet City of New Haven, speaks more of bluster and bravado than of real courage or prudence. From the aggravated nature of the affair, we experienced a degree of sympathy with those whose feelings were so strongly and even indignantly expressed, which we are confident was common to a great portion of College, until extinguished by surprise and disgust at a set of scurrilous resolutions published upwards of a month after the transaction, which were a disgrace to the Department from which they purported to emanate. But we shall rejoice to let "by-gones be by-gones," especially as we trust all feelings of hostility and revenge have long since given place to very opposite sentiments, and many of both parties have learned that difficult but Heavenly lesson, "Love your Enemies." From an experience too dearly purchased, may all derive wisdom for the future, and by mutual concession and forbearance outlive old feuds in that harmony and concord which should ever subsist between a noble organization and an association of Gentlemen.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The regular elections were deferred one week to give place to a Lecture on Courage, delivered before the Literary Societies on Wednesday Evening, Feb. 24th, at 8 o'clock, in the College Chapel, by Charles W. Elliott, Esq., of this city. The Officers elected on the succeeding Wednesday Evening were as follows:

TIMOMIA

Ĺ.
LL.
C.

The ballot for Vice President in Linonia being contested, it was repeated at the next meeting, on which occasion, Isaac RILEY, the opposing candidate, withdrawing his name, the election, as originally announced, was confirmed by a unanimous vote.

PREMIUMS.

SENIOR MATHEMATICAL PRIZES.

1st Prize, with Gold Medal, JOSIAH W. GIBBS. 2d Prize, JOHN LOVEWELL.

SOPHOMORE PRIZES FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

1st Division.	2d Division.	3d Division.
1st Prize, Robert S. Davis,	LUTHER M. JONES, WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON,	WILLIAM E. PARK,
2d Prize, South L. Daniels, Charles A. Boies,	WILLIAM FOWLER,	JULIUS H. WARD, Samuel R. Warrey,
8d Prize, Alonzo B. Ball,	Edward G. Holden,	CHARLES H. OWEN, LEMUEL T. WILLOOX.

DEMISE OF K E O.

Nil de mortuie nisi bonum! Siema Thera figuratively now rests in the "tomb of the Capuleta." Her death was "the foreseen sum of many a tedious fact." The members, in consonance with the sad feelings excited by their bereavement, with perfect taste introduced the formulæ of proceedings at the burial, which, rumor says, is of Hibernian origin, in short, they had a "glorious wake."

STATUARY.

Two elegant photographic representations of antique Statues, have been recently deposited in the Library of the Linonian Society. They were brought from Rome, and presented by Daniel C. Gilman, Esq., accompanied by the following note, addressed to the President of the Society, which will afford a sufficient explanation of their character:

YALE COLLEGE LIBRARY. January 7, 1858.

DEAR SIR:

Allow me to present through you to the Library of the Linonian Society, the two photographs which are sent herewith.

One represents the statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican collection at Rome, of which Mr. Bartholomew is making a marble copy for the Society.

The other represents the statue of Minerva in the same collection, and will be interesting to those who identify that "blue eyed Goddess" with the fair patron of our Society.

Very Truly Yours,

DANIEL C. GILMAR.

Our readers will be gratified to learn that the two copies,—Demosthenes and Sophocles,—ordered in Rome last year for the Linonian Society, one of which is referred to in the foregoing note, are at length completed, and probably ex route for America, as will appear by the following extract from a letter of the artist, E. S. Bartholomew, Esq.:

ROME, ITALY, March 15, 1858.

Mr. DANIEL O. GILMAN,

My Dear Sir:—The two copies from the Antique are at last finished in beautiful marble, but owing to a great scarcity of ships from Leghorn to New York or Boston, they will probably be detained at Leghorn until about the 12th of April. I have two handsome pedestals made for them, and they will all be shipped together. Just as soon as I can get bills of lading I shall send you one by mail. I have been much longer about the statues than I expected, as the difficulty of procuring a "cast" of the Sophocles proved much greater than I anticipated. I could not get any of my workmen to undertake to make them on their own account for the amount of money proposed. So I concluded to do them in the most economical way possible as regards the purchase of marble and the payment of workmen, and I think I have accomplished all that you desired. If they give satisfaction, as I have no doubt they will, I shall be pleased in having assisted you in carrying out your noble plan.

I greatly regretted having to pass through New Haven without seeing you, but I was detained so long at Hartford, that I had not a moment for New York, where I had so many friends expecting visits from me.

This winter has been a cold, unhealthy one here, and as yet there are no signs of warm weather. The books of the Roman Observatory, show it to have been the coldest winter for more than an hundred years. At Florence they have skated on the Arno for months past.

Rome has been overrun with Russians during the season, very few English and fewer Americans have succeeded in getting here. The Artists generally have done nothing. American travelers feel poor since the great financial difficulty. My Colossal Statue of Washington for Baltimore is finished, and on its way to the United States. My Eve will go in April. * * *

E. S. BARTHOLOMEW.

ELECTION OF EDITORS.

A meeting of the Junior Class was held on Wednesday, February 8, for the election of Editors for the Yale Literary Magazine for the year ensuing.

It resulted in the choice of the following Board from the Class of 1859:

SAMUEL DORR FAULENER, Dansville, N. Y.
GEORGE WHITEFIELD FIBHER, North White Creek. N. Y.
BURTON NORVELL HARRISON, New Orleans, La.
THOMAS RAYNESFORD LOUNSBURY, Ovid, N. Y.
ASHER HENRY WILCOX, Norwich, Conn.

On the evening of Friday, March 12th, the "grand complimentary banquet" was given by the newly elected to the retiring Editors. Our friends will rejoice to learn that there has been one "Table" which we have surrounded without the mental perturbation peculiar to our calling. In behalf of our initiated brethren we would say, if this is emblematic of the feast with which their readers are to be regaled, we bespeak for them a liberal and hearty patronage.

Editor's Cable.

All's well that ends well.—Shak.

Better is to than never.—Old Som.

EDITORIAL SANCTUM, 12 O'CLOCK, MIDNIGHT.

Kind (!) Gentle (!) Considerate (!) Reader! Apology! No! Thou takest us by the beard; we take thee by the button-hole! Soft! Aside! A word in thine ear!

The Printer is frantic! We shudder to confront him! His repreachful glances haunt us in our dreams! We have long tried to shun him, and had it not been for the regard we bear to thee, we should have cut his acquaintance forever; but the constraint of duty has overcome our shrinking terror, and we have become bold, yea, brusen, in thy behalf! But, pray! what mean those sight ghastly blanks on our books, prefixed with —————? There! we almost uttered thy name! Surely, there was no mistake, we came by it honestly, even by thy consent! Hast forgotten? Are times hard? Oh! think of the Printer! Think of the Editor! Forb. Sap. Sat.

Sanctum! This reminds us of a sacrilegious tirade, in a recent exchange, against the consecrated accessories of our profession, wherein the "Sanctum," "Easy Chair," "Drawer," "Franklin Stove," aye, "Dzvil," are set down in a vulgar category of Editorial Humbugs! No 'Sanctum! Shades of the Vandals! we had hoped for more humane treatment from our associates in misery! Invade, in thy desperation, the sanctity of our private abode! Oh, by what refinement of torture must such evidence of depravity have been extorted! Out on such desceration!

Tantene animis occlestibus irae?

No 'Easy Chair!' Poor outcast! In the name of Diogenes, the Cynic, throw up thy commission and seek a berth where thy teeming ills shall at least be forgotten in the soothing luxury of a quiet Arm Chair, and thy heart be solaced by the more rational sentiment—

"I love it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair ?"

We have our Sanctum, and our Easy Chair, thank our stare! We have our Drawer, which serves both as a cradle and coffin for our thick-coming (?) contributions! We have our Franklin Stove, with all its accompaniments, and even now its flickering blaze lights up the chambers of our imagination, with the cheering associations of many a half-forgotten reverie! We have, finally, our Devil, or rather, Confusion take him! he has us, and were his stealthy tread less expected, we should breathe freer! Nay, further, we have suspended in one corner of our Sanctum, a long pips, albeit we don't smoke; we keep it for the poetry of the thing! We have a social round table, a jaunty little cap, an old grey goose quill, with all their poetic associations, and withered be the hand that would detract the tithe of a hair from their refreshing romance! Recant! Recant! misguided Reformer! Seek more propitious surroundings, or lay aside the pen forever.

We had anticipated a long and cosy chat with our friends, but it is only by dint of the utmost exertion that we can reserve space sufficient to make off with



a becoming show of formality, for we have a saddening word to speak ere we make our final bow. Our successors are appointed, and we are soon to commit our charge, we hope, to worthier hands, and while we doff our official robe, we are reminded of our proximity to that sadder leave-taking, whose chastening shadow begins to mellow the sunlight of our enjoyment. The matter of writing autographs which this occasion brings to our Senior friends, we think worthy of a passing note. We have an inveterate repugnance to collecting autographs for their own sake, and when we see an amateur autograph-collector, always think of the sage counsel of a distinguished cotemporary to an aspiring youth, who was making extensive application for the marks of great men, which was that "he had better be trying to make his own mark." But there seems to be a peculiar propriety in the exchange of such a simple memento by classmates, to whom, in the stern conflicts of life, the memory of college days will be a talisman of consolation and success. We hope that the mere stereotype generality. "Your friend and classmate," which seems to have gained currency from the erroneous impression that nothing farther could properly be written to a classmate unless compliment and flattery,—which, in some cases, many are too honest to do, -will not prevail. No two classmates in college, have spent four years together, or even half that period, without having some personal reminiscences, or at least, some topic of interest in common, on which it will be pleasant to dwell in after life. May our parting words be suggestive as well as heart-felt.

The steel engravings which are to accompany these Autographs, are the subject of universal remark, whereat our vanity has been somewhat flattered. They are pronounced beautiful pictures, and all acknowledge that they are accurate likenesses. What's the inference! We submit the case to '58, and the ladies. Apropos to this subject, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an excellent view of Yale College, proofs of which have been forwarded to our Publisher, Mr. Pease, by whom it will soon be issued. cannot in this connection forbear a word in relation to the old custom which we have revived in our present number by embellishing it with a portrait. On the covers of an early Volume of this Magazine, we find the following announcement: "Each volume will be enriched with one or more portraits of individuals distinguished in the annals of our Alma Mater." This plan, if we mistake not, was kept up faithfully from Volume IV, containing President Day, to Volume XII, containing President Woolsey, after which, for some unknown cause, it was unfortunately suffered to fall into disuse. In reëstablishing this desirable custom, we are sure of the approbation of our patrons in presenting them with the portrait of one so universally beloved and revered as Professor Goodrich.

Now then, clearing a little round spot on our table, and drawing up within arm's length of our open Franklin, we have a confidential word to say

To Contributors.—We always approach this department with reluctance, lest we may sometimes say hard things, and thus identify ourselves with that class of petty scribblers with which College ground is infested, who are ever ready to dip their pen in gall to give pith to their otherwise insipid productions. We have before us an unprecedented quantity and variety of matter which may have rendered us somewhat fastidious.

"The great Men of Yale" was written with care, and, no doubt, a praise-worthy motive, but it is more of a Statement-of-Facts document than a Magazine Article. It is returned with our compliments.

"Only a Dream" is on file for further examination.

We have been favored with a poetic effusion, "Written expressly for the Yale Literary Magazine," by "Altius." It is entitled "The Soul's Summer," of which we will treat our readers to a single couplet. The author seems to be describing the approach of Winter, and proceeds in this "strain sublime:"

"His feathers scarce protect the cock from cold,
The brooding——

We expected, in this connection, to be next introduced to the bustling matrox of the poultry-yard, but imagine our chagrin on merely learning that

"The brooding Cow (!) roams bounteous meads no more."

"Castles in the Air," and "A Visit to Jerusalem and the Dead Sea," for want of room we have transferred to our successor.

A Sentimental Ditty, by "S.," entitled "True Knowledge," betrays quites susceptible nature, and that in very dainty terms. Hear him!

I know a sparkling eye,
How quick it is to spy,
Yes! much quicker e'en than I,
What I'd have—
Twinkling like a star in heaven,
Velled in sadness it was given,
As a talisman 'twas given,
Me to save—
Well I prize, (all eyes above,)
This daar eye of her I love.

I know a little lip;
How sweet it is to sip
From off that crimson lip,
Kisses sweet—
It returns them without grief,
Biushing, (as a maple-leaf
When its life-time now is brief,)
Mine to meet—
Well I prise, (all lips above,)
This dear lip of her I love.

We regret the necessity which compels us to defer "The Outlook," till our next issue. All who have listened to the gentle "May Whispers" in this Number—and who has not?—will also regret that "Place de la Concorde," from the same pen, was crowded out. It shall appear in our next Number.

The usual Exchanges are on our table, to which we are happy to add a new Magazine called "The Collegiate Record," conducted by the Students of Western Reserve; also, "The Denisonian," from Granville, Ohio. Success attendations.

While on a recent visit to Webster School, we were presented by the courte ous and obliging Principal, Mr. Kimball, with the first number of a spicy little sheet, called "The Portfolio," conducted entirely by the pupils. We are highly gratified at such a token of you thful enterprise, and shall watch its progress with interest.

Our impulsive brother-Editor, who presided over our last issue, meekly requests us to make in his behalf a correction,—he probably meant confession, though out of regard to his tenderness of feeling, we refrained from questioning him. The case is this. In his rash haste to affix the stigma of Laziness to his unsuspecting confreres, he inadvertently omitted the name of Lous H. Baistol, from the High Orations, in the list of Junior Appointments. In view of his manifest contrition, we hope our Junior friend will pardon our misguided and erring associate, as we have long since done from the fullness of our heart.

VOL. XXIII.

No. VI.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

-

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique Patres."

MAY, 1858.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

MDCCCLVIII.

CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHICAL	Noti	CE	OF	ŀ	RO	FE	sso	R (()L	IST	ED,	,		-		-		:
Quoting, -																		
Literary Lamer	itatio	ns,		-		-		•		•		-		-		-		21 0
Place de la Co	ncord	e,	-		-		•		-		-		-		-		-	215
Hypocrisy,	•	-		-		-				-		-		-		-		216
The Outlook,																		
Charity, -	-	-		-		•		-		-		-		-		-		224
The Yale Navy	7, -		-		-		•		•		•		-		-		-	228
Воок Ротісвя	3,	-		-		•						•		-		-		246
Memorabilia ?	YALE	NSI	A,						-		-		-		•		-	245
EDITOR'S TABL	E,	-				-		-		٠.		-		-		-		254
EDITORS' VAL	EDICT	ory	τ,				-		-		-		-			-	-	271



Denison Olmstub

THE MALLON COUNTY OF THE

THEFF SEE FOR THE STATE SEE STATE SEE SEE SEE SEE

 $\mathsf{Digitized}\,\mathsf{by}\,Google$

THE RESERVE THE WORLD OF PERSONS ALL I Through Series All Assessing the America, related THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN 2 I the state of the same of the s to the second second second second second to the Control of the and deducted bugging in the - the same of thing also be presented Name and State, bull as a little or as and the first reported to kindle, from the same of the same and the last releasing presented to and the state of t An one national wife with on to when Visitoria and product to for our processing and the some partie is a able to which souths progress of their about to - H. East Marchell, Chem. Aug. 18th, former that when the sen was only a of a probet distinct and be active or seminary pasts. The opportunities the state of the s of the limit and in worter nequiring at the tion and the same of knowledge. tore, where the



Digitized by Google

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF PROFESSOR OLMSTED.

The Yale Literary Magazine for August, 1844, contains an engraving of Professor Olmsted by Hinman, from the painting by Jocelyn, which was presented to the Trumbull Gallery by the Class of 1833. A quarter of a century having elapsed since the painting was executed, it has ceased to be a representation of the countenance which the present generation of students are familiar with, and desirous of keeping in remembrance. We are happy, therefore, in being able to present our readers with a new portrait, whose excellence, both as a likeness and a work of art, will not be questioned. It was engraved by Ritchie, from a daguerreotype by Moulthrop, and has been recently presented to Professor Olmsted, by private friends, as a family token of respect and affection; and we feel assured that our patrons will unite with us in thanks to the parties concerned by whose kindness we are permitted to supply from the plate impressions for our present issue.

As the sketch which accompanied the former picture is doubtless not readily accessible to many of our readers, we will borrow therefrom a few leading particulars, adding such as the progress of time since its publication requires.

Denison Olmsted was born at East Hartford, Conn., June 18th, 1791. His father, a respectable farmer, died when the son was only a year old, leaving him to the care of a mother distinguished for native mental endowments, but especially for eminent piety. His opportunities for education in childhood were very limited, being occupied during the summer months in the labors of the farm, and in winter acquiring at the village school little more than the simplest rudiments of knowledge. At the age of thirteen, he became clerk in a country store, where the vol. XXIII.

leisure afforded by a limited pusiness was sedulously employed in reading. At the age of sixteen, he began to entertain a strong desire to obtain a liberal education, and his guardian reluctantly complied with his earnest solicitation for permission to abandon the pursuits of business for those more congenial to his taste. In order to husband his slender patrimony he commenced the life of a teacher, at the age of seventeen, by taking charge of a village school for one winter, and thus, as he has been heard to say, he "began his voyage before the mast." In 1809, at the age of eighteen, he entered Yale College, and graduated in 1813. The class, of which he was a member, was distinguished, while in College, for its love of order as well as for an unusual proportion of eminent scholars whose subsequent lives, as the triennial catalogue indicates, have fulfilled the promise of their youth.

On leaving College, Mr. Olmsted took charge of a select school at New London, where he passed the two following years. In 1815, being elected Tutor, he returned to New Haven, where he served in that capacity during the two succeeding years, being the last year and a half of President Dwight's administration, and several months after the accession of President Day. In the autumn of 1817, he was appointed Professor of Chemistry, in the University of North Carolina, but remained at New Haven the following year, as a private pupil of Professor Silliman. During the seven years which he spent in North Carolina, he projected and commenced, under the patronage of the legislature, a geological survey of the State, which was the first enterprise of the kind undertaken in the United States. On the death of Professor Dutton, in 1825, he was called to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—since changed to Natural Philosophy and Astronomy—in Yale College. The duties of this office, entered upon in January, 1826, he has continued to discharge to the present time.

Professor Olmsted, having spent forty-four years of his life in the instruction of youth in the several capacities of Village Schoolmaster, Preceptor of an Academy, Tutor and Professor in College, has ever considered teaching as the profession assigned to him by Providence, and has been heard to express himself as not only contented with this allot-

ment, but to declare himself among the happy few who can say from the heart, Labor ipse voluptas. His pen, however, has probably exerted a wider influence in the cause of education than his voice. His various works on Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, have had an extraordinary circulation; the larger being used as text-books in a majority of the Colleges of the United States, and the smaller, to an indefinite extent, in high schools and academies. In all, they are said to have passed through more than two hundred editions.

But the commencement of Professor Olmsted's career as an author, dates back much earlier than the publication of his text-books. Soon after his graduation, he began contributing to the various periodicals. Biography has always been his favorite department of literary labor as a recreation from the severer duties of his profession, and one of the earliest productions of his pen was a memoir of President Dwight, published soon after the decease of that great and good man, in the Philadelphia Port-Folio for November, 1817, which has been followed at different intervals and in various periodicals by memoirs of Sir Humphrey Davy, the great Chemist; Eli Whitney, Inventor of the Cotton-gin; John Treadwell, Governor of Connecticut and first President of the American Board; Professor Alexander M. Fisher, his Classmate and predecessor in office; Roger Sherman, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; and William C. Redfield, first President of the American Association for the advancement of Science. In 1842, he published in a small volume a memoir of the Life and Writings of the lamented Ebenezer Porter Mason, a youth of extraordinary talents and promise as an Astronomer, who was cut off at the early age of twentytwo years.

The Scientific papers of Professor Olmsted are scattered up and down the American Journal of Science, for a period of forty years. A few, however, have appeared in other periodicals, especially the Transactions of the American Association. One of the most elaborate has recently been published in the "Smithsonian Contributions," being an extended essay on the "Recent Secular Period of the Aurora Borealis." As yarly as 1835, he also published in the American Journal of Science, a

paper containing a full discussion of all the facts that he could collect respecting the great meteoric shower of November, 1833, accompanied by a new theory of the origin of shooting stars, and proving them to be cosmical bodies derived from the planetary spaces, whereas, before, they had generally been referred to the agency of electricity. This theory has been very extensively adopted throughout the scientific world.

Professor Olmsted has also made frequent contributions to the New Englander and its predecessor, the Christian Spectator, in the form of Reviews and Essays; the latter being generally of a physico-theological character. For the Educational Journal he has furnished numerous lectures and essays, and we may add, in this connection, that his communications to the newspaper-press have been frequent and extensive, heralding new discoveries in science; answering published queries by the explanation of natural phenomena; and popularizing science by its application to the arts, as in the construction of lightning rods and the practical management of heat.

Such is a simple outline sketch of the Professor's literary history, which, though but a meagre element in a complete biography, is all that, in these brief "Notices" of our instructors, we are permitted to touch upon; and, we trust, that ere the time comes to embellish these historic details with a record of more private virtues, many, in coming years, will be prepared through personal acquaintance to appreciate that to which, though felt by all, we may not give utterance.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIII.

MAY, 1858.

No. VI.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '88.

E. F. BLAKE,

C. S. KELLOGG,

D. G. BRINTON,

J. E. KIMBALL,

S. H. LEE.

Onoting.

Fertur Prometheus addere principi Limo coactus particulam undique Desectam."

Q. H. FLACCUS.

It has been well said that "the greatest compliment you can pay an author is to quote him." But truly, in this case, many authors are in the same situation as coquettes, keeping up an endless flirtation with the rest of the world, which centinually showers upon them compliments with the most lavish expenditure. And, indeed, this style of compliment has become so common that it is often difficult to tell whether we are to praise an author most for his allurements, or pity him for his admirers. Some authors too, aspire to prudery and the sublime chastity of Diana, repelling all approach—while others plaster themselves with rouge and flaunt in crimson finery to entice the vulgar. But our business is not so much with planets as their satellites—not so much with writers as quoters.

Unconsciously to themselves, these latter individuals form an organization with a strict economy and the division of labor, as clearly defined

as the workmen in any factory. They hunt in troops with a particular prey and a particular method of capture.

First comes the sentimental class. They think in metaphor. "They lisp in numbers for the numbers come." Stars twinkle in all their periods. Purling rivulets meander through all their sentences. The howling of the tempest is heard in every syllable. The sturdy oak strikes his fangs deep into every paragraph. Blue-eyed violets peep out under every word. The whole is laid waste by some resistless mountain torrent.

This class, in quoting, confine themselves exclusively to the poetry of streaming eyes and breaking hearts. They ravage Landon from title page to finis. They make numberless intercalations from "Lalla Rookh." The "Irish Melodies," and Hours of Idleness, the "Stanzas" of Godey and the "Lines" of Graham are all mercilessly ransacked to furnish jewels to hang in their Ethiopean ears. They consume days of labor and nights of toil over Willis and Massey.

Next come the Shakspeare quoters. They form a distinct class by themselves and utter themselves with more boldness and freedom as they feel more fully the dignity of their master. But alas for the ears of men! The ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable; but why, oh, why could not Richard have obtained "another horse" without his fierce entreaty. or why could there not have been a surgeon in attendance to bandage his "wounds," without forcing him to give specific orders to that effect -why did not the authorities yield to Shylock without importunity, his "pound of flesh," or why was Gratiano so impolite as to tell the infidel to his face that he had him "on the hip"—why was there anything "rotten in the state of Denmark," or if so, why was it found necessary to state the fact-why was Clarence "false fleeting" and "perjured," or what business had a pack of ungentlemanly demons to tell him sofor the "eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report," what attitudes and grimaces—what recitations and recapitulations what laceration of the feelings and maceration of the senses are occasioned by the endless variations of these few notes of the Bard of Avon?

A third class are the name and authority quoters. If you presume to doubt an opinion of theirs, they straightway brandish all antiquity in your face. They menace you with Hindoo traditions and apothegms from Confucius. They disturb the sepulchers of sages, and confront you with the ghosts of buried greatness. They lie in wait for you amid the rubbish of old palimpsests and musty papyrus. They charge upon you with antique cavalry and batter you with maces from antediluvian ar-

mories. You are overwhelmed with Grecian phalanxes and Roman legions, with Scythian bowmen and knights-errant of the middle ages.

One might be pardoned if, in beholding all this phrensied marshaling of authorities, he should exclaim with the "most noble" Festus, " much learning doth make thee mad." But the mistake would be by no means the same as that of Festus. The great apostle was learned but not mad. In this case lunacy is the fact—learning the myth. A few numbers of the Edinburgh or Westminster Reviews, judiciously selected and carefully read, are sufficient to clothe one in all the panoply of the past. Plato may be swallowed and digested in a single disquisition. A single essay of Macaulay would furnish one with names enough to belabor the most stubborn skentic into acquiescence. It is by no means necessary to be acquainted with his works to make an old author stand sponsor for any opinion, however ridiculous. It is far easier to furnish names than arguments—it is far more fashionable to display one's acquaintance with the renown of the past, though it extend no farther than an informal introduction, than to disarrange the toilet of one's brain in the architecture of syllogisms.

But quoting is by no means always to be reprehended, and to quote gracefully and with effect, is doubtless a great accomplishment. It illustrates one of the most pleasing characteristics of our nature.

The affinity of all human thought—the universal brotherhood of men in intellect, as well as in nature, finds in this one of its happiest demonstrations. But when the whole skill of the writer consists in leading the mind by easy stages to a quotation where it may rest—when the insertion of couplets and apothegms is his sole ambition—when the display of reading and research is his highest aspiration—it degenerates into the rankest pedantry—it becomes a "pathless comet and a curse," and "'Non Dî non homines,' you know the rest." In college literature, notwithstanding the deluge of quotations, it is often more than insinuated that it is not done half enough.

C. S. K.



Literary Lamentations.

ΙI.

"You Cassius has a lean and hungry look.

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

SWATE

Ir is natural that an old scholar should recollect more of the times just preceding his entrance upon a life of study, than of those which followed. The memory of the happy hours, when he wandered at will over the green fields, must ever remain more fresh in his mind than that of the painful days when he slowly toiled up the hill of science—the harness, at first galling, in time having worn a callous place for itself. Hence, while I have dwelt at some length upon my younger days, the account of studies pursued later in life will be brief.

I entered the domains of science by a flowery pathway. Nature put on her gayest attire, and clad in the colors of the rainbow, beckoned me on. Slowly I followed, plucking the flowers on either side. Soon they became less and less frequent, and there being nothing to attract my attention, I quickened my pace. The road grew dull and tiresome, the bright garb of nature faded rapidly, her face became uninviting, and when I asked for a flower she gave me a stone. Ere long I found amusement even in these, and picked my interested way over a stony path. Soon these grew into rocks and rose in huge precipices on both sides, shutting out the light of heaven and frowning in their sable majesty upon the audacious youth who had ventured so far in pursuit of knowledge. Could I waste time on small bits of rock, while massive battlements of the same material lay piled up to the heavens before me! The pursuit seemed ignoble. I threw down my pebbles and scaled the steep outposts of another domain.

In a word, I began to study Geology. Physiognomic, Lithological, Historical, Palæontological and Dynamic Geology, in turn occupied my attention, and at the end of a year I could discourse as learnedly as you please on the "Northeasterly trend as shown in New Zealand," "the azoic and metamorphic rocks," the foraminifora, echinoderms and trilobites; was well posted on the Oneida conglomerate, and was prepared to prove anything required, with a stuffed "gar pike" presented to me by a friend. I doated on scientific appellations, and recollect the astonishment of an eating house waiter, once, when I asked for "lamelli-

brachiata." "He means a couple of 'raws,'" explained my friend to the bewildered darkey. I was continually talking about the Devonian age, the Triassic period, or the age of Mammals; nor could I sustain a conversation, unless my favorite subject was in some way introduced. How shocked I once was, when a young lady who was represented as being very accomplished, and who, I supposed, would of course understand me, to my making a few enthusiastic remarks upon the "baculites," and "belemnites," and "amonites" which occurred in the Cretaceous period, replied 'after all, her favorites were the pre-Raphaelites of the following century!

This was at one of my first attempts at going into society; in fact, it was my "coming out," nor did I stay "out" long, for soon after, I went on a pic-nic, and being very much fascinated with the fair Miss Crinoline, I wandered off with her, picking flowers and collecting minerals. Presently I found something which I thought would please her, so coming towards her, holding it confined between my hands, I offered to show her a "beautiful batrachian." Eagerly she leaned over to see it, letting fall her silken curls upon my hand with a gentle touch which sent a thrill through a frame unused to such things. I carefully lifted the upper hand, that she might look in, when instantly out hopped a toad full in her face. Loth to lose it, I made a dive for it, but it leaped away into the bushes, and I, turning back, saw Miss Crinoline had fainted. Immediately I ran to the brook for water and dashing it in her face spoiled her new bonnet. Presently she was partially restored. I supported her, moody and sulky, back to the omnibus, where she spent the rest of the day complaining of a severe headache. She never recognized me after that.

I had "come out." These two incidents drove me "in" again, where I have since always stayed.

After Geology, I took up Astronomy. I had groveled upon this earth long enough. My mind now aspired after higher things; so off I went, carried like Bedreddin on the wings of the dark-browed geni—this demon of curiosity, or call it love of knowledge, if you will—flitting about among the heavenly bodies, coolly calculating their distance, density and mass, as if they were so many lots of land I thought of purchasing.

The effect upon my mind was most disastrous. Whatever spark of poetry had been left in my bosom was now effectually quenched, and with the feeble staff of reason I was left to grope my way along, feeling the ground carefully step by step. Hitherto I had robbed the

earth of its beauty and grandeur, it is true; but still at evening there overhung the dark blue vault of heaven, spangled with golden stars, looking down upon me with a mild radiance, which beaming into my soul, lifted and expanded it as a flower the storm has beaten down into the mud, raises its face and smiles at the sun breaking through the clouds.

But now, vain mortal that I was, what had I done? Climbed to the stars themselves and stared at them till they hid their light from me as unworthy of it. One by one these glorious lamps of heaven went out, and in their place hung black gloomy masses of rocks and earth, covered with salt plains, craters of extinct volcanoes, and sunken beds of former seas, subject to laws which rolled them ceaselessly round a great central luminary upon which even the desecrating hand of science had left huge stains. Where before bright-eyed laughing Venus had thrown her soft glances from the sky, I now beheld naught but the feeble twinkle of an inferior planet. Even warlike Mars, beneath the searching gaze of my telescope, meekly dwindled into a speckled mass of matter but one-half as large as the globe on which I stood. pale Moon, too, I found was an arrant hypocrite, creeping out by night with stealthy footsteps, following to steal the light of the Sun, and frowning darkly whenever the Earth innocently intercepted her. pole star which had often guided me in my wanderings, now adorned the tip of the Little Bear's tail. The bright Arcturus—that classic star-was but the golden knee-buckle of the drunken herdsman Bootes, Canis Major held the brilliant Sirius in his mouth, growling fiercely whenever I attempted to rescue it, and the "sweet Pleiades," the "seven sisters," now transformed into a swarm of gadfiles, settled down upon the neck of the raging bull. These changes I could not bear at first, for besides the loss of my former joys, no new ones arose to take their Petulantly I exclaimed-

"These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit in their shining nights,
Than those who walk and wot not what they are."

But time, as he had often done before, altered my disposition, and soon I was making rapid progress through the celestial spheres, knocking right and left ancient traditions and legends, and stripping the blue dome of heaven of all the drapery of association with which a classic taste had adorned it.

Another step. I had risen from the Earth to the Heavens, I would

ì

rise higher yet and master the mind. Here a new trouble, for not a book could I take up, on the subject of Mental Philosophy, without finding it composed for the most part of "Hobbs's theory refuted," "Reid's doctrine disproved," "Hume confuted," "Fallacy of Adam Smith," &c., &c. Each book differed from the others only in that its author was not "refuted." Thinking that the truth of the matter could be arrived at if all were read, I undertook the task, but concluded it in a state of still greater indecision than before.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Occasionally, however, I struck upon a few interesting questions, such as "How does a man know that he knows that he knows what he knows?" "How can a person deprived of a leg feel a pain in the toe of that leg?" "How much volition does a tight-rope dancer exercise?" "What will be the result if an irresistible body impinge upon an immovable body?" "Will an ass starve to death when placed between two equally attractive bundles of hay?" "Can a chimera ruminating in a vacuum devour second intentions?" Interested somewhat in these, and feeling a strong repugnance to being designated as one of the 'vulgar,' before long I worked myself into a love of the science, and became as involved in such discussions as any other philosopher.

But I cannot crowd the details of a lifetime into a few pages. Time would fail were I to descend to mathematical or philological particulars, or to tell of my labors in logic and rhetoric,—now floored by an "illicit process of the major," now working over the "ignoratio elenchi," now involved in the true dilemma and again wandering through the devious mazes of "BArbArA, cElArEnt, dArII fErIOque prioris." Nor yet, had I the time, would regard for your feelings permit me to dilate upon my anatomical struggles, how at the first lecture I accidentally entered the wrong door and found them boiling a dead negro in a huge cauldron to remove the flesh from his bones; or of the various delightful dreams I endured about those times. But I persevered and now I can sew a gash, probe a wound, or saw a bone as coolly as I can carve at the dinner table.

Thus much for the past. Do you wish to know of the present? Alas! 'tis but a confession of weakness? What have I learned from mental philosophy but that Berkeley does not believe in matter, or Locke in mind, or Hume in morals? Of what advantage is it to be posted in Political Economy when in Domestic I am cheated every day by "the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker?" Or to be versed in the science of Government, if gray-haired politicians are to tell me that on

the plainest points I am "laboring under a strange delusion?" What have I gained from astronomy but a neck twisted from constant stargazing? What from geology but a racking cough caught while trying some glazier experiments? What from the study of anatomy but to know where my muscles ought to be? Of what use is it for me to know that "life was sparse in the Chemung period," when heaven knows I have scarce enough to hold my bones together? Of what consolation to such a shaky mortal as I to know the pedigree of Hercules? What gain to conquer every 'ism' but rheumatism, every 'ology' but the Partingtonian "neur-ology?" What pleasure to enumerate the treasures of Croesus when "who steals my purse steals trash?" Or to be fully acquainted with the laws of light, when my eyes are shaded from its feeblest rays? Or, last, not least, to know that Socrates also had kis Xanthippe? Most truly says Lord Bacon, "Certainly, wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity."

Edmund Burke once said that his own life might be best divided into "fyttes" or "manias;" that his life began with a fit poetical, followed by a fit metaphysical, and that again by a fit rhetorical; that he once had a mania for statesmanship, and that this again had subsided into the mania of philosophical seclusion. Had I not so great an authority as this I should reproach myself with having passed a fickle life, for, as a boy when "running the ice," skips from cake to cake, now jumping upon a large piece and catching his breath, and then off to a smaller one which floats just long enough for him to spring to another, and another; so I have gone on, jumping from science to science, staying on each till I felt it yielding under the pressure of my mind, and then off for another and still another, driven constantly by the insatiate thirst for learning, farther and farther out in the boundless sea of knowledge. And now here I am. The last cake of ice has yielded, and I have sprung upon a small sandbank which barely affords me a standing place. Back of me, far in the distance, lie the shores of my childhood, lit up by the golden rays of the setting sun, between them and myself a wild waste of floating ice, with here and there a rash mortal leaping on over the same chilly path I have traversed, ambitious to overtake Before me surges the cold, dark ocean of Mystery, overhung with gloomy clouds which I cannot penetrate. To return is impossible. My strength is exhausted. The tide is rising fast and soon I shall be swept away to make room for the next one who reaches this dreary spot to die"Tell, if you can, what is it to be wise?
"Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults and feel your own;
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second or without a judge,
Truth would you teach, or save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you and few understand.
Painful preëminence, yourself to view
Above life's weakness and its comforts too!"

E. F. B.

Place de la Concorde.

PLACE de la Concorde! on this starry night, My heart goes wandering o'er the stormy sea, And touched by memories beautiful and bright, It lingers, fair enchanted spot, with thee.

I hear again thy fountain's silver play,
I see the Champs Elyseés from afar,
Where through the swaying boughs, each ruddy ray
Gleams through the long blue distance like a star.

I see along the dark and sluggish Seine,
The gliding boats flash out with sparkling prow.
The cafes smile with light and flowers again,
And summer nights, o'er all their magic throw.

I see the gardens gleaming far away,
Their sylvan avenues, where strolls the crowd;
The dark Tuilleries, touched by moonlight ray,
Triumphal arch, and dome, and palace proud.

And through the moonlight lonely, dark and grand,
I mark old Luxor's obelisk arise,
The mute memento of an Orient land,
Looming still proudly 'gainst these colder skies.

It is a spot wherein the mighty Past
Links with the Present, and our lips are dumb,
For old time memories thronging round us, cast
Their shades, predicting storms which yet shall come.

Ah! through these avenues of misty light,
Are there not some, who think of years ago,

And see, like me, across the vista bright,

Dark spectral shadows, flitting to and fro f

See Marié Antoinette, the fair young queen,
Who through reviling crowds, still regal, came,
Or Charlotte Corday with the guillotine,
Give to the ages her undying fame.

Or see the mingled flash of flame and sword
The thronging multitude, with frantic cries,
The tragic spot, where blood, like water, poured,
Made royalty a nation's sacrifice.

I would not now recall such scenes; too fair
The hour, the spot, for memories like these,
The balmy sweetness of this summer air
Should soothe my heart like woodland melodies.

Place de la Concordel rather let me keep
My dreams of thee, as when I saw thee last;
Let the wild sounds of fierce insurgents' sleep,
And blessed Peace close o'er the stormy Past,

B. G. E.

hppocrisp.

The world's all title-page—there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities and scorn'd.

Young.

HYPOCRIST was fashionable, it seems, in the days of Dr. Young. It certainly is in ours. Naturally enough, it has always been a favorite vice. It is most admirably adapted to popularity, and of all the social errors which have withstood the progress of Truth so stubbornly, it has been, perhaps, the most successful. In fact, it is from civilization that it actually borrows many of its most persuasive arts. It requires but little progress in intellect to be a thief, a profligate, a liar even; but, to clothe all these characters in the guise of honesty, is an accomplishment reserved for consummate genius. The scripture phrase, "as wise as serpents," expresses this truth to a nicety; for the Serpent is the wilest as well as wisest of the beasts; and so among our human species, exquisite

knavery is but a synonym for wisdom. We see civilized and uneducated hypocrisy pitted against each other in the struggle of the simple Incas with their foreign foes; and how the awkward craftiness of the former proved no match for the refined duplicity of the enlightened and Christian Spaniard. We hold, therefore, that hypocrisy is one of the polite arts.

But it is, undoubtedly, also a vice; and as no vice in its natural, naked character could be fashionable, or of consequence successful in such an age as ours, the perfection of the art of hypocrisy consists in its most effectual concealment. We are not surprised, therefore, that we really see so little of it. But it none the less exists. The self-same practised and calculating fashionableness which affects a holy horror of its palpable forms, flatters it in secret and with a ready ingenuity invents for it still more effectual disguises. Let us try to spy it out under some of its manifold forms. We have no limited field of research. It reaches deep as human thought—it embraces every phase of human life. There is a cynical spirit among us which sees no progress toward the good-which is always carping at the present and canonizing the past. Such is not our spirit or our faith. We believe that humanity is advancing, that the world is being filled with wiser and better men; but in respect to this individual vice we are persuaded that progress has been more in the way of refinement than of eradication. Indeed we are always liable to mistake the grossness and vulgarity of a sin for the sinful principle itself. Whatever does not offend a nice propriety is quite likely to be accepted as a virtue. However this may be, this, as we have said, is one of those insidious vices which civilization has failed to comprehend in the general wreck of great and flaring abuses. Like some subtle essence, working unseen and silently beneath the surface, it has insinuated itself throughout society. The fact of its universality is as assured as its adaptation to universal existence is complete. Can we doubt it? Who does not know that of all human faculties the rarest and most coveted is that of interpreting from men's actions their real character and motives? If men really were what they seem, of course the simplest mind could never be deceived. The nice precautions, also, which we everywhere remember in dealing with each other, point plainly to the same great fact. You cannot doubt it; at least you cannot practically disbelieve it-else you may know in your own experience the sad feeling of the poet:

> Man's faith is but a shadow Too late, too late, I find, 'Tis but a breath, a vapor That's scattered by the wind.



By far the most common of the abettors of hypocrisy is tyrant custom. Hence come the forms under which it works itself into the affairs of common life, occupying every department of profesional and business enterprise, and vitiating every variety of social habits and every kind of social intercourse. We may adduce a few homely illustrations. Hypocrisy tempts the producer to alloy the products which he represents as pure and genuine, and teaches him to call it customary. It encourages the petty retailer to vaunt his little stock as "the largest and most select assortment ever offered to the public;" or to predicate of his meagre patronage such extravagancies as "unparalleled success," "the rush undiminished," "quick sales and small profits!" It emboldens the half-starved manufacturer to thrust his flaming advertisement for "a thousand able-bodied operatives," into the very face of staring bankruptcy. All this is the work of hypocrisy, but is fathered upon custom. It does business under an assumed name.

The profession of the law, in spite of the great hearts and intellects that adorn it, has become in some sense a by-word among us. And why! It is because hypocrisy has crept in and dared to confront even honesty and justice. It has become customary for men to speak

To every cause, and things mere contraries Till they are house again, yet all be law.

And so they have forgotten that they are inconsistent. In short, business honesty in its purity and strictness has been abandoned for the present, save by the few who can afford to set custom at defiance; and but too often do we hear it said, "he was too konest to succeed, a man must use his shrewdness now-a-days."

But the customs which we may more strictly call social, customs which regulate social manners and intercourse, are still more generally subservient to this monster vice. The disguises which custom supplies to it here are wretchedly flimsey and transparent—just deep enough to hide it from those who are willing to be blind. Under all this show of refined, nay, exquisite politeness, there runs a current, deep and strong, of heartless insincerity. We make great parade of social feeling and back up the deception by brilliant gatherings and sumptuous entertainments, but of how many who profess to enjoy them, may it be said with reason, "they are liars and the truth is not in them!" In fine, politeness—pre-eminently a quality of the heart—is reduced to a rigid system, and practiced with the accuracy of mechanical law. How much more of earnest human feeling was there in the simple "good-morrow,

friend," with which the stern old Puritan was used to meet a stranger, than in the ardent profession of regard required by the custom of our day. Not to venture farther upon a topic which has invited the keen humor and earnest eloquence of such reformers as Dickens, Thackeray and Curtis, this single glance, we think, will have served to remind us how successfully hypocrisy, in the garb of usage, preys upon the integrity of business life and social character.

Next to custom, perhaps, the most common disguise of hypocrisy, is expediency. In following out the laws of policy—in striving for what they believe some valuable end, men often forget the simple rules of honesty and justice. Yet few will candidly confess an error, but with instinctive self-justification attempt to make the worse appear the better. Thus, alas! how inevitably, expediency brings us to hypocrisy. It is chiefly through this secret channel that it works itself into public, as through custom, into social life. Like the leaven hidden in the mass, it works the better for its secresy, permeating with a subtle influence every branch of national, municipal, we had almost said judicial business. Too many of our public men—men of acknowledged power—like Belial, seem

For dignity composed, and high exploit, Yet all is false and hollow.

"Aliud clausum in pectore, aliud in lingua promptum habere," is a prominent and respectable principle in politics. Like the bodiless forms of pestilence and famine, corruption from a thousand sources creeps in upon us, even where everything looked fair and calm, and it is hypocrisy which covers its insidious progress and lulls men into a careless feeling of security.

The only other of the particular disguises we need to mention, is plausibility. It is under this seductive form that it insinuates itself into the church and does battle most successfully with conscience. Alas! that it is so; there are but too many "who practice falsehood under saintly show." Much as we respect, nay, even revere a sincere, consistent, earnest Christian character, we are yet far from regarding this as infallibly attested by a public profession of repentance and faith. We hold that a man cannot be judged or judge himself by the simple fact that he is within the pale of the congregation. In a matter of such infinite moment, and yet so manifold embarrassments as the eternal welfare of the soul, one is easily persuaded that the change which he desires has actually become a quickening influence in his inmost lifeto apt to take the plausible form which he observes as a sincere expression.

sion of a vital principle within, and too apt, moreover, to fall short in charity for the weaknesses of those whose lives, without such earnest professions, are perhaps informed with as much of the spirit of true godliness. The story of the pharisee and publican, was no fable. We have both among us now.

We say we cannot judge a man by what he seems to be. Much that is plausible is not genuine. We would follow him from his closet and his knees to the great test of daily life. We would see if he endure the thousand little ills and vexations which make up a day of common experience; more meekness and patience than another who pretends to nothing beyond a fair morality. Whether his charity is satisfied with the opportunities it finds upon the thoroughfare, where men may look upon it, or turn aside to minister to those also, whose sorrows visit them in secret—if he meet wrath and reproveth with a "soft answer;" if in those trifling matters whose delicate shading relieves the rough tracery of toil and care and disappointment, that sensitive propriety which can hope for no reward but its own approval, tempers his daily walk and conversation. Ah! we should find spurious as well as genuine, even among those who make much show of carrying the cross. The deeds of many a man speak loudly of charity, benevolence, self-denial, when if you could interrogate the heart, the only answer would be pride, selfinterest, ambition! While we gladly reverence the good and true, we cannot be blind to the many who seem only to discourage the feeble in virtue by their own weakness, who promise but do not,

"Making true the saying odd,
Near the Church, but far from God."

We can hardly more than allude to its general effect upon individual and social character. It tends to dwarf the mind, for truth is the sole object and one great source of intellect. But hypocrisy is the perfection of falsehood, and can have no kin to truth. It assails the morals by destroying self-respect; for how must be despise his own meanness whose soul is but a bitter mockery of his life. It makes a man a miserable coward. He always fears himself, lest his own treachery betray him, and suspects his neighbor, knowing too well how a fair appearance may conceal a treacherous intent. How quickly sympathy and every generous emotion would die out in such a soil; how easily would selfishness and a false honor flourish! Such are some of the obvious fruits of hypocrisy. Yet, in its milder forms few, very few, avoid it. A purely honest life is in the highest sense heroic.

The Ontlook.

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracks that please us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow."

My dream of life is closing. The hazy, mellow light, through which all things assume fantastic and beautiful shapes, passes off, and the "cold white light of morning" streams over me and heralds the mounting light of Life's sun. As the spells wear off, and my dreams melt into the realities of existence, the singing voices of myriad legions, steadily fighting the battles—the joyousness of earnest and ardent hopes—the stifled groans of yielding despair—the confused voices of conflicting passion—the distinct and heavy tread of Civilization marching on to its conquests, sound loudly in my ears.

From my high retreat, abstracted from all participation in these varied movements, and looking at them only through the medium of books and newspapers, I find myself impelled by their necessity to descend into the arena, where my opinions and endeavors, in a small way, must become active forces.

Life in College, and Life beyond it, does it not resemble Life on a "three decker?" She sails on a careless course over the boundless solitude, steadied on upright keel. The blue vault above tainted with no clouds, and the slender trucks carving strange hieroglyphics in the sky. The idle mariners hang idly over the prow, and watch the arrowy light of the dolphins' trail—the silver flash from the wings of startled and tiny flying fish. They dreamily bend over the stern and count the phosphorescent sparks wake, or face the stainless planks, in the solemn night watches, and listen to the faint hum from the main deck. They look out on the ocean, immeasurable and mystic, quivering like a burnished emerald, and trace the shafts of pale light flowing down from the "Heaven's moon" to the "Ocean's moon"—and the deep tranquillity is broken only by occasional gales.

Yet this is not the only phase of life they lead. Succeeding it is the sharp roll of the drums that beat to quarters—and the ghastly array of surgeons' instruments—the unsheathing of boarders' weapons—the shot from the heavy guns gleaming and burning over the waters—the hoarse cries of command and the shrieks of dying men, scarcely lost in the roa-

of the cannon—the bloody tide, gathered from sandy though slippery decks, spouting from the scuppers, and the rapid recoil from the broadsides, which shake the great ship from kelson to truck. Yet though the life of the mariner be of alternate rest and endeavor, they who go forth from these College walls will find no respite from their appointed tasks.

In a few weeks one hundred men will stand face to face with the world, gathered together from every section of this great Republic, and representing the customs, usages, and temperaments peculiar to an hundred different localities-after acting and being reacted upon for four years, they separate forever. I often meditate in this drama of College life, whereof the actors in the first part are boys, and in the last, as the curtain drops, are men. From these halls of song and revel and study, they move out to join the grand pageantry of civilization, in whose ranks they must enlist, whose banners they may perhaps carry to taste the sorrows they knew of, only as painted by their favorite poets, to meet the rank offenses, whose odor reaches them faintly in their seclusion—to grapple with ambitious men staking all on the die -to study and solve problems in law, and evenly balance the scale of justice—to match the ebbing tide of life, and mitigate the strong agonies of dying men, whose watch of life has run down ere they were readyto stand on the lofty battlements of Zion, and head the never ending, still beginning fight with evil.

I sometimes smile at the intense enthusiasm of those around me. The black look of experience, with tales, and records, and facts thickly strewn over its pages, whose base significance I dare not mention,—I know they have not read. Perhaps it is well they should not, for some I shall recognize their handwriting there, and in the unsteady lines find it a little tremulous—the sorrows of Werter, nothing more.

There is a quiet pleasure in tracing out, as imaginary lines, the destiny of each man with whom you are acquainted. Yet often ending in wilder speculations, and start the train of possibilities, rather than probabilities. Imagination grandly whirls the former car like the starward bound zerial coursers, far into space and time, and finally rests it on summits of fame to which it is even gross presumption to aspire, and arrant folly to ever dream of reaching. Amazed at the wildness of my fancy, I turn to the humbler car of probabilities. The lame drag-horses of experience pull it slowly along over the coarse flinty pavement of stern fact, at times up the rising ground of success, yet often down the sinking road of failure, until it finally rests on the unambitious top of one

of the thousand hills of respectability—a horizon around it with no attribute of vastness.

Proud and wild were we as we entered the gates of Alma Mater, when they swung back on golden hinges to admit the ambitious candidates. Life and knowledge, and the problems of human existence, were veiled in mystery. Grand and solemn it is to me, that ere we leave, we have reached the springs of human actions—have been led through the walls of divine philosophy, and discovered treasures richer than the Spanish galleons ever bore.*

In years that have not yet been measured in the thread of time, I will return to this place, and, if perchance the old buildings still resist the touch of time, and stately halls in grand and imposing array—all dedicated forever to the cause of learning—do not rest massively in the foundation of the present humbler tenements—I will wander through the corridors—spring up the well-worn stair ways, and face the room we once did occupy, and see in the future what we saw in the past:

"Another name was on the door,
I lingered; all within was noise,
Of songs, and clapping hands and boys,
That crashed the glass, and beat the floor."

I will wander, as long before, over the green turf of this campus,—see the idlers carelessly stretched on the lawns, and listen to the clear strains that spring out of hearty breasts,—strains that rise up to meet the mystic sounds, which the majestic elms murmur, as the gentle winds from over the sea change them to wind-harps. The awelling Gaudeamus—the more lightsome notes of Litoria—the sadder tones of Alma Mater, now go into my heart and lose themselves among the creations of fancy. I will not forget them. In other scenes fragments of them shall live in my memory, and be held there with all the tenscity with which the amber-like sea-shell retains the music of the deep, when carried to the sanded desert. And I will walk by the margin of the bay, and watch the swift motions of the boats, frail as the cockle-shell,—and catch "the measured pulse of beating oars"—or follow them as they recede or draw near on the bosom of the ebbing and flowing tide. Those were hours condensed with movements, when, as we



^{*} And hereafter, if from those I know now, there will be one, who shall strike a gallant blow for humanity, or shall lighten the burden of its woes, with joyous satisfaction, I will say to my friends, "I saw the training of that arm. Four years I scanned the light of that eye, flashing with good will to man."

copied the "shiver-my-timbers" swagger, and tried to look the sailor, we placed fair forms—the "celestial poultry" of New Haven—in the stern sheets, and the oars bent by the weight of our cargo; it is "invoiced on my memory now."

Often I speculate on the changes of College friendship. Fainter and fainter will the image of each classmate grow, by the scarcely conscious attrition of other faces, and fresh circumstances, as the track of the traveler embedded in the barren waste of the desert, loses its form, and, finally its semblance is extinguished by the winds that take up the dusty mould atom by atom. The forms, the faces that we meet each day in social life, will lose their preëminence in our thoughts, and in years yet in the womb of time, we shall say that have been. Yet ere they leave, and before they are scattered over the surface of this vast Republic, and even in lands beyond the seas, and they abandon forever these classic shades of retirement and rest, I will earnestly pray that their course may be upward, upward, like the eagle's flight.

. W. N. A.

Charity.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree, But all mankind's concerned in Charity; All must be false that thwart this one great end; And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

Pors.

The infelicities of human nature seem to prevent the constant exhibition of any one of its virtues. As a stream is sometimes broad and sunny, and then scarcely visible in the narrow, shaded channel, and anon lost beneath the surface, so as a general truth, flows the current of each human excellence. In one department of life it shines out with a gladdening radiance: in another its light and beauty are gone, and perchance the gloom of some ignoble passion is resting there. This is especially true of charity, a virtue which gathers into itself the essence of most of the lovable traits of our nature. Many men, generous enough in material things, are yet strangers to that higher generosity in spiritual things. With willing hands they supply the needs of the way-worn and destitute, but have no charity for a fellow traveler on life's journey, who, in this mysterious pathway, sees not as they see, nor hears the same harmony,

or discord. Thus it happens that what is benevolence, when applied to man's physical wants, becomes uncharitableness, when transferred to the necessities of his soul. But such an interception of this virtue is not inevitable. It may be so cherished as to extend through all the life, giving a generous, manly tone to the whole character.

The opposite of this virtue is not found in the highest type of manhood. That nobility with which we always invest our ideal man is wide as the poles from the spirit of the bigot. Men cease to be manly in proportion as they permit their lives to be swayed by prejudice. Yet many do this. We meet them in all the walks of life. But such characters are more conspicuous among ultra radicals or stubborn conservatives. In the first class the uncharitable, as a general thing, are those who readily embrace, but do not originate the system of reform. They are, in their own judgment, of extraordinary foresight and comprehension. But in fact, their mental calibres will not admit even one complete sound idea, to say nothing of that "commune vineulum" which ought never to be overlooked. Flushed with that joy which a new thought usually imparts to such minds, and hopeful of the immediate modification of social ills, they are, at first, enthusiastic and vociferous, like noisy brooks which are brawling in proportion to their shallowness. But as the old staid world remains seemingly unaffected, eager hope is succeeded by disappointment. They grow bitter and vituperate. "All men are liars," say they-and

"O! judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

They forget that very good injunction, "soft words, but hard arguments."

Far better for the manhood of such men to be in error with a magnanimous heart than to hold the truth in misanthropy.

Examples of the second class are more marked. Many of them are men of political and ecclesiastical life. They are the self-appointed conservators of the public weal, and, of course, spare no effort to stay the incoming tide of innovations. With their pens they conditionally dismember society, and scatter truth and justice to the winds. But oft and again as "humanity sweeps onward," are those conditions met; still the consequences predicted do not follow. Yet, despite the false prophecy, their bitterness constantly increases.

They anathematize all who wish, in any way, to dispense with party leading-strings. For, with them, forms and creeds are of the highest

importance. The words of the Apostle are reversed, and they assert that the spirit killeth but the letter giveth life. If called to "contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," they do it in a manner which unmistakably proves their active membership in the Church militant. In the discussion of abstruse principles the wants of the individual soul are forgotten. What had given promise of a true man, under this regime has developed nothing but a miserable polemics. Surely such men are to be pitied. The state of mind which they manifest should be regarded as one of the most afflictive dispensations of an inscrutable Providence, and in reference to such a perversion of manhood, were the Saviour and men now upon the earth, doubtless many would ask, "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was thus born!"

Objectively considered there are numerous reasons for the constant exercise of a charitable disposition. Many of the questions which agitate mankind, and in relation to which the bitterest opinions are the results of their own free choice, the inference is, that they are not without foundation. It is quite unnatural for men under no restraint, to put their faith in a mere tissue of myths and lies, especially when their own interests and those of society are concerned. And moreover, if, as asserted, "there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth," then, certainly, under all circumstances, charity is demanded by justice to the extent of the truth, while a generous heart will be still more liberal.

But magnanimity is truly an essential, would we gain over those who differ from us. Sneers are poorly calculated to convict and persuade. For the insinuation that men are dupes and fools can create only a worthy indignation and a stronger tenacity of belief.

The controversies of two centuries ago were characterized more or less by arrogance and bitterness. But whatever of potence this spirit may have had in those times, it is certainly powerless for good in these better days. Now "Gently to hear, kindly to judge," is a dictate of policy, as well as the prompting of a noble heart, and whoever would mould men's minds to his own must so hear, so "judge."

But when regarded subjectively this virtue appears especially desirable. For upon its growth is conditioned the activity of cognate attributes, which are the real ornaments of character. When the spirit of charity is vital in the heart, the lesser virtues are drawn up by a "sweet compulsion" to range with it. It requires no nice analysis of ourseleves to convince us, that much of our inspiration to be and to do is derived from

inward promptings, which we can hardly define. Emotions, impulses, transient affections, and some of these, perchance, too delicate to be embodied in rugged words, do in a great measure control us. And this is right, for these will develop into noble principles. Yet are they now tender plants in need of care and culture. Nothing will so much hasten their growth as the genial sunlight of charity. For love to men, as an abstract principle, is beneficent still. Withdraw this, and selfishness and meanness spring up in the heart, poisonous plants, under whose deadly shade no fair and beautiful things will grow. Above all others, happy is the man who lives in the spirit of this virtue. He is growing in harmony with all that is good and true, and living to

"make life, death, and that vast forever, One grand sweet song."

It is a strange anomaly, that among the liberally educated, are found the most illiberal men in the world. This fact may be accounted for, in a great measure, on the reasonable supposition, that the education was simply nominal. There was no real development of the mind as a whole. And so, we see men, who have passed through a collegiate course, and formally at last, engaged in all its liberalizing pursuits, having less generosity of thought than the most illiterate. In their case, whatever of knowledge was acquired, only served to intensify some narrow prejudice of early life. And herein we see the truth of that comparison, recently brought before the public, which likens the mind of the bigot to the pupil of the eye, which contracts the more, the more light is poured upon it. But this certainly seems like an abnormal state of things. Study should make us generous in our views, should nullify our prepossessions, should enlarge the heart while it expands the mind. And for men thus developed the age in which we live calls. Scholarship is by no means to be underrated; but more than ever before, to be a potential agent, must be united with

"The larger heart, the kindler hand."

With this union it is emphatically true that knowledge is power. As a good motto for scholars, or for any class of men who would be strong for the right, perhaps none is better than this, In necessariis, unitas; in non necessariis, libertas; in utrisque, charitas.

The Pale Navy.

THE boating interest at Yale dates from the purchase of the following:—William J. Weeks of '44, purchased a second-hand four-oared Whitehall boat, nineteen feet long and four feet beam, built March, 1837, by Messrs. De La Montagnie & Son, New York, which arrived in New Haven May 24, 1843.

Henry W. Buel, John W. Dulles, John McLoud, Virgil M. D. Marcy, John P. Marshall, William Smith and Weeks, who was chosen captain subsequently, formed a club, and called the boat the Pioneer. On the 14th of June following they hoisted thier flag, inscribed "Pioneer, Yale, No. 1." In this boat her crew made various pleasant excursions, among which we may mention that about the middle of June, 1844, they started early one fine morning and rowed over to Long Island, touching opposite Wading River, thence coasted westward, and after a brief stop at Miller's Place, entered the harbor of Mount Sinai, and spent the night. The next morning they returned, but not without being somewhat imperiled off the mouth of the harbor, the Sound having become quite rough from a fresh northerly breeze which had sprung up. On the 12th of August, 1844, the Pioneer was sold to Charles Jones, whose father then kept the toll-bridge, by whom she was let for several subsequent years, until she was wrecked at her moorings under the bridge, in a severe storm.

June 20, 1843, Edwin A. Bulkley of '44, bought a four-cared nineteen foot Whitehall boat, nearly new, built by Messra. De La Montagnie & Son, in New York. That boating was comparatively unexpensive in those days one may see from the bill of sale, which runs thus:

1 Boat, 19 feet,	•	•	•	•	•	. (30.00
Oars, boat-hook,	painter,	yoke,	&c.	•	•	•	8.25

\$38.25

She was named the Nautilus, and after a little use was handsomely painted and cushioned by the liberality of Henry P. Duncan, who, for a time, was nominally captain. With him and Bulkley were associated, during the summers of '43 and '44, Captain Henry C. Birdseye, Jas. S. Bush, Henry Byne, Chas. H. Meeker, Howard Smith and Hannibal Stanley. This boat was sold, about the time of their graduation, to Brooks & Thatcher.

About the same time the Iris appeared, another four-oared, nineteen foot Whitehall boat, (doubtless built by the same firm, since they were the builders of nearly all the boats for Whitehall at that time,) the names of whose crew and the fate of which are unknown. In May, 1843, Josiah B. Crowell, of '45, of Perth Amboy, N. J., bought of George H. Russ a cance club boat, which he built on the Susquehannah, seven miles from Binghampton, two or three years before. This boat was of a decidedly primitive style of naval architecture-forty-two feet long and twenty-four inches beam, rather crank! pulled eight oars, and cost about \$45. She was a "dug-out," made, of course, from a single tree, and from her length and the number of her creepers soon received the undignified name of "Centiped;" tradition hands down no other. From Perth Amboy she was towed to New York, and shipped thence to New Haven by steamer. The steamboat captain, on the delivery of the boat, remarked concerning her safety, "it will drown some of you,"-a prediction which happily is yet to be verified, though it had nearly been so on one occasion, for one ordinary summer afternoon the canoe was caught in a squall and very narrowly escaped wreck on the Lighthouse rocks. The Centiped was owned by a club of fifteen or sixteen members of the class of '45, among whom were Captain Josiah B. Crowell, J. S. Bacon, William B. Bibbins, Daniel Chadwick, C. C. Esty, John A. Harding, G. D. Harrington, A. P. Hyde, Thomas Kennedy and William T. Reynolds. She was sold by Messrs. Brooks & Thatcher, May 29, 1845, for the club, for \$5, to an oysterman, who cut her in two lengthwise, pieced her, increasing her breadth of beam! She rowed but one race of which we have any record, and that was for a bet, or a prize, which she won, against the Nautilus of '44. The Nautilus crew labored under a disadvantage certainly, inasmuch as the Centipeds had strapped a huge rock to the keel of the Nautilus the night before; but they would have won the more honor thus had they beaten. Evidently students were trickish then.

May 29th, 1844, the Excelsior, thirty feet, six oars, was launched by Brooks & Thatcher. She was built for '47, and subsequently owned by '48, '50, and '52, and was bought by '53 in the summer of 1850. She was the first race boat built for Yale, and though a pretty fast boat, was yet not after a true racing model, since she was too staunch and solid, it being thought then that all boats must be so to withstand the swell in our waters. Says a member, "Her crew were mostly strong and good oarsmen, and more than once pulled on a race, at a steady pull, from Sachem's Head to the wharf at New Haven. It was the class

of '47, with the Excelsior, that gave the first impetus to racing and good boat-building at Yale." In the last week of April, 1852, she came to an untimely end by sawing herself in two against the wharf, under the immediate supervision of the enterprising Mr. Riker, who stood by and neglected to cast off her stern line and save her. The boats used then to be moored with bow and stern lines, having, as now, no "tender;" but not long after they came to use only one line, and the Atalanta Club first procured a small skiff which they called the "Leviathan!" About this time the interest in boating seems to have received a check, as we find in a letter from a resident graduate to Mr. Weeks of '44, dated July 16th, 1845: "The spirit of boating seems to have departed with the enterprising soul that called it into activity."

In 1847 the Shawmut, an eight-oared, thirty-eight foot boat, built near Boston in June, 1842, for an infantry company, was bought by '48, and in the summer of 1848 was sold to '51, from whose hands she passed, in the summer of 1851, into those of '53. This boat, (whose backboard is now in our possession,) was very heavy, elegantly finished when new, and was quite expensive for those days. She was a very peculiarly-shaped boat, differing from the Osceola and Augusta in that the sides were more cance-shaped, while those of the Osceola and Augusta were flaring. She had stern sheets for six passengers, and her captain's seat, which was situated of necessity at the extreme stern of the boat, was elevated above the gunnel so that the captain could easily look over the heads of the crew, though his situation, in a heavy sea, was very precarious. During an equinoctial storm, just before the close of the summer vacation of 1852, the Shawmut broke loose and went over to Long Island. She survived the storm with but little injury, and was beached by some fishermen living near by, and there remained until she rotted. Her oars, boat-hooks, cushions, &c., were afterwards sold, and with the proceeds the club purchased a very handsome gold case and pen, and in the spring of 1858 presented it to Richard Waite, their captain for two years. The case was inscribed, "The Shawmut Boat Club of 1853 to their Captain, Richard Waite."

The Osceola, eight oars, thirty-six feet, (two back-boards of which are now in our possession,) was built in February, 1838, by Messrs. De la Montagnie & Son, of New York, for a club there, and subsequently came into the possession of '48, at Yale. She was sold by them to an outsider, who re-sold her to '49, as a rival of the Augusta of the same class. We can only learn that in 1847 she was condemned and broken up.

The Augusta, (whose back-board we also have,) eight oars, thirty-eight feet, was built by De la Monagnie's Son, about 1837-1844, for New

Yorkers. She was clincher-built, of red cedar, with box-wood ribs, copper fastened, and cost when new, \$800, but was bought in 1845, by '49, for \$170, furnished, and was sold by them to '52, for a supper! Her commander in '49, F. St. John Lockwood, in a fit of enthusiasm, says, "We could best any boat then in the bay, or that has been since!"!

In 1849 or 1850 she was wrecked off Cranes' Bar in an attempt, one windy afternoon, to tow her and a load of straw down to Fort Hale, where her crew intended to offer her up as a burnt sacrifice to Neptune! Rumor says libations were poured, (not into the sea—we only know there was no Maine Law then.) The Augusta and Osceola were both very light, wide boats.

In 1846, the Phantom, 20 feet, once four oars and afterwards five, was built by Brooks & Thatcher for themselves. In 1851, she came into the possession of '53, who returned her to Messrs. Brooks & Thatcher in June, 1852, as part payment for the "Undine." The Phantom was resold the same season to a club in the Grammar School, who subsequently entered the class of '56, retaining possession of her. In 1853 Messrs-Brooks & Thatcher again bought her, and sold her to a vessel for a quarter boat. She was much used at various times for drilling land-lubbers, and will be remembered by many as the boat in which they learnt the rudiments of rowing. She must also be handed down to posterity as the first Commodore's "gig," and as the first boat that hoisted the Commodore's flag.

In May, 1851, the Atalanta barge, thirty feet, six oars, built by Newman of New York, took her place among us, then owned by '52, and since by '55, '58 and '61. Little need be said of her. She is the unquestioned exponent of the conservative element in our navy. Her seagoing qualities are unexceptionable, and aside from her bright associations, she will be revered by the lovers of the antique for obvious reasons. She tons rather too much, however, making it a trouble for the captain to get clearance papers from the port every time she goes down the harbor. N. B .-- I am informed that she commutes! Do not credit the report that she was modeled after one of her crew! She was built expressly for the ladies, and deserves our respect therefor. It has been our fortune to peruse a log kept by her secretary of '52, containing detailed accounts of her excursions with ladies, and from it one concludes she was a splendid investment for them. Nor in later times have her associations been less happy. The writer recalls with pleasure a certain excursion in her on a summer's afternoon with a friend or two. She will be recalled by many as a source of much enjoyment during their collegiste course.



In May, 1851, the Halcyon, a thirty-nine foot, eight-oared race boat, built in the spring of 1850 for the class of '51 of Harvard, was bought by '54 of Yale. At their graduation they thrust a boat-hook through her and cast her loose. She drifted over to the Fair Haven shore, opposite Riker's, where she was beached by some one, and lay until the summer of 1856, when the Atalanta Club recovered her by paying a salvage of \$10, got her repaired, and sold her to a new club in the class of '58, who took the name Wa-Wa. She was used for about a year, and was finally wrecked on the Fair Haven shore, in a storm, in August, 1857.

In June, 1852, the Undine barge, eight-oared, thirty feet, was built by Brooks & Thatcher for '53, who sold her the next year to '56, at an advanced price! In the summer of '56, she was sold to a few graduates of Yale, resident in Hartford, and removed thither.

In June, 1850, a thirty-foot, four-cared race boat, named the General Worth, was built for the Castle Garden Club of New York, by Darling, to run in a race during the Fair of that year of the American Institute, and in which four boats were entered. This boat gained the prize, and was in the following year taken by the same club, under the name of Zachary Taylor, to Savannah, where she won another race. In the fall of 1852 she was purchased by the Engineers at Yale, and named the Ariel. In 1853 she was sold to '56, in 1854 to the C. and C. Institute, in the spring of 1857 to '58, and in May, 1858, to the Grammar School of this city, who named her Katoonah. She was once a fast boat, but is now nearly worn out, though she won the sixth prize, a silk ensign, at the New London Regatta of July 6th, 1858.

In May, 1853, the Thulia, a thirty-foot, six-oared barge, was built by James of Brooklyn, for '54, and in 1853 won the annual race in our harbor. She has since passed into the hands of '56 and '59.

In June or July, 1853, the Nepenthe, four oars, thirty-five feet, was built by Newman of New York, for '55. Her career was brief. Late in the fall of 1854 she broke from her moorings during a severe storm, and drifted over to Long Island, where she was beached and left, near the house of Strong of '55, one of her crew.

Thus briefly we have sketched the antecedents of our Yale navy—until 1853 there had existed no organization.

The idea of perfecting an organization of the Yale boats originated with Richard Waite of '53, and was first embodied in June, 1853, by the adoption by the several boats of a constitution and the title of the "Yale Navy." This constitution was roughly drafted, a complete copy of it, with its amendments, &c., was never made, and it practically be-

came a dead letter in form, as the secretary never kept any reports, the time of the elections was changed, &c., though its spirit was carried out by the election for one year, in the same month, of the following general officers:—

Richard Waite, '53, Commodore; N. Willis Bumstead, '55, First Fleet Captain; Gilbert E. Palen, Scientific, Second Fleet Captain; M. H. Arnot, '56, Secretary; and F. F. Marshall, '56, Treasurer.

The credit of establishing this organization is due chiefly to Mr. Waite, who manifested the greatest zeal and perseverance; aid was also afforded by N. W. Bumstead and W. H. L. Barnes. The first general review was held June 18th, 1853, the first Saturday after presentation day. The boats in the navy at this time were the Ariel, Engineers, Halcyon and Thulia, of '54; Atalanta and Nepenthe, of '55; and the Undine, of '56. A Commodore's flag, (now in the possession of the present Commodore,) a blue silk burgee, heavily fringed with white silk, with a white star in the centre, surrounded by six smaller ones, (probably representing the number of boats then in the navy,) was bought by Commodore Waite with navy funds.

In October, 1853, were chosen Alexander H. Stevens, '54, Commodore; N. W. Bumstead, '55, First Fleet Captain; James C. McGregor, Scientific, Second Fleet Captain: M. H. Arnot and F. F. Marshall, of '56, were re-elected Secretary and Treasurer, respectively.

In May, 1854, were added to the navy the Alida, a thirty-foot six-oared barge, built by Ingersoll of New York, for '57, and subsequently owned by the Scientific Department, and by them sold to '60; the Nautilus, a forty-foot, six-oared race boat, built by James of Brooklyn, for '57, and now owned by '59, which won the regatta prize in 1854; the Transit, a forty-foot, six-oared race boat, built by Darling for the Engineers, which won the regatta prize in 1856, was sold in the spring of 1857 to '60, and by them in the fall to a club in Springfield, Mass., and there named Naiad; and in June, 1854, the Rowens, a thirty-five foot four-oared race boat, built by Darling for '57, which was sold to '58 in 1855, and to the C. and C. Institute, in 1856. In the summer of 1854, these ten boats formed the navy: Halcyon and Thulia, '54; Atalanta and Nepenthe, '55; Ariel and Undine, '56; Alida, Rowens and Nautilus, '57; and Transit, Engineers.

In June, 1854, were elected N. Willis Bumstead, '55, Commodore; Matthias H. Arnot, '56, First Fleet Captain; James C. McGregor, Scientific, Second Fleet Captain; William B. Wilson, '57, Secretary; and A. L. Edwards, '57, Treasurer. Only one addition was made to the navy during 1855-6; this was the race boat Nereid, forty feet, six oars, built



by James of Brooklyn, for '58, and by them sold in May, 1858, to '61, and which won the regatta prize in 1855 and 1857.

In June, 1855, were elected Alexis W. Harriott, '56, Commodore; Charles S. Blackman, '57, First Fleet Captain; Adrian Terry, Scientific, Second Fleet Captain; T. M. Adams, '58, Secretary; and William P. Bacon, '58, Treasurer. During this summer the following constitution was adopted, no copy of the old one having been kept:

CONSTITUTION OF THE YALE NAVY.

ARTICLE I.

Section 1.—This organization shall be styled the Yale Navy.

Section 2.—The object of this organization is to keep up mutual good-will and unanimity of feeling among the boat clubs in the different classes and departments, to excite such friendly emulation among them as shall tend to promote excellence in the various branches of boating, and to give to the boating interest of College that facility of action in matters concerning the clubs collectively which is unattainable by an unorganized body.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1.—Any College boat club, upon application made through the Commodore, may be admitted into the navy by a vote of two-thirds of the members at a regular meeting.

Section 2.—The members of every club, upon admission into the navy, shall pledge themselves to be true to the interests of the navy and to abide by the provisions of its constitution.

Section 3.—At elections and all regular navy meetings each club shall be represented by a deputation of three, consisting of the Captain of the club, and two other members chosen by the club for that purpose.

ARTICLE DL

Section 1.—The election of the officers of the navy shall take place on the third Wednesday of the Fall term.

Section 2.—The officers of the navy shall be a Commodore from the Senior Class, a First Fleet Captain from the Junior Class, a Second Fleet Captain from the Scientific Department, a Treasurer from the Sophomore Class, and a Prudential Committee of three, consisting of the Commodore, First Fleet Captain and Treasurer.

Section 3.—It shall be the duty of the Commodore to call all navy meetings, and to preside thereat, and to act as the head and representative of the navy on all occasions on which it is recognized as a body.

1

He shall also have power to order out the boats when he may see fit, and shall have the management of all reviews.

shall devolve upon the First Fleet Captain, and in the absence of both, upon the Second Fleet Captain. The Fleet Captains shall also assist the Commodore on reviews and general drills, and with him shall form a Committee for getting up a plan of procedure in review and drill, of which Committee the Commodore shall be, ex-officio, Chairman.

Section 5.—It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all taxes imposed on the navy, and to hold all moneys belonging to the navy, which moneys he shall pay out to the order of the Prudential Committee alone; and of which he shall render a full and accurate account at the expiration of his term of office. He shall also record all transactions of the navy, and shall be subject to the Commodore's orders in regard to pesting notices, answering letters, &c.

Section 6.—The Prudential Committee shall manage the financial concerns, and exercise a general supervision over the affairs of the navy, under such regulations as the navy shall establish. To them shall also be submitted all questions concerning anchorage, or any other disputed point, and their decision shall be final.

Section 7.—The officers shall be elected by ballot, and shall hold their offices one year.

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1.—If any club shall so conduct itself as to render the dissolution of its connection with the navy desirable, that club may be expelled from the organization by an unanimous vote of the other clube; but no motion of expulsion shall be acted upon until at least one week after it shall have been submitted to the navy.

Section 2.—The members present at any regular meeting shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, provided that two-thirds of the dubo are sepresented.

Section 3:—Any officer of the navy who is unfaithful in the discharge of his duties, or who exceeds the limits passeribed by the constitution, may be imposeded, and if the charges against him be proved true, may be removed from his office, by a vote of two-thirds of the boat clubs; but no charge shall be asted upon until at least one weak after it shall have been submitted to the many.

ether cause, day office shall have then declared meant, the pary shall, at the next regular meeting, proceed to fill such vacancy.

VOL. XXIII.

Section 5.—Any proposition to alter, amend, or add to the constitution, or any of the laws, shall be presented in writing, and when approved of by two-thirds of the clubs, shall be considered as law, provided that no such proposition shall be acted upon until at least one week after it shall have been submitted to the navy.

ARTICLE V.

Section 1.—The Champion flag, "Pioneer, Yale No. 1," shall be held only by Yale beaumen, and shall be offered at the Annual Yale Regatta of this year, and at that of each succeeding year, in connection with the first prise, as a Champion Flag; the holder of it may be challenged at any time during the bosting season, by any other Yale boat, the race enauing, to take place as agreed by the challenging and challenged parties; or, if they cannot agree, then at the expiration of four weeks from the receipt of the challenge—provided, that if the challenged party refuse to pull, as agreed or required, then the flag shall be given up to the party challenging—all disputes being, by the Constitution of the Navy, referable to the Prudential Committee.

Section 2.—The College rape-boat "Yale," shall be used and controlled solely by a crew which shall be chosen from College, by the several captains of the College Clabs, and which shall be liable for her expense and safe keeping—provided, that whenever the navy wishes her to enter any regatta, she shall recur to the navy, and be manned by a crew chosen for said regatta; after which she shall be handed over to a crew chosen as before.

The only changes in the navy this year were, the dropping set of the Ariel and Nepeuthe, and the accession of the Nereid.

In September, 1856, were elected Samuel Scoville, '57, Gommodora; William P. Bacon, '98; First Fleet Captain; Eliward-Cartie; Scientific, Second Fleet Captain; Robert J. Carpenter, '54; Secretary and Treesurer. In October, 1856, the Halcyon had been re-manded Wa-Wa, and the Rowens and Undine had left the mavy, beaving seven boots. During their term three new bouts appeared, vis i in May, 1884, the Wemons, a forty one foot, six-oared takes best, bulks by James of Brooklyn, for '69; in June, the Olympia; forty-air feet, eight cars, was bought in Beston, by the Scientifics. She was built in 1868: by Missra-Coyle & Sterling, St. Johns, N. B., for themselves, and called the # Sand Gove." She won a race in St. Johns, and about 1858 was fold to: Baston, named "Maid of Brin," and was there beaten; though laboring under any disadvantages, by the "Superior," built by the same builders; she

was subsequently named Olympia, and after her purchase by Yale, won the first prize, a Silver Goblet, in the regatta of July 6th, 1858, at New London, Conn.; and in July, the Varuna, a forty-five foot, six-oared clinker built shell-boat, no coxswain, built by Regeraell of New York, for the Varuna Club of '60.

September 30th, 1857, were elected William Pf Bacon, '58, Commodore; Robert J. Carpenter, '59, First Fleet Captain; William Abernetby, Scientific, Second Fleet Captain; William T. Smith, '60, Secretary and Tressurer,

In 1858, the many, received the following accessions:—in May, the Varuna, a thirty-three foot, six eared barge, built by Darling, New York, for the Varuna Club; the Cymethoë and the Lorelei, both forty-five foot, six-pared zace, boats, built for, '61, the former by James of Brooks. lyn, and the latter by Ingersoll of New York. In June, the clincherbuilt shell boat Olympia, thirty, eight, feet, four oars, no coxswain, built by Christopher Thomes, New Work, in 1857, owned by the Olympia Scientific Club, and which won the second prize at the New London Regatta, of July 6th, 1868: the clincher-built shell-boat Yale, forty-five feet seven inches, six oars, no coxawain, built for the Vale Navy, by James; of Brooklyn: in July, the smooth-built shell-boat ----, thirty six feet, four para, no coxamin and no rudder, built by ---of St. Johns, New Brunswick, in 1858, bought thence by the Wolant Club of Boston, in June, and from them by a few members of '59, at Yale, to put into the regation of the 23d, 24th, and 26th of July, at Springfield and Hartford

Jumsy, perhaps, not be amiss to mention here that in May, 1858, a four-pared, thirty-foot alub-boat named the Lotus, was built by Darling of New York; for Mr. Ressell's Ct and C. Institute, and is yet owned there. In Mpril, 1866, James of Brooklyn, built a thirty-five foot four-cased most best, mamed. Naisel, for another glub in the same institution, which who theithird-prise a Silver Cup, at the New London regatts, of July 6th, 1858, 1/The Rawens, before mentioned, is also named them.

of regatine at 'Nale... The "Annual Nels Commencement Regatta," at which all the many beat may seemble for the prizes which are offered by the Schior Class, was instituted by the Class. of '55, and has been perpetuated. The first one gotten up under the auspices of a Committee of '55, of i which Committee the Commence, was a member, took place July 26, 1808. 'The Thulia and Haleyon, of '54, the Ariel, of the Suign-

of the all the sign of a section of process of a section of the section of

tife Department, and the Neponthe, '55, were entered, and pulled 3\frac{1}{2} miles, in 15m. 82m.; 16m.; 16m.-45c.; and 18m.-15c.-respectively: the Thulia winning the first price, a silver cupitand, salver, valued at \$20, bearing the following inemption:

"Thulia, 1st Prize,
"The College, July 26, 1853."

The second prize, a blue and white silk jack and easign, valued at \$10, was won by the Halcyon. The prizes were presented by W. W. Winthrop, of '51, in behalf of the Class of '53. The weather was unfavorable, yet a large company assembled to witness the regatta.

The second annual regatta took place July 22, 1854. The Nautiles and Rowens, of '57, the Atsiants, of '55, and the Transit, of the Engineering Department, were entered, and pulled about three miles; the Nautilus winning the black walnut back board offered for the forty-foot boats, and the Atsianta a pair of black walnut sculls, offered for thirty-foot boats. The time was not correctly recorded. The Transit won the drill prize, a black walnut bout hook. The prizes were awarded by W. H. L. Barnes, in behalf of the Class of '54.

The third annual regatts took place on the Connecticut river, at Springfield, Mass., July 4th, 1855: The distance 14 miles, down stream and back, was pulled by the Nereid, Rowens, and Haloyon, under the name of Atalanta, all of '58; the Thuilis, of '56; and the Transit, of the Engineering Department, in 22m. 58s.; 80m. 42s.; 26m. 17a.; 27m. 2s.; and 25m. -27s. respectively, the wind being very violent and the river very rough. The prizes, offered by the citizens of spiring field, were, first, won by the Nereld, a handsomely-chased silver gables and salver, valued at \$50; second, won by the Transit, a telescope, valued at \$25; and third, won by the Halcyon, (Atalanta,) a handsome set of wilk colors, valued at \$15; and were presented by W. H. L. Barnes, with an appropriate speech. This regatta, held in acceptance of an invitation extended by the ditizens of Springfield; was a preminent feature of their colebration of the 4th of July, and took the place of our annual regulta at New Haven. The disappointment of Yale at not meeting Harvard, to whom the same invitation had been extended by the citizens of Springfield, induced them to forward a challenge to Harvard soon after; the prompt acceptance of which led to the Yale and Harvard Regatts of the Blat same month.

It may not be surfec to mention here a regults which took place at Hartford, July 4th, 1856, in which the Transit, of the Engineering Department, was entered by her crew in a three-mile race against the Un-



dise, of Hartford, and the shell-boat Virginia, four oars, manuel by New York pilots. The Transit led down to the stake-boat, but fouling is in turning, the Virginia reached shead by a few lengths, and won the five prize; \$100. The Transit took the second, a set of colors, and won, besides, no mean reputation for shill as chramen.

The Fourth Annual Regatia came off. October 25th, 1856. The Transit of the Engineering Department, the Nantilus of 157 and the Nereid and Wa-Wa of 158, pulled over the course, a little less than 8 miles, in 21m., 12a.; 22m., 55a.; 22m., 4a. and 26m, 30a., respectively, the Transit mining a handromely mounted hoat-lantern, valued at \$20; which was presented by Ex-Com. Harriott, on behalf of the Class of 156. Rounding the stake-boat 14 miles down the harbor first, the Nereid was soon after, five or six lengths ahead of the Transit; but after pulling 24 miles, the atroke-oar of the Nereid gave out and they pulled in with five oars. The Transit and Nautilus were both delayed at the stake-boat, having fouled their oars on the turn. The Wa-Wa also broke an oars. The day was a fine one and the spectators numerous.

The Fifth Annual Regatta took place July 27th, 1857. The Nersid of '58 and Weners of '50, both six-cared boats, and the Olympia eight cars, of the Scientific Department, were entered and pulled a trifle over three miles in 22m., 51s.; 22m., 52s.; and 23m., 16s. respectively, the Mercid beating the Olympia 1 seconds or an even pull, or 23 seconds reckoning the handicap of 11 seconds per oar allowed the six-cared boats; the Wenona lost the race by only 3 seconds, a narrow escape.

The Regatta was a fine one. The boats started beautifully, the Olympia leading and followed closely by the Nereid and Wenona. The crew of the Nereid finding they could not gain the inside position before reaching the stake-boat, relaxed their efforts somewhat, allowing the Olympia to turn some five or six lengths in advance of them, to insure themselves a clear turn. The Nereid after turning, gradually regained het position abreast of the Olympia, and soon reached ahead a part of a length; thus they, came up the harbor and passed the Commodore's boat amid the cheers of the thousands assembled to witness the race.

The race prize, a set of silk boat flags, offered by '57, was awarded to the Nareid, and the drill prize, a pair of brass mounted boat hooks, offered by Mr. Norton, to the Thulia, by Mr. Tyler of '57, with an appropriate speech.

A Regatta took place at New London, Conn., on the 6th of July, 1858, to which heats were invited "from all parts of the world." Though the citizens were very liberal in the offering of prizes, giving in all, \$120, yet, the division of this into nine prizes, the starting the boats separately and

at intervals, and the unfair placing wherries, four-cared row-boats, and eight cared race-beats on the same footing, no handicap being allowed, detracted much from the interest of the regatie. Two boats were present from the Scientific Department of Yale, the Olympia club-boat, eight cars, and the Olympia shell-boat, four cars, the former winning the first, and the latter the second prime—both silver goblets. The entries, time made, and prime taken, were as follows:

Olympia, club-boat, eight oars, forty-six feet, 32m., 35a., first prize, Silver Goblet, valued at \$25.

Olympia, shell-boat, four oars, thirty-eight feet, \$5m., \$0s., second prime, Silver Cup, valued at \$20:

Naind, club-boat, four care, thirty five fort, 37m_44s., third prize, Silver Cup, valued at \$18.

Julia, pleasure-boat, four care, twenty-two feet, 37m., 45a., fourth prize, History of the "United States Illustrated," 2 vols., valued at \$15.

Bob Ridley, whale-boat, five oars, twenty-eight feet, 39m., 54a., fifth prize, Brass Mounted Boat Compass, valued at \$11.

Katoonah, elub-boat, four oaza, thirty-five fest, 41m., 15a., sixth prize, Silk Boat Flag, valued at \$9.

Inex, club-beat, four cars, eighteen feet, 41m., 39a, seventh prize, Brass Mounted Spy Glass, valued at \$8.

Lottie, wherry, two pair sculls, twenty-four feet, 41m., 51s., eighth prize, Silk Tiller Ropes, valued at \$7.

Glide, wherry, two pair sculls, twesty-five feet, 46m., 19a., nieth prins, Opera Glass, valued at \$8.

Eight other wherries were entered, though three of them did not pull. The Naiad and Katoonah were manned from Mr. Russell's Coll. and Com. Institute, New Haven; all the rest were New London boats.

The course was about four miles, not measured, around three stake-boats, and the Yalensians winning easily, made no attempt at "time." The race must have been replete with interest to those persons who yet cling to the mistaken belief, that whale-boats manned by whalemen, can successfully compete with the college race-boats manned by students. The Olympia club-boat beat the whale-boat entered in this regatta, even allowing handicap, more than 6½ minutes. This regatta gave birth to quite a lively boating spirit in New London, and we understand they intend giving another regatta in September or October, at which Yale must look to her laurels! Let us encourage these regattas—they mey prove the school in which we shall learn to beat Harvard.

Two regattas have taken place between Yale and Harvard, of which we will give a few particulars. The first one, which took place August 3d and 5th, 1852, at the town of Centre Harbor, on Lake Winnepiscoges, New Hampshire, was gotten up by Mr. Jas. M. Whiton, of the class of '53,

at Yale, who labored assiduously for many weeks perfecting the arrangements. Harvard was at first loth to assent to a regatta, and required much persuasion, but finally representatives of Yale and Harvard accepted the invitation of the hotel-keeper at the Lake, who paid all expenses, in view of the crowd of spectators which interest in the race would attract to his house. The Undine, partly manned from the shore on the day of the race, the Halcyon, under the name of Shawmut, and manned by the Shawmut crew of '53, and the Atalants, a four-oared race boat, hired in New York and named for the occasion, and which was not allowed to compete, were entered by Yale, though the Halcyon was her champion. Harvard entered the Oneida. The first day, the 3d of August, was clear, and the little town of Centre Harbor was fairly crowded with spectators. A race came off in the morning, and a handsome silk flag, obtained by private subscription, was handsomely won by the Oneida. In the afternoon the decisive trial was had, and in a two mile pull to windward, up to the town from a stake-boat placed down the lake, the Harvard boat beat by two lengths, winning the first prize, a pair of silver-mounted black-walnut sculls. On the second day a violent rain prohibited out-door exercise: in the afternoon however, by the consent of all, the second prize, a silver-tipped boat-hook, was awarded to the Shawmut, (Halcyon,) as having been second in the race of the 3d. Late in the day the storm lulled, and as a token of respect to the few visitors assembled, the uniforms were brought out, the oars manned, a little rowing indulged in, songs sung, and the usual number of cheers given, and all said "well done"

The second Yale and Harvard Regatts was the result of a challenge by Yale, and took place at Springfield, Mass., on the Connecticut River, by mutual agreement on Saturday, the 21st July, 1855. Crews were picked and favorite boats manued by both Colleges, and they arrived in Springfield on Friday, to examine their course and look about a little. Yale entered the Nereid, Commodore Bumstead, coxswain, and the Nautilus: Harvard, the Y. Y., thirty-two feet, four ears, no coxewain, and the Iris, forty feet, eight oars, with the same coxswain who steered the Oneida in 1852. (The Undine, four oars, was also present from Harvard, but was not entered.) The judges were, on the part of Harvard, Mesers. Ahlborn and Allan, of the Union Club, Boston; on the part of Yale, Mesers. George W. Smalley, of Troy, and George W. James, (builder of the Nereid,) of Brooklyn; and as umpire, James W. Thompson, of Springfield. A beautiful set of silk boat-flags, pennent, jack and ensign, was offered by the citizens of Springfield as a prize. A handicap of 11 seconds per our was allowed the six and four-oured boats., The distance

Digitized by Google

والمناوك مروز ورابات الماك والرا

pulled was three miles, 14 down stream and back, and the actual time made was-Iris, 22m.; Y. Y., 22m., 47s.; Noreid, 24m.; Nautilus, 25m. It will be seen that the Y. Y. lost the race by only 3 seconds, and this by breaking a stretcher at the start. The weather was unfavorable for spectators, but grateful for the chief actors in the day's strife. Rain fell during the morning, but refrained for several hours previous to the regatta. Several thousands of spectators on the shore, a brase band playing enlivening tunes, and boats running here and there on the river, got up a delicious little bit of excitement. When the signal gun started them, the Nereid, the favorite Yale boat, fairly jumped out of the water under the sudden and severe impulse of her excited carsmen. She took the lead at once and kept it for above 400 yards, and Yale stock on shore rose rapidly. The Iris and Y. Y. of Harvard, came more slowly but steadily on, and under the vigorous strokes of their crews, took the lead before they reached the stake-boat. A few minutes of suspense followed, and then the boats were seen creeping up along the western bank. For many seconds the chances alternated, but soon it became evident that Harvard was victorious. Then they came in, a long way apart, and the victors received their prize, amid the cheers of the thousands and the congratulations of their friends. Later in the evening, three of the Y. Y. crew, and three members of the Boston Union Club, (including Ahlborn and Allan of the judges,) manned the Nereid, and working her with the Iris' oars, went over the course against time. Though unpractised together, and with a conswain who had not been over the course before, they pulled the favorite Yale boat over the 8 miles, in 214 minutes, or in 15 seconds less than the winning eightoared Iris made the distance. This fully substantiated the Nereid's merits and the superiority of the Boston and Harvard oarsmen. The Harvard men were, it is true, of much more powerful physical developments than those of Yale, but they also showed much more skill and coolness in handling their oars. The stroke of the Yale boats was very convulsive and quick and almost impossible to maintain for any distance. All the boats engaged had charts of the river with the currents and eddies laid down upon them, and had also gone over the route in advance. Many friends of both Colleges were present, and the excitement was intense. The news of the result was sent far and wide by telegraph, and the extra "Republican," issued in less than an hour after the trial was finished, containing a full account of the regatta, was eagerly sought for; 1500 copies were sold before 8 P. M., and more were called for than could be supplied: The Yale Clubs returned to New Haven on the 7 P. M. train, while those from Harvard left at 10—the one sorrowful, the other of course happy.

We have thus somewhat histily traced the development of the boating interest at Yale, . It has been our purpose to record the main facts in its history; confining ourselves, however, wholly ter row-boats-Previous to their advent, sail-boats were much owned and used by students, but these have gradually passed from their hands and have been succeeded, as we have seen, by the small Whitehall row-boats; these by longer and heavier dub-boats for both racing and pleasure, and these in turn have given place to the three distinct dusses of boats which new grace our waters: We have now four barges, and ten zace-boats, six chub-boats and four shells, by some of the best builders, that will certainly compare favorably with any of their class in the Union. Our navy list too (which will be found en another page) now numbering 190, shows a steady increme of the number of boating-men from year to year; a fact which, with the extinction of sail-beats, speaks volumes for the increase of favor which rowing is gaining, both as an exercise and a recreation. Of the skill and strength which we have gained in the handling of an oar, a few words/may be said. That beating, with our other exercises, has done much for the development of a more healthy set of students than used to frequent our grounds, has been often remarked by men of judgment. It is our purpose, however, to examine our comparative merits as oarsmen. We are reducing our boating more and more to a system, and the nearer that system approaches perfection, the better our chances will be, of one day winning laurels in a content with those who have been our superiors. One of our peculiar institutions, is our Annual Commencement Regutts, now in its sixth year, which, with our occasional reviews, has proved highly productive of an increase in skill and speed in our races, and should be perpetuated. Another one, of recent establishment, is the champion "Ploneer" Flag. A word of explanation:

On Wednesday, May 26th, 1858, the old Pioneer Flag, which we have elsewhere mentioned as hoisted on the 14th June, 1843, and which was the first ever unfurled over a Yale hoat in our harbor, was presented to the Navy through the Commodore, by the Captain of the Pioneer of '44, Wm. J. Weeks, Esq., of Yaphank, L. I. (Fee its disposal, see Article 5, Section 1, of the Constitution.)

It is thought that the strife for the possession of this flag, will foster a generous and healthy spirit of rivalry among our several clubs, that will conduce much to the improvement of our craws. The association of the old flag randers is valuable in itself; and adding to this the idea that its possession carries with it the undisputed sovereignty of our seas, we think it will be productive of much sport and muscle.

In smother place mention is made of the shell-boat "Yale;" this supplies a want long felt at Yale, that of a boat in which a picked college crew may practice, and represent Yale in regattss. This boat belongs to the whole havy, and wan procured in June, 1858, as stated, through the exertions of the Gommodora, by general subscription, to represent Yale in the first College Union Regatta, after which it will be manned and held in accordance with article 5th, acction 2d, adopted by the Navy, June 24th, 1888.

We have said elsewhere, that the honor of starting regattas between Yale and Harvard, was due to Yale. We have now to record a similar honor for Harvard. With them originated the proposition to institute a Regatta which should recur at stated intervals, either annually or otherwise, between the several Colleges of the United States, in imitation of the Annual Regattas of the English Universities. In support of this proposition, on the 26th of May, 1858, the following delegates met at New Haves.

BERT. W. CROWNTHSBRIELD, Harvard College, CHARLES M. SHITH, Irrown University, G. A. STEDMAN, JR., Trinity College, WILLIAM P. BACON, Yale College.

The following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That there be a regatta instituted between the Colleges of the Union; and that at such regatts the time-of the next-regatts be determined.

Received, That the rice shall be between the undergraduates of the College, including the graduating class—(meaning by undergraduates, the four classes of the Academical Department.)

Resolved, That the regatta, this year, take place on Friday, July 23d, at 41 P. M.

Resolved, That it take place at Springfield, provided the city holds out sufficient pecuniary inducement.

Resolved, That the following be the regatta rules:

Each College shall sater as many boats as they wish, Boats may carry conewains or not, as they please.

The course shall be three statute miles in length,; and two courses shall be previously surveyed—one straight, the other a 1½ mile and repeat—either to be rowed according to the day.

The positions of the boats shall be determined by let.

An allowance of 12 seconds per our shall be made in favor of smaller boats.

Any host greeting another's here to see to make her themselve after her seems

Any boat crossing another's bow so as to make her thereby alter her course, shall be disqualified to take the prine.

Each College entering, shall appoint an umpire—these umpires shall choose a referee.

t

١

Resolved, That a set of sife colors, with a suitable inneription, be presented to the winning beat, the appenses thereof not exceeding twenty-five dollars, to be paid as an entrange fee by the boats entering the regatts. Also,

ing the regatta. Also,

Resolved. That Charles M. Smith, of Brown University, be Secretary of the
Union organization, and that he is hereby instructed to cordially invite other
colleges to units with us.

Commence to Brook and Brook Age to be seen It was believed that Dartmouth and Columbia, would, have united with us, but at the former institution, it being vacation, no one could be found to represent them, and to the latter, word was not sent in time. We shall, doubtless, in the future have the hearty co-operation of all the colleges, and it will thus become an important as well as a permanent institution. Affording as it will an opportunity for consultation to the boating men of the several colleges, its effects upon the boating interest must be marked. Were we in need of arguments to prove its expediency, the fostering of good fellowship, the mutual interchange of courtesies &c., between men of kindred pursuits and like sympathies, would weigh much, but we forbear. One word concerning the disadvantages under which we labor at Yale. We are sorely in need of a boat-house: indeed it is getting to be a kind of necessity—and it must be nearer the College than our boats now are. Our boats have been moored at Riker's for fifteen years, at the risk of loosing all, and with the actual loss of two or three of them, until of late years, we have come to pay \$15 a year per club, for storage and anchorage, being miserably accommodated at that. Add to this the constant expense and annoyance of having our boats go adrift, the distance we must walk to reach them, the cost per annum for painters and anchors, and a "tender" for the Navy, and what is worse than all, the actual loss by the wear and tear of our boats, consequent upon their constant exposure, to say nothing of the time consumed weekly in bailing them out, and "getting-off," and a thousand other inconveniences resulting from the present system, and it would seem that the reasons for procuring a boathouse, and that speedily, are all sufficient. Can we not have one! at Brown and Harward they have suitable accommodations of this sort, and if Yale would compate sauccessfully with them in the future, she seemed be better accommodated. But verb. sap. sati . A future Commodore may see its; seed and procure it, let, us hope.

Let as make the best use, however, of the advantages we have, and go into the equing regatts fortified by severe practice, to do for Yale all that am be done. Let us hope that we may prove successful, and prepare

camelres, that we may not be disappointed. Yet, if we shall be beaten, let us not despond, but rise from our third defeat, at from our two former ones, with renewed vigor, and show at least of what stuff Yalensians are made. Patience, and severe and systematic practice, will one day give Yale the victory!

N. B.—We would express our sincere thanks to Mesers. William J. Weeks of '44, Richard Waite of '58, Alex. H. Stevens of '54, and to many others, who have kindly sided us in our researches.

Book Notices.

Life Thoughts, by Henry Ward Bescher.

Norming new can be said for this book. Everybody who reads newspapers, or hears the common talk of men, knows that it is universally liked. And every candid man, who has seen or heard the author, and understands him, knows that Beecher's thoughts upon human life, its conditions, aims and experiences, if collected, would constitute a mass of practical wisdom such as few other men possess. Now this book before us is a collection of choice specimens, gems of thought, picked up here and there from the wise saying of two years. Such outgushings of truth and love, from a great, brave heart, spoken in plain but living language, and shadowed forth in images always clear and forcible, and often exquisitely beautiful, are worthy to be gathered and laid on every man's table, and read by all who gather around it.

For sale at 155 Divinity College.

Bohoel Life at Rugby, by an Old Boy.

This book is an excellent portrayal of life in the famous school at Rugby, under the direction of the great and good Dr. Arnold. The writer is an "Old Boy," who gives testimony of what he has seen. It is written in a plain, earnest and vigorous style by one who has great love and enthusiasm for the school of his boyhood, combined with a power to elearly discriminate between the good things and bad, and the honesty to tell the truth. It ought to be read by all students and teachers. It was the practice of Dr. Arnold to govern more by calling out the good than by merely restraining the bad. He restrained the bad by appealing to the good. He not only enacted the law of prohibition against evil,

but instilled the love of the good. He did not keep his pupils from evil merely by showing it to be daugerous in its consequences, but made them feel it was infinitely better and more delightful to do right. If an old, bad system was to be uprooted, it was done by substituting a better one. This is brought out by many instances in the book before us. The Doe tor threw his pupils upon themselves, and called out their manfiness by showing them how to exert a strong influence on the right side.

This book shows, too, how much power a true, brave student has even a mass of fellows, who, while they follow custom implicitly, know no law but that of temporizing expediency. Any student of Yale who will read it, will be entertained highly in seeing the resemblances and contrasts between student life in the old world and new.

For sale at 155 Divinity College.

The New Englander, for May.

This ever-welcome quarterly opens with a long and elaborate article by Prof. Johnson, antitled "Spiritualism tested by Science," which test said "ism" seems mable to stand. Then follows "The two Powers of the Pope," by Signor Gulielma Gajani, Rome, Italy—a man who, at the seat of Papacy, learned its weakness and wickedness.

Aaron Burr is next discussed, being brought into notice by Mr. Parton. Rev. Increase Tarbox, Framingham, Mass., is the writer. Judging from this article and others of the same kind in other magazines, it is evident that the admiration and indiscriminate praise of Burr, by Parton, has brought the former into worse repute than ever, and the latter into merited contempt.

Currency, Banking and Credit, is treated ably by Joseph S/Ropes, Boston. Barth and Livingstone on Central Africa, is written in a very interesting style, by our Librarian, Daniel C. Gilman. Most of us are so ignorant about Africa, that we might be greatly benefited by reading this.

But "Dr. Taylor and his System," by Dr. Thompson of New York, is intensly interesting, to all students. Dr. Thompson was a favorite pupil of Dr. Taylor, and he speaks of his teacher with great reverence and entitusiasm. He has a fine appreciation of Dr. Taylor's powers and peculiarities. All of us who have learned to revere that eminent theologian, will read this of course.

"Colenso and Grout on Polygamy," is by the President: The subject is one of great interest just now, as it concerns our missionaries among nations who practice polygamy, The article embedies the same views

that the President expressed to the Senior Class last term in a lecture, drawn out more fully, and clearly. The Independent say it is the most attractive article in the number.

Prof. Fisher's Historical Discourse is reviewed and commended by Dr. Dutton,

The Book Notices contain a sketch of Dr. Bushnell's Sermons for the New Life, with extracts. It made us desire to read the sermons more than ever.

The New Englander is for sale at 155 D. C.,

Memorabilia Palensia.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The Junior Exhibition came off on Tuesday, April 6th, with the usual amount of elequence and music. The following is the order of exercises:

AFTERNOON.

- 1 Music.
- 2. Latin Oration, " Pantus Romae, Athenis Socrates morientes inter se comparantur," by Hasker Denny Carlin, Brooklyn, L. L.
- 3. Oration, "Harmony of Intellect and Heart," by William Henry Rice, Bethlehem, Pa.
 - 4. Oration, "A View of Life," by Justin Armand Coorse, Mattituck, L. I.
 - 5. Music.
- 6. Oration, "Variance erroris est," by William Henry Anderson, London-derry, N. H.
- 7. Oration, "Lord Chestarfield," by SAMUEL DAVIS PAGE, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 8. Oration, "Pleasure and Power," by William Pieson Freeman, Champion, N. Y.
 - 9. Music.
- 10. Dissertation, "What tells on the Man," by Room Sherman Warrs, Mew Haven.
- 11. Oration, "Nature and Limits of the True Independence of the Individual," by John Haskell, Hawry, Preston.
- 12. Dissertation, "The Influence of Melancholy on Intellectual Growth and Culture," by Tauman Avourers Poer, St. Louis, Mo.
 - 13. Music.
- 14. Dissertation, "John C. Calhoun as the Defender of State Sovraignty," by Grazza Chay, Paris, Ky.
- 15. Oration, "The Latent Powers of Man," by James Masoanene Hussand, Boston, Mass.
 - 16. Oration, "The Power of Music," by ARTHUR WILLIAM WRIGHT, Lebence.
 - 17. Music.

- 18. Dissertation, "Duties and Responsibilities of the American Voter," by JAMES FAULENER, Dansville, N. Y.
- 19. Dissertation, "Edgar Allen Poe," by Gronge Philippe Walles, Wethersfield.
- 20. Oration, "Profession and Practice," by SAMURI, SLAWSON HARTWELL, Otisville, N. Y.

San Day But a Section Section

- 21. Music.
- 1. Music.
- 2. Greek Oration, "' Ο Δεμοσθένης 'ρητόρων και συμβούλων επιφανέστατος," by CHARLES HEEBNER GROSS, Trappe, Pa.
 - 3. Discertation, "Public Spirit," by ALFRED JUDD TAYLOR, Huntington, Mass.
- 4. Oration, "Cromwell a Mourner," by THOMAS BRADFORD DWIGHT, Portland, Me.
 - 5. Music.
- 6. Oration, "The True End of the American Government," by LESTER BRADWER FAULENCE, Dansville, N. Y.
- 7. Oration, "The Influence of Speculative Minds," by Triomas RAYNESFORD LOUNSBURY, Ovid, N. Y.
- 6 Oration, "The Crussders of the 11th and 19th Centuries," by Buaron Nonvell Harmson, New Orleans, La.
 - 9. Music.
 - 10. Oration, "Earnestness," by Louis Haunt Bassion, New Haven.
 - 11. Dissertation, "Joan of Are," by Peter VIVIAN DARIEL, Hardinsburg, Ky.
- 12. Dissertation, "The Elements of Modern Reform," by Charles Franklin Robertson, Peekskill, N. 17.
 - 18. Masic.
- 14. Oration, "The Natural Development of Individual Character," by Robert John Carrenter, Demorestville, Can. West.
- 15. Oration, "The Use of Intellectual Power," by WILLIAM AUGUSTUS STILES, Deckertown, N. J.
 - 16. Oration, "Society," by Asses Henry Wilcox, Norwich.
 - 17. Music.
- 18. Dissertation, "The Christian Statesman," by William Kittrenden Hall, Boston, Mass.
- 19. Oration, "Philosophy and Faith, looking beyond the Grave," by Rosens Auditories Strike, Woodford Co., Ky.
 - 20. Music.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The regular elections in Linonia and the Brothers in Unity, were held on the evening of Wednesday, the 7th, with the following result.

LINONIA.

President, Chauring Rightads;
Vice President, B. D. Slaught,
Secretary, F. H. Houston,
Vice Secretary, E. L. Gaul.

BROTHERS.

President, R. C. HASKELL,
Vice President, F. W. STEVENS,
Begretary, Daniel Bowe,
Vice Secretary, H. L. Johnson.

YALE NAVY.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

Commodore, William P. Bacon, Mirst Fleet Captain, Robert J. Carpenter, Second Fleet Captain, William Abernethy, Secretary and Treaturer, Wm. T. Smith.

Commodore's boat—the clincher-built shell-boat "Yale," 45 feet, 7 inches long, pulls 6 oars, weight 220 pounds, no coxswain, built by James of Brooklyn, in June, 1858, owned by the Yale Navy.

Commodore's Mag.—A heavily fringed blue silk jack, with seven white stars. The Navy contains fourteen boats, manned by 185 men, as follows:

Thulia Club, Class of '59.

Book—blue, with white stripe, 30 feet long, pulls 8 cars, was built by James of Brooklyn, in May, 1853,

Flags—bow, blue jack, gilt "T." inscribed; stern, American Ensign.

Uniform—white shirts with blue collars and shields, inscribed "T. 59," black belts, white pants.

Captain, R. J. Carpenter,
First Lieutenant, C. L. Norton,
Second Lieutenant, R. S. White,
Purser, C. F. Robertson.

C. H. Boardman,	W. K.'Hall,
Z. N. Bradbury,	D. C. Hannahs,
T. C. Brainerd,	S. S. Hartwell,
H. Brodhead,	J. C. Holley,
T. B. Dwight.	J. M. Hubbard.

E. H. Perkins.

Nautilus Club, Class of '59.

Boot—vermilion, with gold stripe, 40 feet long, pulls 6 oars, was built by James of Brocklyn; in May, 1864.

Flage—bow, white jack with blue border, gilt "Nautilua" inscribed; stern, American Ensign.

Uniform—white shirts with cords and blue stars on breast, blue collars and cuffs.

Officer's Uniform—Captain has a star on each shoulder; 1st Lieutenant on the right, and 2d Lieutenant on the left; black belts, white "Nautilus" inscribed; white pants.

Captain, S. Davis Page,
First Dissilonant, H. M. Boins,
Second Litentenant, F. J. Jones,
Purser, H. L. Breed.

J. H. Adrews,	F. H. Houston,
P. H. Burt,	W. H. Rice,
G. Clay,	E, C. Sheffield,
L. V. Cortelyou,	H. R. Sheldon,
E. D. Fairbanks,	C. B. Slingluff,
G. W. Fisher,	A. A. Sprague,
C. H. Gross,	H. Watkins,
C. H. Hatch,	C. M. Wheeler,
H. R. Hinckley,	G. P. Welles,

C. P. Wilson.

Olympia Olub-Scientific Department.

Two Boats—Club Boat—straw color with red stripe, 46 feet long, pulls 8 oars, was built by Coyle & Sterling, St. Johns, N. B.

Race Boat—a shell, varnished, 38 feet long, pulls 4 pars, was built by Christopher Thomes, New York.

Flag-stern, American Ensign.

Uniform-blue shirts with white braid facings, black belts, white pants.

Captain, William Abernethy, First Lieutenant, E. H. Twining, Second Lieutenant, H. K. Hodges, Purser, S. D. Twining.

J. W. Alsop,	A. W. Harriott
G. F. Barker,	J. H. Harriott,
F. Booth,	H. K. King,
W. R. Foster,	S. W. Russell,
C. W. Wadsworth,	G. D. Seeley.

Varuna Club, Class of '60.

Two-boats—Shell-boat—black, 45 feet long, pulls 6 oars, no coxswain, was built by Ingersoll of New York, in July, 1857.

Barge—blue, with a red stripe, 88 feet long, pulls 6 oars, was built by Darling of New York, in May, 1858.

Flags-bow, blue jack with white border and gilt "V" inscribed; stern, American Ensign.

Uniform—white shirts, blue collars, cuffs and shields with red trimmings; shields inscribed "60, Varuna, Yale;" black belts, white pants, straw hats.

Captain, Henry L. Johnson,
First Lieutenant, Frederick H. Colton,
Second Lieutenant, Edward Boltwood,
Purser, L. H. Higgins.

H. E. Barnes,	E. G. Holden,
W. L. Bradley,	W. C. Johnsto
C. H. Bunce,	S. T. Keese,
H. W. Camp,	W. S. Keyes,

H. Champion.	W. McAlpin,
L. H. Davis.	C. H. Owen,
C. E. Dutton.	H. Reed,
D. R. Elder,	J. Tucker,
E. P. Freeman,	R. N. Willson,
H. L. Pairchild.	E. L. Gaul.

Wanasa Club, Class of '60.

Bost—blue with white stripe, 42 feet long, pulls six cars, was built by James of Brooklyn, in May, 1857.

Mage of Silk-bow, white jack bound with blue, with "Wenona" on a blue

scroll; stern, American Ensign.

Uniform blue shirts with white shields inscribed "Wenons, '60, Yale;" white collars and cuffs, white pants.

Cuptain, William T. Smith, First Lieutenant, E. B. Furbish, Second Lieutenant, H. E. Hawley, Purser, E. S. Williams.

A. B. Ball,	O. C. Marsh,
T. H. Brown,	E. G. Mason,
J. Clay.	W. E. Park,
F. Delafield,	G. D. Phelps,
C. C. Dodge,	E. L. Richards,
G. Engs,	J. F. Seely,
H. C. Eng.	M. Woodruff,
W. C. Egleston,	D. C. Eaton,
W. H. Huribut,	S. Jessup.

Alida Club, Class of '60.

Boat—white, with red stripe, 80 feet long, pulls 6 cars, was built by Ingersol of New York, in May, 1854.

Cuptain, O. A. Kingsbury, First Lieutenant, S. Dunham, Second Lieutenant, C. H. Vandyne, Purser, W. E. Bradley.

A. L. P. Loomis,
E. DeC. McKay,
H. G. Marshall,
J. H. Schneider,
H, E, Hart.

Nereid Club, Class of '61.

Bost-chocolate color with red stripe, 40 feet long, pulls 6 cars, was built by James of Brooklyn, in May, 1855.

Mags-bow, blue jack, white "N." inscribed; stern, American Ensign.

Uniform—blue shirts, collars and cuffs trimmed with white, white shield trimmed with blue and inscribed "Nereid, Yale, '61," white pants, black belts.

Captain, H. B. Ives, First Lieutenant, C. F. Stanton, Second Lieutenant, E. P. McKinney, Purser, W. M. Johnson.

2 27 007 111 222 00	minor.
William Adams,	E. L. Jones,
E. Andrews,	F. Jones,
R. L. Chamberlain,	W. F. Jones,
A. H. Childs,	J. C. Kinney,
C. Edgerton,	W. D. Lyon,
H. B. Freeman,	J. E. Marshall
M. Frost,	J. W. McLane
W. H. Fuller,	H. W. Mile,
W. Hanford,	O. S. Newell,
H. Jenkins,	O. A. Roberts.

G. C. Perkins.

Cymothoë Club, Class of '61.

Boat—maroon color, with gold stripe, 45 feet long, pulls 6 cars, was built by James of Brooklyn, in May, 1858.

Flags of Silk—bow, white jack, gilt "C." inscribed; stern, American Ensign.

Uniform—white shirts with scarlet facings, with white silk stars on collars.

Officers, gold stars. Belts black, with "Cymothoë, 61," in plated letters; pants white.

Captain, A. P. Root, First Lieutenant, J. C. Tyler, Second Lieutenant, S. A. Bent, Purser, J. R. Gould.

H. Arnold,	W. C. Faxon,
S. E. Baldwin,	S. H. Frisbie,
T. Baldwin,	O. McClintock,
J. N. Bannan,	O. P. Otis,
J. T. Brooks,	H. S. Thompson,
H. S. Brown,	R. O. Williams,
M. Bulkley,	R. G. Woods,
W. Cook,	J. A. Davemport.

Lorelei Club, Class of '61.

Boat—black, with gold stripe, 451 feet long, pulls 6 cars, built by lingursell of New York, in May, 1858.

Flags-bow, blue jack, trimmed with white; stern, American Basign.

Uniform—white shirts with pink stars, cords and foul amount on the breest, blue collars and cuffs with white stars; black belts with gift name, &c.; white pants, straw hats with gift stars on the streamers,

Captain, Henry Holt,
First Lieutenant, E. R. Sill,
Second Lieutenant, W. T. Chester,
Purser, R. Hoolihan.

J. B. Andrews,

F. S. Davis,

. G. B. Beecher,

F. E. Kernochan,

A. S. Burt,

W. E. Sims,

E. B. Convers,

T. Skelding,

W. J. Temple.

Atalanta Club, Class of '61.

Boat—cream color, with green and cherry stripes, 30 feet long, pulls 6 oars, was built by Newman of New York, in May, 1851.

Flage-bow, blue jack with "A." inscribed; stern, American Ensign.

Uniform—shirts, salmon color with blue trimmings, blue collar and cuffs, orange shield bordered with blue, inscribed "Atalanta, Yale, '61;" black belts and black pants.

Captain, Geo. A. Pelton, First Lieutenant, R. H. Green, Second Lieutenant, J. W. Barton, Purser, T. S. Wynkoop.

F. S. Bradley,

P. W. Park.

W. B. Clark,

C. Robinson,

G. Delp,

L. P. Treadwell,

C. Eddy,

R. R. Siu,

E. P. Payson,

H. M. Post.

Editor's Cable.

"Delays are dangerous."-OLD SAW.

" Procrastination is the thief of time."—ARCHET PROVERS.

READER—dear and patient! Before proceeding to justify in any manner, the Fabian policy which has been so signally exercised in the issue of the present number of the "Lix.," we desire to make the admission that we ourself, always excepting the "patriarch" of our Board, are the most "constitutionally indolent" personage on the habitable globe. And therefore it is evident that the deliberate delay of the Lit. until the present time, when the charms of doing nothing are peculiar and fascinating, is owing to a far different cause. The fact is, dear reader, the Printer!!! We are well aware that you have heard the name before, and that "familiarity breeds contempt;" but nevertheless, the fact is, the Printer!! The aforesaid individual having becan lately deprived of the privilege of printing future volumes of the Lit. at an enormous sacrifice, finding

on his books unsigned receipts for past Lit's, to the amount of \$1500—and moreover, being some \$300 out of pocket for the past year, very naturally, (as we are inclined to think,) declined further operations until an arrangement in some degree satisfactory could be made. A satisfactory arrangement has been impossible until very recently. Hence the very recent appearance of the May number. We do not wish to be understood by this as giving utterance to the faintest symptom of a growl. From all that we can learn, the Lit. has always failed to pay its way with the same unerring certainty as at present. We simply state the fact of the Printer, as a cause sufficient to account for the phenomenon of non-appearance.

We are happy to extend the right hand of fellowship to our contemporaries of '59. We assure them that we yield the Lit. into their hands without fear or misgiving for its future. We were sorry, however, to find in their first issue, some remarks which would appear far more at home in the "Yale Review," than in the Lit. The premature appearance, also, of the June Number, was a little surprising. But we presume the issue of that particular Number, at that particular time, was owing in a great measure to youthful impatience, and the influence of peculiar aspirations—to

"Hopes and fears that kindled hope, An undistinguishable throng, And gentle wishes long subdued, (f) Subdued, but cherished long."

But, setting aside this, we wish them a more genial Printer and a boundless circulation.

Fifty-eight has long since made her escape from Yalensian duties, and our recollection that there were Biennials in those days, was just beginning to grow dim and indistinct, when the echo of that old familiar song, together with the accelerated ringing of the bell, whose first few notes send a Phi Beta Kappa thrill through the bosoms of the initiated, reminded us that the Sophomores had arrived at their season of tribulation. We extend to them the hand of one who has passed through the fiery trial. May they pass through in solid phalanx. May there be no tears of parting, or groans of separation at the close.

VOL. XXIII.

No. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1858.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.

PRINTED BY MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLVIII.

CONTENTS.

To Our Readers,	-		-	-	-	•	247
The Yale Literary Magazine	≥ ,	-	•	-	-		249
Libraria,	-	•	-	-	-	-	254
Campbell's Grave, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	255
Noctes Yalenses,	-	-	-	-	-	•	260
College Compositions, by N.	P. V	Villi	٤,	-	-	•	265
Letters, ·	-	-	-	-	-	-	271
From the Agamemuon of Æ	schy	lus,		-	-	•	276
The Songs of Yale, -	-	-	-	-	-	•	277
Translations,	-	•	•	•		-	281
Memorabilia Yalensia:							
Award of the Berkeley	Scho	larshi	ip,	-	-	-	281
The Navy,	-	-	•	-	-	-	254
Class Orators and Poets	,	-		-	-	-	255
Exhibition of Works of	Art	, Yale	e Col	lege,	1858,	-	250
Editor's Table,	-		-		-	-	287



Tous always, my dear Laurence. n. 40 Willes. France Service

The Appropriate Common Service France Common Service

Common Service Common Common Common Service Common Common

ett, axat,



To Our Readers.

Fellow Students:—In assuming the conduct of the Yale Literary Magazine for the coming year, we have but few remarks to make in the way of promises and pledges. While we thank you most heartily for the honor which you have conferred upon us, yet at the same time we hope you will not feel you have discharged all your duty to this periodical, by having elevated us to our position, but will endeavor to assist us, so far as lies in your power. While we enter upon our work with enthusiasm, it is also with a zeal according to knowledge. Without your help, we know we can do nothing: with it, we justly feel confident that the character of the Magazine, for the coming year, will not be such as to bring any dishonor upon the reputation of a College, which we all believe to be the foremost in the United States.

EDITORS.

18

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIII.

JUNE, 1858.

No. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '59.

S. D. FAULKWER,

B. N. HARRISON,

G. W. FISHER.

T. R. LOUNSBURY.

A. H. WILCOX.

The Pale Literary Magazine.

THE Yale Literary Magazine has now nearly completed its twenty-third volume. During the comparatively long period which has passed by since its first number was issued, in which almost six college generations have come and gone, it has had on a small scale its full share of earthly trials and changes of fortune, with their successes and reverses. It has seen times in which its further continuance appeared questionable, times in which nothing seemed to exist which would prevent it from being as long-lived as the institution from which it proceeds. Changing editors every year, the ability with which it has been conducted has never been uniform for any number of successive volumes; nor can it be denied, that there have been periods in which it has sunk far below the level which a Magazine, coming from the representative College of the New World, ought always to attain. Yet there is no reason to be ashamed of its past history as a whole. In it some of the foremost writers of our country have made their first appearance, and from it articles have often been copied into many of the leading periodicals in the United States. Throwing out of consideration the lack of money, and of sufficient interest in its prosperity, its imperfections and want of success have usually been owing to the mistaken views of what is the design of a College Magazine on the part of its editors, and exaggerated expectations on the part of its subscribers, and their consequent disappointment. Too much is demanded on the one side; on the other, too little attention is paid to the principles which govern such a publication as ours, and the peculiar character it should sustain.

The theory of a College Magazine is one thing; the practical working of that theory is quite another. It is an easy matter to imagine the talents of five hundred enthusiastic young men, in the first flush and glory of opening life, combining to produce a periodical which would never suffer for lack of novelty, of wit, or even of deep original thought. The actual facts of the case, however, have a tendency, at least with us, to mar somewhat this picture of the fancy. In the first place, analogy might teach us to moderate our expectations. If publications, professedly of the most ambitious character, with hundreds of men of the highest intellectual powers, either as paid or voluntary contributors, often fail of being interesting, it is surely not at all wonderful that the productions of students, written while their minds are as yet immature, and amid the press of many other duties, should often prove dull, and should be open to much ill-natured criticism. In the second place, the number of men from whom to obtain contributions must, with us, be limited from five hundred to not many more than five. Scarcely any besides Seniors furnish contributions to the Magazine, excepting, of course, Juniors during the third term of their year. Not a dozen articles from members of other classes have appeared in the last two volumes: and even the few Seniors who do contribute, write not because they have something to say, but usually on account of the "much entreaty" and "continual coming" on the part of the Editors.

What is the design of College Magazines,—what is the kind of literature suitable for their pages,—are questions which come home to all of us with the power of a personal interest. Many seem to consider them as convenient receptacles of Sophomore compositions. Others appear to view them in the light of Tract Society publications, in which it is their duty to instruct their fellow creatures, less advantageously brought up, in the principles of sound morality.

Others still, disdaining the too common task of reforming our manners and characters, give us instead voluminous but by no means luminous essays on subjects connected with every disputed point in law, politics or theology. It certainly should seem evident enough that such productions are altogether without the province of a College Magazine, and that articles on such topics, no matter how ably they may be written, have no business in its pages. Yet men continue to write on these subjects, and because their contributions are rejected, complain that the Editors are unwilling to allow any besides themselves to appear in the Lit. They forget that it is not the design of the Magazine to instruct mankind, but to picture fully and faithfully College life-to express the feelings and hopes which bind together five hundred men in one common band of brotherhood -to record the changes in College sentiment, and, as a necessary consequence, to chronicle the change in College cultivation and refinement. The subjects that would interest us as students of a great literary institution, are the subjects upon which we wish contributors to furnish articles. Beyond that we ask nothing. Every board of Editors, when they give up their office, should be able to feel, in looking back, the proud consciousness of the author of Eothen, that "from all details of geographical discovery or antiquarian research-from all display of 'sound learning and religious knowledge'-from all historical and scientific illustrations-from all useful statistics—from all political disquisitions—and from all good moral reflections" their volume is thoroughly free.

But it may be asked, would you exclude all subjects which do not belong strictly to College life? By no means. The Magazine is a literary one, and as such deals in matters which are of interest to all of us who pretend to any cultivation whatsoever. But we wish to see genuine literary articles, not the false imitations which are so constantly palmed off for the real. On this very point it is that mistakes are most commonly made. Contributions on topics which should prove attractive to every student as a man of letters, do not necessarily mean contributions which no one reads, except from a feeling of personal friendship for the author. A genuine criticism by a man who has studied his author, and feels the truth and reality of what he is saying, is something quite different from a dry abstract of that same author's merits or defects, compiled from half a dozen different magazine articles, and paraded as the honest expression of the writer's sentiments.

From this most unnatural method of treating subjects has sprung up the charge, which is now so common, that College writing is too artificial. It was not more than two years ago that several individuals, whose benevolent and self-denying labors have not yet, perhaps, been fully appreciated, started a Magazine with the praiseworthy and modest intention of "correcting the conceited and pretentious literature of College." But a publication, at first estentatiously professing independence, has become parasitic, gathering its nutriment from the crumbs of faults which fall down from the table of the Lit. high object of purifying our literature has degenerated into discharging, semi-annually, upon the regularly appointed Editors of a Class, the venom of three months' collected sarcasm. It is evident we must look for help elsewhere. Now if the charge of artificiality be brought against the style of writing here prevailing, it is no charge at all. Want of naturalness cannot be proved to be in any way more characteristic of us than of any other class of writers. But in the choice of subjects, and in their peculiar treatment, it must be confessed there is some foundation for the objection. Great ideas and original thoughts are not indeed to be expected in alarming abundance from young men, who have just begun to learn the use of their powers. But we do have a right to demand of those engaged in the process of obtaining a liberal education, and who must have felt, in some degree, the refining and elevating influence which such an education always imparts, something more than worn out moralizing and thread-bare commonplaces, or impotent efforts to be effective,-the two dangers to which our hot-house system of culture peculiarly exposes American students. On the one hand, we have too much of the dire monotony of dull commonplace essays, which "are of the earth, earthy," and are as guiltless of ideas as of interest; on the other, too much of that style commonly called here by the name of "splurge," in which figurative language abounds, but figurative language more remarkable for its antiquity than its beauty-in which every sentence comes in pointed with a tropeand in which sound is not an echo of sense, but, on the contrary, sense is but an echo, and a very faint echo of sound.

We have said a few words to our contributors; we have also a few words more to say to our subscribers. There are on our books the names of three hundred of you, of whom a few over one hundred and fifty have paid. Throwing out of view the honor of such a course, and the acting out of a living lie by nominally subscribing

to a Magazine which you never intended to take, why put the Editors to the expense of printing an extra number of copies which are never disposed of? And this reminds us that there are some men who object to the price of the Magazine. They go upon the principle, they say, of getting the full value of their money, and if for the same amount they can obtain a periodical worth more in a literary point of view, that they prefer to have. It might be a matter of discussion whether these intellectual giants care about receiving letters from relatives or friends. They can certainly find in the works of Burns, Byron, Cowper, or Pope, epistles of far higher lit-Just the same principle holds good in respect to this Magazine. It is to students that it is addressed, with them it is expected to sympathise, from them it has a right to demand its support. The very feelings which render one letter from a friend more desirable than a printed volume of correspondence, should cause this Magazine to be sought after in preference to any other. We feel confident that no graduate ever has begrudged the money paid by him for its support during his College course;* for it is a record of the past, which brings constantly to mind the scenes and incidents that belong to the happiest period of life.

We have thus endeavored to give expression to some of the feelings with which we assume the control of this Magazine. While we have such an entire confidence in our own integrity as to disclaim any expectation of becoming inordinately rich on its income, we think we have a right to demand a more hearty enthusiastic support, both as regards money and contributions, than it has hitherto received. Let that support be once given, and no fears need be entertained that it will not be successful in the future; that its present unsurpassed position among College periodicals will not be raised still higher; that it will not become a Magazine to which at all times every Yalensian can point with honest pride.

T. R. L.



^{*} Shanghai suggests that some one of the Editors may have begrudged it.

Fibraria.

Now the golden Noon is gilding
Fifty pinnacles with light,
And, anear the massive building,
Shadows hurled from tower and height,
Shadows that the Night neglected
When she hastened in retreat,
Cringing slave-like and dejected,
Crouch at their preserver's feet.

But within where books uncounted
Form the walls, like blocks of stone,
O'er the colonnades surmounted
By the busts of men now gone,
Bend the Iris-arcs, whose glory
Many a mind-illumined brain
Throws athwart the sky of story,
Like the sun-lit drops of rain.

Yet, through alcoves while I wander,
Comes a feeling kin to fear,
Stealing o'er me, as I ponder
All the relics gathered here.
'Tis the vault of ages buried,
And the old and mouldering tomes,
'Neath each arch, lie thickly serried,
Like tombs in the catacomba.

Gather shadows dark and dismal,
While I read each epitaph,
And from out the Death abysmal
Comes a hollow phantom laugh.
O, Time, Time, how hast thou shattered
All that dared thy billows' force!
Thou hast left but fragments scattered,
Strewn like wrecks to mark thy course.

Like a barque my soul is floating
O'er the Past's far-sounding deep,
And my thoughts go out a-boating,
Fearless of the surge's sweep.
Bound old ruins I am drifted,
Which, imposing, lone and grand,
Seem like mountain-summits lifted
O'er some inundated land.

Where is now the Serapeum
With the manuscripts inurned?
Once it stood the manuscleum
Of the ancient honored learned.
Ah! and this proud pile shall crumble,
When the floods shall higher roll;
Even now their sullen rumble
Breaks in surges o'er the soul.

Requiems History is chanting
O'er the era-deluged dead;
But their shades my soul are haunting
With a silent spectral tread.
Aye, the great, of all the ages,
That have ebbed adown the past,
Pace the deck of memory, sages,
Heroes shadowy dim and vast.

Mighty deep, thou dark Lethean!
Lost in thee are lives untold;
History only sounds a paean
From a page but half unrolled.
Ah, the rest, those names unnumbered,
Where the waves forever weep,
'Neath the rolling years have slumbered,
And shall there forever sleep.

6. W. F.

Campbell's Grabe.

It is in an old bush-pasture on the top of Milford hill, two miles from New Haven State House. A small common stone stands, or rather, lies at the head, on which is inscribed, in characters now scarcely legible, "Campbell, 1779."

Of the man we know little. In the history of New Haven, we find the following: "He was evidently the idol of the army, and being tall and elegant in person and dress, was a conspicuous object to an enemy." No mound is raised above him. The grass grows around the grave, but not on it, yet it is not an unpleasant spot for the last sleep. As I stood beside it one Wednesday afternoon, the sun was pouring a flood of warmth and light down through the treevol. XXIII.

tops, around the obscure head-mark, making even the old mossy stone look bright and beautiful. Even so, kind words and deeds, the sunshine of the heart, streaming out through the thick dark foliage of manners, conventionalisms and proprieties, upon the lowest natures, often so warm and soften them, that they appear beautiful.

I don't remember distinctly whether I made the above remarks to my companion, or whether I asked his opinion with regard to the probable position of the skull, or both. At all events he answered briefly, and began to whittle diligently. He hates splurges.

Hic jacet, thought I, all that remains of I fell to musing again. one, once "brimfull of hope," "the soul of honor," "ambition's martyr," brave, accomplished, and all that, which every one feels bound to think over the grave of a young and gallant man. I remembered too, what Addison says about the graves of worth and beauty. But notwithstanding that the thoughts were old and hackneyed, yet when I thought of this young English gentleman, leaving his native country, thousands of miles away, enduring privations of all sorts, to make himself one of fame's immortals, his fate did seem rather hard. After he was shot, he was wrapped in a coarse blanket and carried on a sheep rack to the place of burial. Poor substitute for the robe of triumph,—sad compensation for the conqueror's chariot. -and instead of the piled up marble in Westminster, and fame's green laurels, the gray stone unhewn, and the creeping briars, were all that fortune vouchsafed to him.

There is a little brook which runs by, a short distance from the grave, and winds along toward West Haven. As I was tracing its course, my eye was diverted to the spot where I supposed the house into which he was carried, had stood, and I remembered that he had a white handkerchief with him when he was dying, marked with his name. Of course he hadn't any old mother in dear England, of whom he was thinking just then, an aged mother, whose dim eye would in a few months read in the "London Gazette" of Oct. 6th, 1779, the following,

Names of Officers Killed and Wounded.
Adjutant Campbell,—Killed.

Yet somehow that handkerchief suggested it. He had no sister who loved him, and whose fingers had traced his name on that handkerchief. For handkerchiefs, and it is to be hoped hearts, were not so often indelibly stained then as now, but deeds of love left an inef-

٤:

15

7.

C

٠.

.

13

Ė

ď

ţ

faceable impress upon both. Of course he hadn't. Pshaw! what a train that handkerchief set off. Of course he had no dear friend in the service, one whom he had known at home, to whom he had told all his plans and cherished hopes. No, certainly not, for soldiers are a rough sort of men, and haven't got the refined feelings necessary to pure friendship. Yet, I thought as I trudged home that night, if there was such a one in that company of British troops, as they marched into New Haven, it must have been a sad march indeed for him, a sad night, too, thinking of his poor friend lying dead on Milford hill.

At this stage of my reverie, I saw a man running across the adjoining field, and soon the cry of fire was ringing through the neigh-It seemed that somebody's woods were on fire. In a few moments, men, women, children and dogs, were all in a perfect uproar. They came pouring across the fields from every quarter, armed with hoes, axes, pails, etc. The sun was still shining on the grave, and the dust beneath stirred not now, but seventy-nine years before, there was a muster of the inhabitants on that same hill, and then those ashes had quivered with eager excitement. Somebody's barns were on fire then, somebody's homes. Hearts were on fire too. There was no time for reverie then. The militiaman behind the rock, thought not of the blighted home in old England. Perhaps it would have made his aim more sure if he had. Perhaps he had had a home, and had charged its loss to the account of British troops. that the torch of liberty should have to be lighted at burning buildings, and should have to dry up so much blood. It is hard to level a rifle at a young, generous man, and lay him dead on the spot. this must be, when slavery is the alternative. But there is a fault We cannot help admiring the determined spirit somewhere. which does or dies. No more can we help admiring, and honoring, too, those gallant men whose bones are with us, because England expected every man to do his duty. And no more than either can we help detesting that base policy, and short-sighted dullness in England's leaders, which could induce them to send one portion of her subjects to trample upon another. It was like a man putting a knife into each of his hands, and then setting them to hew one another in pieces, watching the contest meanwhile, and when he saw a deep gash cut upon his left, giving three cheers and encouraging the right, until with his left hand lopped entirely off, and his right

mangled and bleeding, he begins to see that he may suffer personally in time, if the contest is not stopped.

My companion here interposed a remark, which gave my cogitations a slightly different turn. True, it was not very long, nor was it remarkable for any great moral principle therein contained. at that time and place it was rather suggestive than otherwise. Looking up from his whittling he said, "Well, after all,"-----Now whether a long sentence followed this, which I have forgotten, or whether I interrupted him with some conceit of my own, I cannot now say. Certain it is, however, that I began to think of the "after all," and wonder why men were such fools as to toil and tug, when after all, they would lie as still as the clay at my feet. old Epicurean Philosophy seemed the best. I silently compared the red wine, red cheeks, and chaplet-bound brows of that brave old order, with Leavenworth's \$1.50 oil, the sallow, sunken cheeks of Valedictorians, and the encircled foreheads of Alumni. The old squib is rather too true, thought I. To be sharp and enlightened is most emphatically to be hatchet-faced and lantern-jawed-I became hugely disgusted with the modern system of education. Voted ambition to be a "glorious cheat." Resolved to devote myself to light literature, and harmless but cheering bewerages.

After all, said I, how much better it would have been for this rash young fellow to have staid quietly at home, turning the paternal acres with a hoe, as Horace elegantly remarks. He might have lived long and well.-Roast beef-pudding-ale-all these innocently suggested themselves. Alderman's chair, mused l, and having got thus far, I felt bound to add turtle-soup, (for it would be a ruthless hand indeed, that would refuse to place one of these time honored institutions beside the other.) All these he might have enjoyed. Now, after all, what difference would it have made? what good did all that "bright-eyed enthusiasm" do? What better is it now that he was the idol of the army? Not one of all who flattered him, stood, or could stand near him in the last moment. Better than all his budding honors, would have been a glance of love,—better the silver crown of tranquil old age, than the greenest wreath of fame,and these he might have had, might have gone from earth obscure, perhaps unknown, yet the love which is "all we want" would have been his. Ambition might have had its sneer, and he would have had contentment.

My friend was still whittling: it seemed stupid, rather, to sit there

apparently unconscious of the interest of the place, so I went on by myself again pretty much in the old strain, only a little wandering now. There now is Dig-well, thought I, he's a right good fellow, talented too, but then he crams so, early and late. True he does take his exercise, and is careful of his health, but he doesn't loaf any—doesn't hang around—hasn't any tact that way. Poor fellow, he doesn't seem to think that after all, it will make no difference, that ten chances to one, he will not be heard of any longer than Brawler, in the same entry, who buys his cigars by the thousand, and averages oysters and champagne three times a week.

I looked up again. My friend had joined some bits of wood which he had cut into shape, and made a rude cross. He was sticking it at the head of the grave. He had been whittling, and I thinking, and it occurred to me suddenly, that with a jack-knife he had given a better hint at the true end of life, than I could have derived from all my reasoning.

My mind took the back track, as they say, for a few moments, as I looked at that uncouth cross. After all, after all, thought I, it does make some difference how we live. The honorable ambition which once animated this dust beneath my feet, was a proof of a noble spirit. His object may have been a mistaken one, but how infinitely preferable such a soul, to one which could only say, eat, drink, die. All the better portion of our nature commends an earnest spirit. All our higher attributes look with pity and contempt on the mere sensualist.

Looking at that cross, made me think of him who was perfect. So then the red wine, the red cheeks and the chaplets of the ancient sages, were not so much after all; and those old alumni, who came here once a year with shrivelled bodies and wrinkled brows, with husky voices and thin grey hair, have got fresh glowing hearts, and there is what Dickens would call a well-conditioned soul in each of those frail tenements, which will count well for the present system of education. So then Dig-well is right, and day by day he is slowly toiling upward. Well, perhaps, after all, there is something better for a man than oysters and champague.

The little cross was pointing upward. The blades of grass just starting around, were struggling upward, and I, looking upward, saw the sky over spread with a crimson glory. So, thought I, beyond the sky, untold glory awaits the soul that patiently toils upward.

How long I might have continued the above glorious effusion, I

am unable to say, had not my friend just here suggested something about prayers, which made me struggle upward instanter, and leave for a better view of "Alma Mater's noble brow." For I fully comprehend the extent of that glory, which radiates a halo of from sixteen to forty-eight black marks, and lingers with especial brightness around the autographs of some "most honorable men."

But if any one loves a quiet walk, on a pleasant afternoon, loves a bright spot in an old pasture, and a quiet talk about whatever he chooses, I most heartily recommend him to visit Campbell's Grave.

A. H. W.

Noctes Palenses.

No. I.

SCENE I.—Editors' Sanctum. Present, Tristram Shandy, Shanghai, Bilhath, Mishkan, Major Gahagan.

Shandy, (proloquitur.) And now, gentlemen, shall these "Noctes Yalenses" be published !

BILHATH.—I object to any such proceedings. It will look as if we were skinning from a certain other Magazine published here of late.

Shanghai.—I object on higher grounds. These meetings are too sacred for the common eye. Odi profamum vulgus et arcso. Moreover, it will be found that remarks which appear very witty and very original in conversation, may not excite quite the same sensation when they once appear in print.

GAHAGAN.—Neither of your arguments amount to an extensive sum. As for "skinning," you might as well say that Christopher North stole the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" from the "Noctes Atticæ" of Aulus Gellius; and besides, such articles as these have appeared years ago in the Lit. Nor do I have any especial fear of their "sacredness" doing any one serious injury. The only thing to be dreaded is the difficulty of giving them life and animation enough to render them interesting, and the only way that I see to remedy that is to skin,—skin consistently, skin extensively.

MISHKAN.—I approve of their publication for this reason in particular. They can be lengthened or shortened, just as each number requires it; very much in the condition of a pair of boots, which,

according to every shoemaker's warrant, if too large, will shrink, if too tight, will stretch.

BILHATH.—I withdraw my objection entirely. But, Tristram, I propose you assume the office of Corrector of the Press, and put some of these contributions into readable shape. The punctuation is in defiance of all laws, human or divine.

SHANDY.—Am much obliged for the intended honor, but must beg leave to decline it. Besides, I never correct a man's punctuation, however different from my own, unless he is plainly ignorant of the most common principles in the art. According to my theory, the choice and place of punctuation points is nearly as much a part of a writer's style, as the choice and position of his words, and all rules in regard to them, except the simple elementary ones, which every one is supposed to obey, are a nuisance. These large Treatises on Punctuation, which go into full details, and tell you what point you must use on every occasion, ought to be consigned to purgatory, along with Books of Etiquette, Complete Letter-writers, and all other trash of that sort.

GAHAGAN.—But since punctuation was n't invented till after printing was discovered, how did style get along without it before that time?

Shandy.—Before the time in which it was first used, not punctuation, but want of punctuation, was characteristic of an author's style. When a man was compelled to write a long sentence, without inserting any artificial divisions, it was absolutely necessary to pay the greatest attention to its construction, if he wanted his meaning evident. Our medern system of punctuation has in consequence been productive of evil as well as good, since by its multiplicity of points, it allows, and even sanctions, a too great carelessness in the use of words.

Shanghai.—I suppose, Tristram, when I chance to come across, in some old book, those remarks you have just been uttering, you will make the *amende honorable*, come Oliver Wendell Holmes, and give us to understand that your memory was wrong, and not your intentions.

GAHAGAN.—I protest against the wholesale charge of plagiarism, so common in this College. Many seem to have the idea that a man can't read upon any subject, without cabbaging the author's ideas, and even his phraseology. If he takes a book out of the Library, some one is sure to ask him what he is skinning. The opinions as



to what constitutes originality in a production are in this place decidedly original. To start on,—you must know nothing about a subject, and then take particular pains not to find out anything; it follows necessarily, that all you write will be purely original. Moreover, the word "skin," with all its derivatives, is my especial dislike. It is a contemptible word, and an inelegant one, and ought to be banished from College dialect.

BILHATH.—I think, too, that the charge of plagiarism is altogether too often brought, and with too little reason. Of how many pieces spoken at the Junior Exhibition, do you suppose it has not been said that they were stolen?

MISHKAN.—That was the fault of the speaker then. A man, who knows what to write for that occasion, would never be charged with skinning. The theory of a perfect Junior Exhibition Oration is to say something which shall at all events sound well, beautifully if possible. Ideas are altogether a secondary consideration.

Shanghai.—The green-eyed monster is very apparent, O, thou Phi Beta Kappaless one!

MISHEAN.—Green-eyed monster! I would like to find in College twenty men who would n't agree with me as to the character of such productions. A man ought to feel satisfied with himself, if the end has any sort of connection with the beginning. Your orations never advance into a subject, never develop it; they march around it, talk about it, illustrate it. Most of them travel the same path as a hurricane. Their rotary motion is two hundred miles an hour, while their forward is but twenty.

SHANGHAI.—Vide Olmsted's Natural Philosophy, Pneumatics, Sec. 490.

BILHATH.—You abound in comparisons to-night, Mishkan. I should think you would be drained dry, and the world too, for that matter. It seems to me that almost all the materials for comparison are now about used up.

MISHKAM.—There I consider you entirely mistaken. Materials for figurative language can never begin to be used up, so long as the world continues to grow, but must in fact be constantly becoming more abundant. The very essence of a comparison is, that you advance from the known to the unknown,—from a fact with which every one is acquainted, and which is willingly conceded, to another not so generally received. As a necessary consequence, the more a man knows, the greater is his power of illustration by figurative

7.

language. I fancy that every great author has scores of comparisons and metaphors laid away in his mind, which he is prevented from using, because the facts upon which they are founded, are not sufficiently understood. Not long since, Holmes, in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," illustrated the fact that controversy equalizes men, by the hydrostatic paradox. But in order to have the point of his illustration generally appreciated, he was compelled, in the first place, to state what the hydrostatic paradox is. Do you suppose, if it were a fact universally known, that water remains at the same height in the two arms of a bent tube, no matter how different the size of the arms, that he would have taken the trouble to quote the principle in Natural Philosophy, or to have introduced his friend, the Professor, as having originated the saying? So, as the world grows older, those things, which are now known but to few, become known to all, and in consequence, the domain of the author is constantly enlarging.

BILHATH.—Then according to that theory, Seniors and Juniors alone can appreciate your comparison about the hurricane. Freshmen and Sophomores must wait a year or two.

Shandy.—Be careful in your remarks in regard to the two lower classes. They'll not buy the Magazine, if you insinuate they are much lower than the angels.

BILHATH.—A very filthy-lucre spirit you manifest.

SHANDY.—A very safe one, however. It is only rich men who can afford to be impudent and independent.

BILHATH.—That's a foul aspersion upon our student character. But I can assure you, gentlemen, every man of sense, as he looks down upon that level plain of the first ten months he spent in College, from the cloud-land peaks of Junior dignity, says in thought, if not in words, "Lo! Freshman year I was an ass!" I mean no disrespect to our younger brothers of '61, for whom I have a sort of fatherly feeling; but there is no doubt that every man who comes to College is green—excessively green, although he may have skill sufficient to hide any outward manifestations of this particular complexion.

SHANDY.—Perhaps there are some, who don't get over it by the time they have finished their Senior year.

BILHATH.—No insinuations. Yet a person, who isn't free from it by the time he has finished his course, may as well give up the expectation of ever being free; it is innate in the man, and education and practical experience of the world can never take it out. It is

VOL XXIII.

just the same with a large number of other faults. It is sometimes almost wonderful to notice how much juster are the the ideas which an individual has of himself, on completing his last year, than he had on commencing his first. The self-confidence of most men becomes very easily self-conceit; a College, at least a large one, is a very good place to reverse the process. And, as I think, it is the especial advantage of a great institution, that it lets a man down easy. self-complacent feelings, with which every one naturally views his own powers, must be humbled in the struggle and tumult of life; in a large College they will be humbled with the least pain to himself, and before he has had an opportunity to make himself ridiculous before the world That individual must be one of uncommon powers indeed, who, in a collection of five hundred educated young men, is able to take the lead in everything. But it isn't so in a small College. A man of but ordinary talents may see no superiors, and from that very fact, may get an idea of himself, which, after years of sad experience, will show him is far from the truth.

MISHKAN.—I consider the principal advantage of a large College to be the opportunity it affords for the study of human nature.

BILHATH.—Well, it may be, but it should be only an indirect object of a man's coming. Every person ought to come to study, and if he fails in that, he fails in obtaining the great benefit of a College education. The feelings of the nearly one hundred and fifty men, who every year enter the Freshmen class here, I would classify as follows: about one-third come with the determination of improving their advantages, and of making the most of their time. Another third come with no determination whatsoever, and are likely to become studious or idle, upright or dissolute, according to the character of those under whose influence they may chance to fall. The remaining fifty come avowedly to study—human nature. The natural consequence of their intense devotion to this particular branch of learning, is that by the end of the first year, scarcely one of them is a member of the College.

SHANGHAI.—Allow me, gentlemen, to interrupt the very didactic and metaphysical turn which the conversation is taking, by asking if any of you have any reason for not going to Eli's.

GARAGAR.—Any reason for not going to Eli's! Quotha?

(Resunt owner.)

SCENE II.—Eli's front room. Time, 11 P. M.

BILHATH.—Major, you are the only member of the Editorial board without a plug. You must buy one. It will improve your personal appearance amazingly.

GAHAGAN.—Improve my personal appearance! Would you paint the lily?

(Enter Michael with edibles and potables.)

Shandy.—Take a glass for that good opinion of yourself.

GAHAGAN.-Excuse me, I never imbibe under any circumstances.

MISHKAN.—Never imbibe! why, my dear, young friend, if you want to be a literary character, you must drink.

GAHAGAN.—I will endeavor to compensate for my deficiency in that respect by eating a double quantity. When you come to eating, I am a consistent follower of Epicurus.

SHANDY.—Well then, take some of this lobster.

GAHAGAN.—Lobster! If there is anything I despise, detest and fairly loathe, it is lobsters. I would as soon partake of fried angleworms.

Shanghai.—Well, I suppose angle-worms would taste good to a man who has been brought up to live on them.

GAHAGAN.—Don't talk irreverently of these things, gentlemen. There are a great many principles in the philosophy of eating, which have not yet received the attention they deserve; in fact, the whole science has been too much neglected. One of these principles was well expressed by the immortal Brillat Savarin, in his "Physiology of Taste," in the following words: "Dis-moi æ que tu mange, je te dirai qui tu es." It is for this very reason that I despise a man who eats lobster. His feelings wither, his heart hardens. He withdraws himself into his shell, and doesn't suffer the sympathies of his nature to go out of it. In short he becomes lobsterious.

SHANGHAI.—Well, whether the theoretical part of the science is neglected or not, you certainly pay sufficient attention to its practical details.

GAHAGAN.—Certainly, theory is worth nothing, until tested by

^{*}At the risk of offending some, we don't know who, we will translate the phrase from French into the vernacular.—" Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you who you are."

practice. If I live long, I shall sum up the experience of my life, in a work on the Aesthetics of Eating.

SHANGHAI.—It will have to be a long book, if it gives your experience in eating.

GAHAGAN.—There is no science, gentlemen, so entirely in its infancy, so utterly unappreciated as that of cookery. As Brillat Savarin has also said, "L'animal se repait, l'homme mange, l'homme d'ésprit seul sait manger." Cooking is the only true test of a nation's civilization; all others fall to the ground at the least examination. It was but the other day that I heard some one say that the condition of woman was the only accurate measure of the progress of a people. And so it may be with some; but on this principle how can you account for the fact, that "the sex" was more honored in the time of Homer than in that of Pericles—or that it stood far higher in the estimation of the barbarous Germans than the polished Romans? But, what nation of savages could appreciate the delicious flavor of this beef steak, do you suppose?

BILHATH.—It is a fine compliment to the race to make mere animal enjoyment, the measure of its civilization.

GARAGAN.—Who spoke of mere animal enjoyment? A mere animal man can't appreciate good living for the same reason that a savage cannot. His intellect isn't sufficiently cultivated, his taste isn't sufficiently refined. And you may sneer at my theory, but that doesn't disturb its truth. We gage the human race by its stomach. A cannibal is the lowest in the scale, a member of the Pi-Eta club the highest.

SHANDY.—Yes, a very civilized crowd is the Pi-Eta club, if noise constitutes civilization.

GAHAGAN.—The same principle prevails everywhere. What made the Spartans so inferior to the Atheniaus in everything that renders a nation worthy of honor? The answer is plain. They abjured all good living, and dieted themselves upon black broth. The actual consequence was, that they were never of any account, when intellectual power came into question.

Shanghai.—I agree in those sentiments entirely. It has always been to my mind one of the most convincing proofs of the intellectual inferiority of woman, that out of the thousands of the feminine

^{*}Translation.—"Animals feed, man eats, but the man of education and refinement alone knows how to eat."

gender who have made cooking the business of their lives, not one has become celebrated. Where is the female Ude or Soyer? Can you imagine a woman willing to die the heroic death of a Vattel, and stab herself because the fish arrived too late? There is a sublimity in such a death, to which the female mind can never hope to attain.

GAHAGAN.—Pshaw! the most convincing argument of woman's intellectual inferiority is, that not one of them was ever found, who could play a good scientific game of wh—

SHANDY.—Stop, Major, you are treading on forbidden ground. This board eschews all conversation on such vanities as games of any description.

BILHATH.—It is waxing late, fellows, and I have an indistinct idea that my present number of marks will not allow my sleeping over.

GAHAGAN.—That can be easily remedied. I have a choice collection of excuses all made to order. You can come to my room, and make your selection.

BILHATH,—Well, when I lose sense of honor sufficient to lie for the sake of getting off a mark, I'll call at your rooms for the excuses.

GAHAGAN.—But according to my reasoning, the fact that every one is sparing of the truth in such matters, takes away from it its moral aspect.

BILHATH.—Lying is none the less lying, if every one does practice it.

GAHAGAM.—It's certainly no worse than stealing, and you stole that last sentence from one of Prof. Fisher's sermons. No use of disclaiming it, I remember the fact distinctly. Talk as much as you please, I'm bound not to be convinced of the enormity of the sin of handing in model excuses. It has about as much morality as the gobbling of an umbrella, and every one knows that is a commendable act rather than otherwise. It is a generally understood fact that an umbrella belongs to the man who has got hold of it last; consequently there is nothing wicked in keeping it. If any one is ignorant of this great law, running through the whole civilized world, that is his own fault, and as they tell us, when we are matriculated, ignorantia excusat neminem.

MISERAN.—How much have you been profited by your very liberal views on the subject of hooking umbrellas?

GAHAGAN.—My Freshman year experience was quite an argument to my mind, for the truths of my opinions. I came to College with-

out any umbrella, didn't purchase any during the ten months I was in New Haven, lost six however, and went home summer vacation with a very good one.

SHANGHAL.—How do you get along at the present time in such spoliations?

GARAGAM.—O, I have given up carrying umbrellas now as incompatible with Junior independence. But I take this occasion to give notice to all subscribers to the Yale Literary Magazine, and to the members of College generally, that if on a rainy day any one of them is in want of a protection from the blast, and hath not the lucre wherewith to procure one, let him go during recitation hours to the Athenusem, and outside of the recitation room doors, he will find umbrellas innumerable, and many of them very good. They are left there by individuals who seem to have great confidence in the honor of their fellow-students. Gentlemen, as I said before, ignorantia excusat neminem. So go and gobble remorselessly.

Shanghai.—I was in hopes, Major, you wouldn't be leaving your trail upon the Lit.

MISHKAN.—The clock strikes one; "we take no note of time, &c."

(Ezeunt omnes.)

College Compositions.

BY W. P. WILLIS.

The world—a reasoning man must feel—Is but a "wheel within a wheel"—An outer crust, a hollow centre—A mighty orb—a hole to enter—The "vassal world," and tribes of gypsies—Connecticut, and nosmotipsis—Here is my theme—my muse shall canter O'er nosmotipsis—sis kai panta

A little world—et gens diversa—But, all in all, there's many a "worser."

I'll try to touch the subject lightly, Nor dwell too long on points unsightlyBut as the bear his fav'rite cub licks
True patriots purge their loved republics—
Developing their secret glaces
By clearing up the dirty places—
I waive discussion of finances,
"Treats," oyster clubs, and lawless dances,
Of every thing that's wrong within doors
And bad without, like breaking windows,
And come, direct, like jacta lapis,
To what is now upon the tapis.

A composition, lex ordetur, Is not a joke to Paul or Peter-Solemni verbo, hi scribuntur-A matter to be done by Gunter, So, in his turn, the Senior summons His scatter'd thoughts to get the "rum ones," And solemnly, as all of you know, With optics like "boopis Juno," He thrusts his hand up through his hair, As if his thoughts were straying there. And shuts his eyes, and dips his pen, And tries to feel like bigger men, And takes his chum's perplex'd "eureka" For nothing less than "Mr. Speaker." His fancy swells-his mouth, inflated, Looks big as if it had debated-And, with manipulation, quicker, And words much bigger, than McVicar, His sheet grows black with his production Of dire political destruction. Eheu tympani! Wednesday comes, And up he gets like forty drums. And full of wrath and animation He tells us we're a ruin'd nation-Our credit's gone-religion garbles-"The little children play at marbles"-And one would think his larinx brasen Fill'd with the prophet's "Wo Chorssin," And Boston and New York, like Tarsus Would soon be "pasture for wild asses." He sits down in a perspiration, As dignified as a whole nation, And with th' ambition that creates men Feels sure that he was born a statesmanAnd wonders that his Alma Mater Don't tell him he's a legislator!

Some play the critic. You may hear The gage of authors, far and near-The novel fact has been asserted "That Byron's talents were perverted"-Tom Moore was something of a poet, And Lalla Rookh and time will show it. Another—Jupiter defend us!— With taste and wisdom quite tremendous, Tells us that Southey wrote by rule And poet Wordsworth was a fool. Some take old threads of tales, like weavers, And prate of girls and "gay deceivers"-A mourning dress, ex necessario-A grave stone and a gay Lothario-A frosty night—a barren moor, A woman dead at the front door-And then, for moral, Barney's moan, "You'd better let the girls alone."

Some dash in words—the subject's lame,
But that is not the author's aim—
If you're astonish'd,—quantum suff.
The rest he values at a puff—
He knows you'll think the mind is muscular
Which gives you out the "flash crepuscular"—
Long words are metal that will ring,
The sense is quite another thing.

The rest—mehercule! I tremble
To tell you what the rest resemble—
They're meant to have electric force,
And are entirely new, of course—
Ambition, fame, and love of study,
Biographies of every body—
Josephus, by the page extracted,
Romance got up in prose distracted,
Apologies for writing ill,
Facetious thoughts the page to fill—
Good themes, and easy ones withal,
And—perfectly original!

Tetters.

William S. Tuckerman has been sentenced to state-prison for twenty-one years, for robbing the mail. Nobody manifested any sympathy with the criminal, no one expressed any sorrow on account of the decision of the judge; there was everywhere, whether openly displayed or not, a feeling of "hit him again, he's got no friends." The indignation of most persons was aroused, because in times of great commercial distress, he had, by his criminal conduct, rendered the affairs of many still more embarrassed, and had plunged many struggling men still deeper in the mire. Yet the misunderstandings and misfortunes, occasioned by the loss of goldcompelling checks and drafts, however great they were, compared not at all with the annihilation of a wealth, which bank notes could not represent. Few thought of the thousand possibilities of suffering, which might result from the destruction, by the agency of one man, of the countless number of missives, which, freighted with their burden of human feelings, were ever coming and going on the great lines of travel. Few thought, how in distant lands, the hearts of many would grow sick with hope deferred, with watching for letters that would never come. Few thought, to how many anxious souls would wearily pass the day, and follow the wearier night, as still the hours kept on their ceaseless march, but brought no tidings of loved ones far away. Truly, but few thought, what misery in the thronging avenues of life, the loss of a few mail-bags would occasion; how for many, the cherished plans of years, now well nigh realization, would fall crushed to the earth, bringing disgrace and ruin upon their projectors; how, in the chambers of sick men, heart-breaking disappointment would pave the way for the agony of a stern last parting; how, in the secret places of the soul, the seeds of estrangements, more bitter than death, would be sown between life-long friends; how, in countless homes, the pulse of life would beat faint and fainter, as confident expectation faded into doubt, and grow silent forever, as doubt sickened into despair. Alike to high and low, to rich and poor, to good and evil, would be the sorrow and the suffering; upon all alike would fall, not alone the grief, which flaunts in the light, but the hidden anguish that finds no voice in words, but tells its tale in baffled hopes and a wasted life.

But it is not everything the mail carries, that would properly Vol. XXIII.



come under the name at the head of this article. Many of the innumerable missives, which are constantly passing and repassing
from one portion of the land to another, can lay claim to none of
the feelings which dignify a correspondence. Documents enclosed
in envelopes, they may be called; but they are not letters. From
that position should be excluded, in general, everything which now
disgraces the name, under the title of instructions to foreign ministers,—bulletins from the seat of war,—letters of marque,—duns,—
"letters home," sent not by the students, but by the Faculty. In
particular, everything should be excluded which has primary reference to money matters. Such communications have no more right
to be deemed letters, than day-books and ledgers have to be considered literature.

Some men, however, write letters in the same manner, and probably with the same emotions, with which they fill up account-books-Conciseness is their forte; what they want to say, they say, and then they finish. They have no patience with that rambling and disconnected talk upon nothing at all, which constitutes the very charm of most epistles. Such are the "practical" men, who anxiously expect the coming of that mercantile millenium, when letters shall be done away with forever, and all correspondence will be in the form of telegraphic dispatches. Doubtless all their purposes would be answered by the latter mode. But us, may heaven save from the time, when a man shall be compelled to pay for the expression of his feelings, at the rate of twenty-five cents for every ten words, and to have the most cherished emotions of his soul liable to be cut down at the option of a crusty operator on a magnetic wire! In the hands of such a person, a love-letter would soon become an interesting illustration of a collapsed specimen of the "art epistolary." Verily, may heaven save us from the time, when modern science shall have substituted for the careless diffuseness of a letter, and the geniality of soul, which glows along its pages, the pointed conciseness and business-like indifference of a telegraphic dispatch.

There is no remark which has been worn more thread-bare than that in writing a letter, one should be natural. It is the old stereotyped phrase, which has served as a stand-by to every old lady giving advice upon the subject, and upon which changes of all kinds have been rung from the time of Hannah More to our own day. As far as regards the real meaning which the words convey, they are certainly true; but taken in the sense, in which most under-

stand them, they are very far from true. With many persons, to be natural is to be emotionless. They can appreciate the existence of a certain limited range, in which the feelings may "with perfect propriety" express themselves; but they have no conception of that vast sliding scale of emotion, which stretches from life's beginning to its decline; upon which, as upon the keys of an organ, are ever running up on the thousand chords of love and hate, of joy and sorrow, the passions of our natures, from the passing grief of the child to the despair of the man. Such individuals are the negative characters of society, who are too dignified to become excited, too careful of their respectability, to be betrayed into any unguarded actions or words. Yet the conflicts which make the human heart their battle-ground, the transports which thrill it, the trials which purify it, are to every earnest man, as real and as natural, as to common persons are the pains and pleasures of every-day existence. As such they find a voice in letters; and his feelings must indeed have deadened, and his intellect dwarfed by long contact with those whose minds feed only on paltry objects and rotten husks of happiness, who can object to such histories of the inward life as artificial.

This idea of naturalness, so common and so erroneous, has sprung in a great measure from considering a correspondence as a mere abstract of conversation. Many points of similarity there are between them indeed; but there are also as many points of dissimilarity. Rules, which would serve for the one, would be wholly unsuited to the other. How many are the feelings, which, in common intercourse, would remain forever hidden in the heart, but find a tongue in inanimate paper. How many, likewise, are the feelings, which burst forth, warmed into life by the ready sympathy and kindly influences of conversation, but would be chilled in their flow by the coolness and delay of letter-writing. For in conversation, the inflections and emphasis given to words. the tone of voice, the expression of the countenance, in fine, the thousand little things which separately taken, are nothing, but taken together, are everything, all these produce their effect, and modify the meaning of what has been said. But it is not so in let-There the words stand out, in cold and changeless characters. susceptible of only one sense, affected by no device of gesture and articulation. It will be necessary to make use of only one illustration. Any person, who has attentively considered the distinction between letter-writing and conversation, must have noticed, in particular, how entirely different is the wit of the one from that of the other. A joke, full of point and ludicrousness, when spoken, sounds often comparatively dull when written. Devoid of the accompanying feelings, which show themselves through the voice and eye in narration, the volatile essence is all gone. On the other hand the quaint allusion, the queer mode of expression, the most delicate forms of wit, which require time to be appreciated, are all lost in the rush of conversation. Hence, it is not wonderful, that many men, renowned for the strength of their powers in the one, should be equally as remarkable for their weakness in the other. And, in general, it may be said, that conversation is the better place for what we commonly understand by wit, and letters for what we commonly eall humor.

Rousseau has remarked somewhere, that in writing a love-letter, one should commence without knowing what he is going to say, and end without knowing what he has said. This peculiarly French idea of what ought to be the characteristic of the style of amatory epistles, many carry out practically, whether they ever heard of the theory or not. It would be a natural inference, from the extent to which in such cases the feelings are interested, or at least are supposed to be interested, that love-letters would, of all letters, be by far the best. Any one, however, who may have ever had the pleasure of attending a breach-of-promise trial, will be able to bear witness, that the execution has usually borne no comparison with the conception. The case is not peculiar, however. Many persons have taste, knowledge, and intellectual strength sufficient to serve as building materials for a dozen poets; all they want is poetical genius. requires no extensive observation of human nature, to become satisfied that, with most men, the power of expression is far inferior to the power of conception. And of all tasks of this former power, one of the most difficult is the writing of a love-letter, which, while it speaks warmly and earnestly the genuine sentiments of the heart, shall at the same time be free from mawkish sentimentalism and ridiculous display.

A breach-of-promise trial took place a short time ago in Dublin, which was enriched by the reading of some letters, so decidedly original and peculiar, that we venture to lay a few of them before our readers, although to some, they may already be familiar. The defendant was Robert Longfield, the plaintiff, Eliza Heard. The latter had heard that the former was engaged to be married to an-

I

:

11

other young lady and it is at this period the interest of the correspondence commences with the following letter:

20TH MAY, 1857.

I have heard such a report—that you are going to be married to Miss Gumbleton, though engaged to me nearly two years. Write by return of post, and let me know, if I am still to consider you a gentleman, or otherwise.

ELIZA HEARD.

The following was the elegant reply:

I received your note, with some surprise, to-day. The report you have heard is a damned lie. I wish to see a little more of the world before I am tied down.

R. LONGFIELD.

At a still later period, the lady writes again to the gentleman:

2d September, 1857.

I am sure you must think me devoid of feeling, or you could never act so very unkindly, as you are doing from day to day. I have expected to see you, but now I may well say with the old proverb: "hope deferred, maketh the heart sick." As there is no possibility of speaking to you, I am obliged to write in a way most painful to myself. I little thought a man, who spoke so much about honor, and honorable actions, could treat a girl, whom he professed to love, and his affianced wife, with such indifference. I must now insist upon your settling the time for our marriage, and require you to give me an answer, plain and explicit.

ELIZA HEARD.

Here follows an exceedingly satisfactory reply from the gentleman:

MISS HEARD—

I received your note, and I felt very much annoyed at it; as you insist on fixing a time for our marriage, it will take place on the 1st of January, 1875.

R. LONGFIELD.

The sister of the plaintiff thought it possible that this interesting young man had meant 1857, instead of 1875, and in consequence, sent him a note of enquiry, and received in reply the following beautiful and most refreshingly cool communication:

SEPT. 14TH, 1857.

I received yours of to-day. As to your sister, I never meant anything serious. It is an every-day occurrence for young men to amuse themselves, particularly in the filtring line. I never meant to marry your sister.

Yours, &c. R. LONGFIELD.

As belonging to real life, the foregoing are decidedly most unique specimens of the "art epistolary." If Tuckerman, by his robberies, caused any such letters to be lost, instead of being sent to prison for twenty-one years, he ought to have been hung.

From the Agamemnon of Beschylus.

Sad was the hour

Of the flight of the maiden;

With Sorrow, her dower,
She passed overladen

Through the dark-frowning portals
Which the shield-bearers guarded;—
By the will of th' Immortals

From a lover discarded,
All wrathfulness bearing,
All sorrow and shame,
She, fearless in daring,
To Ilium came.

Alas, for the palace!
Alas, for the Chief!
Thou'st poured from thy chalice
Full measure, Oh Grief!
The couch is deserted,
The loved one has flown;—
From his side averted,
Her footsteps have gone.

E'en yet scarce believing The depth of his woe, Repressing his grieving, He stilleth its flow ;-And silently stands he In saddest dishonor-No vengeance demands be, No curses upon her. To his passionate dreaming, A phantom hath come, To assume, with fair seeming, Her place in his home. On the statues adorning The fair palace halls, With loathing, with scorning, His joyless glance falls. Their loveliness passes Like the swift light of day, Whilst memory glasses The sweet one, away.

And vain is the vision
Which bringeth delight,
In the slumber Elysian
Of halcyon night.

Ah! vain the seeming and the dreaming of the rapture-bringing night!

And keen the sorrow which we borrow from the melancholy light!—

For ere the vision, with sweet fruition, doth our souls in rapture steep,

Too swiftly flying, 'tis far up-plying, on the wings of wanton sleep.

So sadly sang the bards their sorrows at the hearth,—
But yet sang not the sorrows far surpassing these;
For now o'er all the land of Helias comes the grief
For heroes forth-departed to the sanguine field,
All knowing that but ashes shall return, and urns,
Unto the homes whence went they forth with hopings high.

H. R. H.

The Songs of Pale.

So many pages have been written on our songs and singing, that the topic would have been worn thread-bare long ago, had it not been one of paramount interest. But we are emphatically a musical community. We have a song adapted to every time and temperament, to every meeting, literary or convivial, to every class, club and society, and to nearly every one of the pleasant places where our lines have fallen. Nor is it a matter of marvel, that "vocal verse" fills so large a place in the heart of the student. From constant, unrestrained intercourse "cum paribus," his tastes become pre-eminently social, while the man of business by a continual reliance on his individual effort, feels, save during an occassional lull in the hurricane of business, a sense of isolation that renders him reserved and formal.-For the former also, "Youth and hope a glory wear," and more, the nature of his pursuits fit him to enjoy with a keener relish so refined a relaxation. And refined it is, for a song is the bridal of poetry and music-not of intricate and highwrought harmony with stately verse—but a modest, though clear and striking ballad wedded to a simple, easy flowing melody. Hence, the secret of its magical influence. The sublime measures of Milton, meet with an instinctive appreciation in few breasts, while fewer still can respond with full comprehension to the glorious symphonies of Beethoven—but who cannot freely sympathize with the beautiful Lyrics of Burns and Congreve, or with the familiar airs of Carolan and Stevenson. And, whose feelings have not been chastened and purified, whose joy has not been heightened, whose grief has not been softened by their influence? How many a throbbing brain and desponding heart, has been soothed and cheered by a song of Yale, and as its notes rise and blend in harmony, the hearts of the singers are tuned to a more perfect unison, and the tempests of passion, envy, rivalry, are calmed.

But let us look for a moment at our new collection. The songs that, like the vaticinations of the Cumean Sibyl, have been whisking about on numberless Pow-Wow and Presentation Programmes, have again been gathered into an unassuming little pamphlet. The volume opens with a "Song of degrees" by King David. . We leave it to the unfortunate Hebrew optionals to say, whether the uncouth rhymes of Sternhold and Hopkins, are an improvement on the original of the "Monarch Minstrel." Next in order of Antiquity, comes that sapphic gem, "Integer vitae." Beautiful in itself, and doubly so, from the exquisite air to which it is sung, it will be a lasting favorite. The remainder are almost exclusively Yale songs, and of course, meritorious productions. The editor deserves our warm thanks, for his assiduity in collecting the materials, and his taste in their arrangement. But, in a collection embracing such a variety, it would be impossible for an editor to gratify the tastes of all, and perhaps it is owing more to sympathy with the composer, than merit in the composition, that makes us regret the omission of the Burial Dirge, commencing, "In the arms of Death, old Euclid sleepeth."

Its gifted author, who, during his brief career in the midst of us, left us so rich a legacy of songs, is now a "captive people," and has hanged his harp upon the willows of a sister institution, where they are considered incendiary publications, and are as scarce as anti-slavery tracts.

The only positive blemish in the collection is that mentioned in the preface. Too few of our songs are sufficiently general in their nature. Every class furnishes its quota for our Jubilees and celebrations. How few leave one like "Alma Mater" or "Gaudeamus," that we can swell out with a gusto on all occasions. The limited number of such songs makes us feel more deeply the loss of "Darbiensis Aries," which has no doubt been "crowded out by the press of other matter," to borrow the consoling language of "Notices to contributors." Why doesn't that stirring old melody, "It's a way we have at Old Yale, Sir," appear in this catalogue? Whoever was its author, it was first introduced here as a College song, although it is now chanted with fervor at every institution on the continent. Think of that glorious old refrain, metamorphosed into such a polypedal hypermeter as

"It's a way we have at the University of North Carolina, Sir!"

Sheer respect for the laws of Prosody would warrant us in making it exclusively Yalensian. There also appeared in the last issue of that erratic publication, the Gallinipper, a gem of this kind worthy of a better setting, and which we hoped would glitter on the pages of our new collection.

But when we have garnered up these and others that time forbids us to specify, we still need more. Will not some of our prolific poets turn their talents in this direction? It is said that the subjects are trite, and the themes narrow. But has not the subject-matter of songs been always limited? When was not "vinum et mulieres" made the staple of lyrical poetry? and yet the themes are not exhausted, for we daily meet with effusions on these well worn topics, that wear the ruddy glow of novelty. Now, a song in which vinum is the principal ingredient, would not properly mirror student life, and for the same reason a puling sentimentalism is to be discarded; and yet our best songs are spiced with love and wine. We lead a rollicking, free and easy life, and should not be over scrupulous about making our melodies too jovial and "fast." We would not have our choruses reek with ribaldry, nor steeped in the sensuality of a carousal. But we also object to the starched teetotalism that would subject the beautiful anacreontic of the "Autocrat," to such "slight alterations" as would render it a Lyrical Temperance lecture.

Listen to the following:

"This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are the rosy Wine,
We, planets, that are not able
Without his help to shine,"

YOL. XXIII.

22



Now it cannot be denied that the bottle here referred to comes into direct antagonism with the college statute prohibiting the use of intoxicating beverages, and that its spirit clashes with the precepts of "sound morality." What then! Why of course every such sentiment must be mercilessly tabooed. Not at all—we have yet to learn that they exert a demoralizing influence. But a few evenings since, a knot of Representatives were scandalized by the evident relish with which a score of students rendered, "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl," and yet every one of the twenty most religiously eschewed all potables that will inebriate. We would not have a song entirely bacchanalian, but an occasional stanza of such a nature, tends not only to afford relief to the prevailing classical and semi-pedantic tendency, so universal in student productions, but also to show the convivial as well as scholastic phase of our life.

Mingle then in due proportion, these time-honored, custom-consecrated themes, with some of the thousand others that are exclusively Collegian, and there opens a wide field for variety in student songs. Perhaps, the Editors of the Lit. would set apart a sum from their overflowing treasury, and establish another medal (?) for excellence in this department. They would gladly publish them at all events. And remember, oh, you who art panting after celebrity, that he who leaves behind him a sprightly song will meet with a speedy apotheosis at the hands of future freshmen. If a vote should be polled to day on the question, who was the greater benefactor to Alma Mater, Francis M. Finch, or Elihu Yale, who doubts that the latter gentleman would be black-balled, despite the very interesting and lengthy biography of his excellency, in a late number of this periodical. Ponder on these things, ye who "string the pearls of poesy." It is for you to say whether the compiler of the next edition of "Songs of Yale," will be obliged to take up the lamentation of his predecessors, that few of them are of general interest. You cannot estimate the purifying, elevating influence that a good song will exert over us while here-and in later years, a glimpse of it may kindle up old College reminiscences that will flush along the track of the rugged years, through which we have plodded, till we forget their toils and struggles, and

> —laugh in the light of their memories bright, And treasure them all for the morrow.



ŗ.

ì

Translations.

IF a person, wholly ignorant of College words and customs, should happen to read the notices posted on the Lyceum and Athenaeum, he might certainly be pardoned for expressing some surprise. From the number of "ponies," "horses," "steeds." "colts," "nags," "mustangs," "barbs" and "chargers" advertised on the walls of those buildings, it would be a natural inference, that either a tribe of Bedouin Arabs had pitched their tents in this neighborhood, or that the science of equestrianism was studied in this "ancient and renowned seat of learning," with a zeal as commendable, as it was universal. And thus it is studied, but not in the sense in which the words are used by the "outside barbarians." There is scarcely a man in the institution, who is not able, in College dialect, to ride, from him who spends his time in borrowing "steeds" and never returning them, to him who through the four years of his course, constantly keeps a livery stable always full, and always drives a four horse chariot, with a "tiger" attached.

But whether Bohn's editions have been injurious to the cause of education or not, it is certain that "ponies" have too much of a tendency to bring our translations to a dead uniformity, and to prevent recitations from being beguiled by peculiar renderings of the ancient authors, so common in former times. More especially is this to be mourned over, when the temptation to use these "helps to knowledge," overcomes the virtue of some one of the younger members of the Faculty. It seems then to be a neck and neck race between him and his pupils, which shall approach the nearer to the authorized printed version; but inasmuch as he has thrice the amount of time to study, he is usually the more success-We all however, remember the different conduct of one tutor. who always expressed a great anxiety, that his pupils should make use of the "idiomatic expressions" of our language, and was accustomed to illustrate his meaning by translating the Greek word, "to use the spear," by "javelinize," and the angry remark of the Homeric chief, that "Achilles had no compassion, not even a little," by the more elegant phraseology, "Achilles had no bowels of compassion, no. not a bowel."

But our object in writing this article was not to talk about "ponies," but to introduce to the notice of the Yalensian public, a

translation of the New Testament, which in these days of Bible Society Revisions, ought to attract more attention than it has done. It is entitled "The New Covenant," and was translated by a clergyman who was half insane. It furnishes, perhaps, one of the most curious instances of an absurd monomania on record.

The author states in the preface, that his object "in this hitherto untried effort, has been to benefit the rising generation, by presenting to them the Holy Scriptures, the foundation of their belief, and the rule of their practice, in an idiom with which they are familiar." After giving somewhat more in detail his motives for undertaking this task, he concludes by saying, that "it is hoped and believed, that this effort will not be viewed as an infringement on the sanctity of the sacred volume, or as having an influence to render holy things common; but as a commentary and illustration of the Bible, accessible to all: and, that the Savior of sinners will not be offended at having the doctrines and precepts of his benign religion clothed in a more fashionable dress."

Now as a specimen of this "fashionable dress," observe the elegant manner in which a portion of the sermon on the mount is rendered into English.

Why do you notice the speck which is in your brother's eye, yet do not perceive the splinter which is in your own eye? How can you, with propriety, say to your brother, let me take the speck out of your eye, and at the same time there is a splinter in your own eye? Hypocrite, first pull the splinter out of your own eye, and then you can see distinctly to remove the speck from your brother's eye.

The food of John the Baptist is spoken of as being "small animals and vegetable honey"; "righteousness" is always translated by "correctness," "faith" by "confidence," and "Christ" by "the Anointed." But for the edification of our readers, we will string together a collection of these pearls taken at random from the book. It is almost wonderful to notice how some of the sublimest passages of our version become almost travestied in this translation, which without doubt was undertaken with the purest motives on the part of the author.

The eye is the light of the body. If, therefore, your eye be transparent, your whole body will be enlightened.

Which of you by anxiety, can add one inch to his height?

It is not every one who addresses me in that courteous language, Sovereign,

Sovereign, who shall enter the dominion of God, but he who does the will of my Father, who is in the heavens.

Into whatever city or town, you shall enter, inquire for a suitable family, and there remain until you go thence.

Do not imbibe the idea that I have come at this time, to bring peace to the earth.

But he replied: Inimical and adulatory people wish for a token; but there shall be no token exhibited to them, except the token of the prophet Jonah.

The Savior then asked them, whether they had understood all his instructions; And they said, Yes, Sir.

When the Savior had concluded his similitudes, he retired from that place.

But he turned and said to Peter, desist, opposer, you are a hindrance to me.

And his lord was angry and committed him to the police, until he should pay all that was due to him.

On these two commands, are suspended all the laws and the prophecies.

The Savior said to them, Do you see these elegancies? I assure you, that, at a future day, there will not be left one stone upon another, which will not be thrown down.

The moon will not give light, and the stars will fall from the heavens, and the planetary system will be shaken.

The Savior said to him, I assure you, that this very night, before the cock shall announce the approach of day, you will three times deny your relation to me.

Immediately he came to the Savior, and said, your most obedient, Preceptor, and kissed him.

The following command in the twenty-third verse of the fifth chapter of 1st Timothy, does appear anything but orthodox, as translated here in this manner: "drink no more water; but use a little wine for the benefit of your stomach and numerous infirmities."

The following verse contains quite a novel idea.

And a man from Ethiopia, a backelor of great authority under Candace, the Queen of Ethiopia, was returning.

After reading a whole book, translated in such a manner as the foregoing passages, it would certainly be a hard matter, to think there was not something in the choice of words. Every man, who can appreciate the dignity and simple majesty of our version of the Bible, has good reason to be thankful that the work of rendering it into English, was not committed to a body of men, who were anxious to put it in a "fashionable dress."

Memorabilia Palensia.

The most note-worthy circumstance, that has taken place thus far in the term, was the appearance, on the 11th of May, of the fifth number of the Lit., regularly coming out in March, but this year dated April.

Award of the Berkeley Scholarship.

Class of 1858.

B. C. HASKELL.

Second in rank.

D. A. MILES.

THE NAVY.

The Yale Navy, which was never in a more flourishing condition, certainly as regards the number and quality of boats, has this term received two very important accessions. We append a description of the boats and uniforms, and a list of their men:

LORELEI CLUB. CLASS OF 1861.

Boat—black, with a gold stripe, pulls six oars, forty-five feet, seven inches in length; was built by Ingersoll, of New York, in 1858. Flags—bow, blue trimmed with white; stern, American Ensign. Uniform—white shirts, with blue collars and cuffs, trimmed with white stars; cords, terminating in pink stars, on the breast; below the cords a foul anchor, pink. Belts—black, with "Lorelei, Yale, '61," in gold letters. White pants, straw hats.

Captain, Henry Holt, 1st Lieutenant, E. R. Sill,

2d "W. T. Chester,

Purser R. Hoolihan,

2 0/00

J. B. Andrews, R. H. Fitzhugh,

G. B. Beecher, F. E. Kernochan,

A. S. Burt, T. W. Osborn, C. C. Convers, W. E. Sims.

F. S. Davis, T. Skelding.

W. J. Temple.

CYMOTHOE CLUB. CLASS OF 1861.

Boat—maroon, with gilt band, pulls six oars, forty-five feet in length, was built by James, of Brooklyn, in 1858. Flags—bow, white jack, with "C" inscribed; stern, American Ensign. Uniform—shirts white, collars and cuffs crimson, belts black, with "Cymothoe, '61" in raised silver letters, pants white.

Captain, A. P. Root,
1st Lieutenant, J. C. Tyler,
2d do. S. A. Bent,
Purser, J. R. Gould,

H. Arnold.

S. E. Baldwin,

T. Baldwin,

J. N. Bannan,

M. Bulkley,

J. T. Brooks,

W. C. Faxon.

G. H. Frisbee.

C. P. Otis,

H. S. Thompson,

W. Cook,

R. O. Williams,

A. G. Woods.

The class of '61 deserves great credit for the spirited manner in which it has taken hold of naval matters. They have at present four clubs, three of which possess boats of the first quality. If all succeeding classes follow their example, Yale will soon own a collection of boats, the equals of which will not be found in the United States.

CLASS ORATORS AND POETS.

We have been at some pains to ascertain the names of the Class Orators and Poets of Presentation Day, so far back as they can be obtained. The custom commenced not long after 1820, but it has been found impossible to obtain anything like a full list, further back than 1838. So far back as it goes we print it, however, for the benefit of students and Statement-of-Facts orators, expressing at the same time our thanks to the Librarians of the College for the valuable assistance they have rendered us. At some future time we hope to make the list complete.

Poets.	Class of 1883.	Orators.
R. ROBERTSON,	<u> </u>	A. H. Lewis.
C. COPPING.	Class of 1884, Class of 1885,	W. LEVERETT.
•		
F. Johnston,	Class of 1886,	J. B. Fenton.
T. P. Scovell,	0.220 37 1000,	H. C. DEMING.

Poets.	Ø £ 1997	Orators.
W. T. BACON,	Class of 1887,	C. A. Johnson.
G. T. Dole,	Class of 1888,	W. P. LYNDE.
L. W. SMITH,	Class of 1889,	R. P. CUTLER.
G. H. HOLLISTER,	Class of 1840,	C. F. BURNHAM.
G. В. Scнотт,	Class of 1841,	D. G. MITCHELL.
•	Class of 1842,	N. Edwards.
J. A. PORTER,	Class of 1848,	
L. F. Robinson,	Class of 1844,	A. Johnston.
C. W. CAMP,	Class of 1845,	O. H. Doolittle.
G. B. DAY,	Class of 1846,	T. K. DAVIS.
E. Johnson,	Class of 1847,	F. J. KINGSBURY.
E. FRANKLIN,	• .	T. L. BAYRE.
F. R. GRIST,	Class of 1848,	C. J. WEBSTER.
F. M. FINCH,	Class of 1849,	H. HOLLISTER.
J. I. I. Adams,	Class of 1850,	C. J. HILLYBR.
None delivered.	Class of 1861,	None delivered.
W. W. CRAPO,	Class of 1852,	H. B. SPRAGUE.
T. C. Lewis,	Class of 1858,	R. L. Gibson.
J. M. Smith,	Class of 1854,	S. C. GALE.
L. D. Brewster,	Class of 1855,	A. BAILEY.
•	Class of 1856,	P. W. CALKINS.
S. W. BUEHLER,	Class of 1857,	_,
N. C. Perkins,		A. H. STRONG.

Exhibition of Works of Art, Yale College, 1858.

It is proposed to open in New Haven, about the middle of June, an Exhibition of Works of Art, especially Paintings, and to continue the same until after Commencement day,—closing August 14th.

The immediate occasion of the Exhibition is the expected arrival of two statues in marble, copied for the Linonian Society from the antique, by E. S. Bartholomew, Esq., formerly of Hartford, and now of Rome. One of these is the Demosthenes of the Vatican; the other, the Sophocles of the Lateran Museum.

A principal object in forming the collection is to awaken and gratify a love of

the Fine Arts, among the students of College, and the residents of the town. The Committee is accordingly composed of gentlemen who represent both the Linonian Society, the Brothers in Unity, and the citizens of New Haven. Among this number, are the President and several of the Professors in College, and other well known gentlemen. Those not resident in New Haven, who have consented to act upon this committee, are His Exc. W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Hon. H. Barnard, Hartford, D. W. Coit, Esq., Norwich, Hon. H. C. Deming, Hartford, Hon. C. J. McCurdy, Lyme, Prof. S. F. B. Morse, Poughkeepsie, R. Sanford, Esq., New York.

The executive commmittee, on whom devolves the chief responsibility, is constituted as follows; E. E. Salisbury, *Chairman*, A. N. Skinner, F. J. Betts, B. Silliman Jr., J. A. Porter, W. L. Kingsley, D. C. Gilman, *Secretary*.

Prof. Salisbury has accepted an invitation to deliver an Address at the opening of the Exhibition, and lectures may be expected from several other gentlemen.

The collection will be placed in Calliope Hall, between the halls of the Linonians and Brothers, in the Alumni Building of Yale College.

In arranging the exhibition, the Committee respectfully solicit the coöperation of the friends of the College and the lovers of Art. The loan of meritorious works in any department of Fine Arts will be highly appreciated. The utmost care will be taken of the collection, and arrangements will be made for packing, transporting and insuring, without expense to the owner, such works as may be placed at the disposition of the Committee. Communications may be addressed to any of their number.

We are informed that the Committee have already been offered a large number of excellent paintings. We are confident that the whole body of students will rejoice in this effort to arrange an exhibition, of so much attraction and value, and that every exertion possible on their part, will be made to have it carried through in the most successful manner.

Editor's Table.

The jolly term of jolly Junior year has come at last, with its long summer days and cloudless nights—its optionals and easy lessons—its Pow-wows and Presentation—its serenades by night, and sleeping under the trees by day—its boating races on the waters, and its political races in the Societies. Everybody is in a state of laziness and happiness, except the Seniors, who are at present busily engaged in filling up their Equestrian establishments, in preparation for one more short riding season; every one expects to remain in that state, except the Sophomores, who are supposed to be awaiting, with fear and trembling, the approach of the Biennial.

On second thought, we are inclined to believe, that we have been guilty of sparing the truth in some of the above remarks. The days have been long VOL. XXIII.



enough, it is true, but very little like summer, as the condition of our coal closet will bear ample testimony. In fact, the weather so far during the term, has been of the most flagrant character, alternating constantly between cold and rain. It is perhaps, useless for us at the present juncture, to renew the constant complaints, that are continually ascending in regard to the condition of the walks, in the part of the yard back of the Colleges. At this particular time, Trumbull Gallery has the appearance of an island, surrounded by a vast open sea of mud and water. Good walking is undoubtedly to be found there somewhere, but the difficulty is, that one has to go so far below the surface to find it. The poet expresses our feelings in regard to the condition of the ways:

For now they're not passable,— Not even jackassable; And if you want to travel 'em, You must turn out and gravel 'em.

We forgot ourselves also, when we spoke of those easy studies. A radical change has been made in the course of instruction, during the third term of the third year. The number of optionals has been very much limited, and for the first time in recorded history, a Junior Class is marked upon them. "Practical Lying upon the Grass," vulgarly called "Surveying," has been abolished, and with it have also gone Hebrew, Drawing, in fact, everything except the modern languages and mineralogy. At present the class of '59 may be said to be divided into two parts, one of which is constantly endeavoring to talk through the nose, the other to talk from the gullet. The Editorial Board, we are happy to say, is a unit in this matter, belonging entirely to the former party, and "nasalising" itself everyday in a manner perfectly astounding to the learned professor. French is a great study for the philologist:—

"Chaises stand for chairs,

They christen letters Billies,

They call their mothers mares,

And all their daughters fillies."

Twelve enthusiastic students have taken Hebrew in addition to their regular studies. As a matter to interest members of the Freshman Class, we give below the exact number of the representatives of the twelve tribes, which belongs to each of the Societies.

Sigma Delta,	4,		
Delta Kappa,	8,		
Kappa Sigma Epsilon,	8,		
Gamma Nu,	1,		
Neutral,	1, .		

We regret however, to be compelled to add, that three of the twelve have already forsaken their first choice, and turned their attention to other idols.

We understand that the proposition of Harvard and Dartmouth, for a general regatta of the Colleges, has been accepted on the part of Yale, and that arrangements are now being made for the time and place of meeting. While we approve of the idea itself, and feel confident that we have the ability to do well if we try, yet we must say there seems to be a general indifference manifested in regard to the subject, which argues ill for our success. There is considerable talk, to be sure; but there is but little beside talk. We have already been beaten too often to trust any longer simply in the superiority of our boats, or in the hope that we shall triumph, by preparing for the race two or three days beforehand. The honor of Yale is at stake in the coming regatta; and we ought to go into it with the feeling of men resolved to win, if it is possible to win.

At the same time, no one who was present at the bay on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 26th of May, could not but admire that collection of more than a dozen boats, with their respective crews, called the Yale Navy. Without any boasting, the equal of that sight could nowhere be found in the United States. The elegance of the boats, the beauty of the various uniforms, together with the splendid rowing on the part of the Nereid crew of '58, all combined to produce a spectacle not easily to be forgotten.

We hardly know what to say in regard to the action of some of the former board of Editors, in running two of their numbers into a term in which we assume the control of the Magazine. We have too deep and abiding a respect for any one who has held "this highest office in the known world," not to pardon much to a feeling of indifference, which is too apt to be generated by the indifference with which students regard the fate of their own periodical. Yet, while we are well aware that the interest of the Editors is too likely often to be in the inverse ratio of the time of their continuance in office, we feel a perfect confidence in promising any aspirants for this post in the class of '60, that every number of our year will be got out certainly before we graduate.

Of late years, it has become the practice of the Editors, on assuming the control of the Magazine, to "blow up" the College, both faculty and students, in a leading article on morals, refinement, support of the Lit., and kindred topics. It will be seen that we have endeavored to do our duty in this present number.

The many admirers of Willis in this place,—and they are as numerous as "leaves in Vallambrosa,"—will be gratified to welcome a poem of his, hitherto unpublished, on College Compositions, spite of his own assertion, that it is "too boyish to be of any literary value." We are especially gratified, since it affords another proof that graduates, in whose reputation all of us have a common pride, do not lose, in after years, their interest in the scenes of their first triumphs, nor forget the ties, which bind them to the student-life of the past. Written at a period of time, so long ago as the author's Sophomore Year in this College, the poem affords conclusive internal proof that the "peculiar domestic institution" of Yale, technically called "smashing windows," was in active operation more than thirty years ago. The antiquity of this custom cannot now be overturned, as was the case with the antiquity of the foot-ball game.



The Freshman class is just now divided on the empediency of having a Powwow, and it is to be feared, that this custom will soon belong only to the Past. We are sorry to see so strong a tendency to throw aside so many of the "domestic institutions" of Yale, which in after years will be among the most cherished recollections of our student life. At the same time it is to be wished that the Pow-wow could be placed, if possible, on the same level with the Wooder Spoon Exhibition, and be conducted on similar principles. For such a work, sufficient time could easily be given, as there is no particular necessity of its taking place on the night of Presentation day. The experience of every attempt has sufficiently demonstrated that no Exhibition of such a kind, can be of a very refined or intellectual character, into which ladies are not admitted; and the class, which will take the first step in making this important change, will certainly, in that thing, have earned for itself an enviable reputation.

The usual list of exchanges is on our table, and some exchanges that are not usual. Among them is a Bank Note Reporter, sent by some enemy, we are inclined to think, in order to harrow our feelings. It is the old joke of "lacus a non lucendo." Among them morever, is the United States Police Gazette, filled with its usual quantity of interesting matter, and also, "The Anniversary and Sunday School Music Book," published by Horace Waters. We accept with becoming modesty this compliment to the great musical ability, for which the present Board is so remarkable.

It is a complaint often made against the Editors of this Magazine, that they reject all articles coming to them through the Post Office. Filled with anxiety to make this number a living refutation of the charge, we have watched from day to day with straining eyes the appearance of our box. How has our anxiety been rewarded! The vision of cords of manuscripts, with which we expected to see it crowded, have all been dispelled by the actual fact, that so far, nothing has come at all.

It may be right for us to say here, that no criticisms will be made in the pages of the Lit. during the coming year, on rejected articles. We appreciate and wish to encourage the feelings which prompt persons to send us contributions, and do not have any disposition to ridicule a man because his ability falls below his good intentions.

CORRECTION.—Dr. John Hubbard, the author of the Poem entitled "The Benefactors of Yale College," printed in 1783, (see this vol. pp. 161 and 199,) was born, not in the West Indies, but at Jamaica, L. I. Since the printing of the fifth number, a copy of this rare poem (a pamphlet of 13 pages,) has been brought to light, and we may, perhaps, before long give some further specimen of its quality.

. Y2 L]

VOL. XXIII.

No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALEN 5E3 Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JULY, 1858

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.

PRINTED BY MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MOCCCLVILL

CONTENTS.

Class Pictures, -		1 -			-	-	-
College Friendships,	-	-	-				-
Judges' Cave, -	1 4				-	-	14
Our Political Arena,		4	×			-	- "
Townsend Prize Essa	y.	2			4	-	-
Song,		4	4	-	2	- 1	
A Vision,			-		-	-	-
Names,					5	-	-
Noctes Ynlenses							
Student Graves,				181		=	
Memonabilia Yalens College Church,							
The Art Exhibiti							
Wooden Spoon I							
Presentation, Pow-Wow,							
The DeForest M							
Prizer,							
Society Elections							
The Yale Navy,							
Enror's Tante.							

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIII.

JULY, 1858.

No. VIII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '59.

S. D. FAULKNER,

B. N. HARRISON,

G. W. FISHER,

T. R LOUNSBURY,

A. H. WILCOX.

Class Pictures.

"When age hath made me what I am not now, And every wrinkle tells me where the plough Of time hath furrowed; when an ice shall flow Through every vein, and all my head be snow; When death displays his coldness in my cheek, And I myself in my own picture seek; Behold what frailty we in man may see, Whose shadow is less giv'n to change than he."

Almost all that makes Yale-life beautiful is instituted by the student. It constitutes the poetry of our College life; and, indeed, each of these institutions may be assigned to its respective department in poetry. The Pow-wow and the Spoon are, each, a comedy; the Burial of Euclid, a tragedy (?); the Jubilee, a triumphal ode with its "unequal verses and strophes." But it is in Presentation that the poetic element, which enters slightly into each of the others, finds its full and free expression. The oration, the poem, the pictures, the partings—all pure poetry—form the grand old Epic of Yale, whose heroes, as every year it is repeated, are the class that Vol. XXIII.

meet to celebrate the day. They are like the heroes of the Iliad in that the horse enters largely into the honor of victory; but they are greater by as much as the city they have subdued—the citadel they have seized is greater than Troy—more imposing than the Pergamus.

Though often the exchange of pictures precedes Presentation, yet it is upon this day that their full meaning is first felt, and the interest which attaches to them begins to brighten into its true beauty. Before, they have been regarded very much as other pictures are, merely as a work of art, and we coolly talk of the faults and the merits of the artist. But now we do not and we cannot look upon them thus. As, in conversation, the form and features of our friends are forgotten in the glow of animation, so, now, we see not the pictures, but, through them, the very self and soul of friendship. They do not represent but suggest. Our memories are galleries whose walls are hung with many a friendly face, and many a familiar scene. These engravings are the duplicates of those Daguerrectyped there. In after life, when our College days shall almost seem our childhood, we will hold up the two, side by side; then each will bring out and beautify the other. In the one, the artist may have failed to perceive some slight expression,—this has not faded from the heart-plate. In the other, memory may have failed to retain some tint on which may turn the whole expression,—the sun has caught this and the engraver has copied it. Who, that has any thing of that which we call Class-feeling, who, that has formed Class friendships, would willingly part with his Classmates and not carry with him a full folio of Class pictures.

Ours will be, as all have been, a broken volume. Many are the leaves that have been torn from it, but, like the Sibylline books, our estimate of its value increases with the diminution.

Open the folio. Those features are familiar, and the autograph underneath. It is the same that you find some where in some of your text-books written by your friend when some evening he passed a half hour in your room. On the next foliole is a pen-portrait—a few words containing an allusion to some scene in which you took part, or to some "sing" under the "Old Elms" in which you joined, or to some serenade under some window whence bouquets were showered by the hands of angels, like "manna from heaven," or to something else equally suggestive. The signature is, perhaps, simply "Your Classmate," or, may be, some nick-name by which he was



known among his Class in College. In a Class Book, deliver us from prudery, falsely called propriety. Give us that frank free-and-easy manner which is of all the truest characteristic of the student's social life.

The history of Class Books in Yale is short. In Trumbull Galfery may be seen the embryo idea, in the collection presented by a Class now not ten years gone. But the idea has grown, as every great idea grows, until it is perfected by the Class who this year leave Yalensian life. Its progress can be traced through daguerreotypes, photographs, lithographs up to steel engravings. A student in one of the professional departments, whose class were content with photographs, when he heard that the Class of 1858 were unanimous in the choice of steel-plates, remarked that the next Class will not be satisfied short of marble statues. What the "next Class." that is, our Class, will "be satisfied" with is still in the future. We make no prophecies by way of proposals. But it is our impression that the bounds of possibility preclude pictures superior, and Classpride ones inferior to those of our predecessors; we must therefore "follow suit." In Euclidean language, we cannot, in this respect, be greater, and we cannot be less; we must therefore be equal.

It would lengthen this article beyond its limits to describe the Class Book of Fifty-eight-its rich Turkish binding, embossed with new designs of the College buildings. On the inside of the opening cover is a large front view of Yale College, on enameled paper, around which the edge of the cover forms a beautiful frame. Within -but all within is sacred to the Seniors, exclusively classic, or, if we may use the word, classian. We must yield to that feeling which pervades nearly all College, too nearly all, the feeling, which few are so independent as to despise; we mean that prejudice which almost wholly precludes the forming of friendships between members of different Classes. We meet them daily, know them, but pass them without a recognition, although we know that in each of the seven Classes that we meet in our four years sojourn here, there are many whom, so soon as we are out of College walls, we will be proud to claim as College cotemporaries, and yet prouder, as personal acquaintances. Is an "upper Class" vain because it is one year in advance? Are the ancients superior to the moderns? Or is a "lower Class" afraid of the stigma, of toadyism? The vanity and the fear are equally contemptible. But our subject is not, now, Class exclusiveness. Within, in the Class Book of fifty-eight, are

six new pictures of those whose portraits have long hung in the world's gallery of great men. How many of the Class who leave us,—how many of ours,—how many of those who are left with us,—how many of those who are to come before we leave, will be found side by side with theirs in that gallery?

"Thy sons, dear old Yale, sing in loud swelling chorus, When we think of the great men who have been here before us."

It were worth, to every one, a life-struggle to render his picture worthy of such a place, so that when he shall have walked as far up the future us life shall let him, he can look back along the lengthened walls, and, like Æneas in the gallery of Dido's palace, RECOGNIZE HIMSELF.

G. W. F.

College Friendsbips.

What is to be thought of them? Are they bright flowers springing up on either side of the dull track of ordinary College life, lending a beauty to the prospect, and health to the moral atmosphere? Are they white tents pitched by kindred hopes and tastes a little aside from the battle ground, where the tired, worn-out student-heart may retire to rest awhile from the toil and bitterness of the conflict? Where it may show its secret wounds, tell of its bitter disappointments, and its anguish in the struggle, sure of finding the balm of sympathy. Are they trees which a man should early plant in his college course, for the sake of their shelter, when the heats of envy and malice come to beat down upon his head, for the sake of their golden fruitage of warm love and kind support in despondency, of kindling joy and unfeigned congratulation in success? Are they—

"Pshaw! Nonsense!"

I should have previously stated that I was reading the above to a person, who though no friend of mine, sometimes favors me with his opinion, and to do him justice he comes unpleasantly near the truth sometimes, in his criticisms. His name is ——— and to him I was indebted for the sudden compliment. I could not have chosen a more unfortunate subject than this to read upon to him. He doesn't care any more about College friendships or any other friendships than an oyster, except that he hates them. He can't see any beauty

in poetry either, except in some of the despairing malice of Byron and Poe.

But I was now in for it, and determined to give him the whole paper.

Friendship, I continued, here in College differs in kind and degree. Its character depends much on the nature, purposes and temperament of the individuals concerned. There are friendships of policy, friendships of politeness, friendships of heart, apples of wax, apples of sugar, real apples.

Just at this moment chancing to look out at my window, whom should I see but Wirepuller and Easytotoady, the very persons whom I had been thinking about only a minute before. A warm attachment had recently sprung up between these two, and what was singular about it was this: they were men of entirely different natures, habits and aims. They had as little in common as two students could have, and yet their conversations must have been of absorbing interest, to judge from the expression of their countenances. The first time that I noticed any attraction between them, was at the beginning of the third term in Junior year, though I have since been told, that at times they had been very intimate in Freshman and Sophomore years. I happened to be present when they first met after the vacation. Wirepuller's face was fairly radiant with delight. He seized his friend by the hand with such an air of perfect ecstacy, and poured forth inquiries with regard to his health, his mode of life during vacation, the exact period of his return, with such volubility that I was speedily convinced that I had entertained widely mistaken views as to the relation existing between them. As for Easytotoady, he seemed somewhat taken aback at first, but as soon as he had fairly got his head above water, so to speak, in the sea of affection, where he found himself so suddenly floating, the delighted confiding expression, which gradually overspread his features, his pleased though somewhat uncertain smile, confirmed me in the belief, that there must have been an intimacy between them, which I had not hitherto observed. After that I soon saw that they were indeed friends. Their walks were frequent, and every motion of Wirepuller's in the presence of Easytotoady was expressive of the deepest solicitude for that gentleman's welfare. It was whispered that Wirepuller had some petty office in view this term, but it was a very malicious person that said that.

However, I was rather glad that ——had not observed them, considering what I was going to read the next minute.



There is a beauty in a College friendship, which we find in no other. Student-hearts are ever warm, generous, susceptible. They have not yet become gnarled and knotted, hardened and seared by disappointment and treacheries. They are gems, every moment disclosing new beauties beneath the workman's hand, gems which have not yet been bruised by rough usage, nor become sullied and tarnished through long neglect. Hence their union has this advantage over other gems, that its beauty and brightness are ever increasing. Besides all this, the mind of the student is eminently prepared to appreciate and desire such a union.

At this juncture of affairs, a low, distinct, prolonged, circumflexed whistle from ——— wound its way into my ear, like a patent cork-screw recently sharpened. I don't see what he meant by it. However, I did not wish to leave off reading to inquire. It would have destroyed the effect.

True, they differ in kind and degree, as we have said before. Take, for example, Easyman's case. He has apparently, not an enemy in College. Everybody throws up his cap and cries out what a jolly fellow Easyman is, the happiest man in the class. One (he prides himself on his ability to see where men's particular power lies) says Easyman has the knack of making friends. Some persons have. Nothing like tact, I assure you, nothing.

This did not suit at all. He had never been accused of any such knack himself, and he did not like to hear any body else slandered in that way.

Humbug, said he, you don't understand that man at all; I'll tell you what it is. I've seen such men before. He's a regular popularity-hunter—forever trying to curry favor—sneaking a little this way and a little that, never relying upon himself, but dodging every way to keep on the right side of everybody———. I waited until he paused, and then went on reading.—

Yet of all those who laud him there is not one to whom he can go and show his heart; not one of them all whose hand he can take, and know that it is a hand which would strike with a will for his sake, or open freely for his relief when the pinch came. (Poor Easyman! ——— was too hard upon him.) He has not a friend in his class. True he has many very kind, very obliging acquaintances, but away down at the bottom of poor Easyman's heart, far below all his smiles, all his jokes, below all his apparent life, there is a dark corner, where he, not his substitute, whom men see, but

where he, whom they never see, retires; and the thoughts which he then thinks sometimes lay hold on despair. If he had a friend, one straight-forward, honest friend, into whose eyes he could look and see the warm wishes pictured there, which only can be seen there, that dark corner would soon be light enough; the shadow which used to be reflected therefrom across his brow, would not come so often, if at all. Poor Easyman, I would not give one real friend for all his popularity and apparent happiness.

> -----" plagiarise a heart, And answer with a voice."

As I looked at them standing there in the starlight, clothed in the rich green robes which God had given them, their leafy heads so close together, their old arms intertwined in a life-long companionship, I saw and knew that they were friends. There they stood talking and whispering, and I thought the low hum of their voices might be full of meaning, though I could not interpret it. They might have been talking of what they had seen and heard in other years, for how many nights in the times past, must man have stood beneath and talked of purposes and hopes for time and for eternity. How many schemes must have been unfolded in their hearing, how many pledges and warm assurances of support in undertakings good and evil, must have met their ears. Yet neither purpose, nor hope. nor scheme, nor pledge did they ever reveal. What better models could be asked, thought I, of College friends than these old trees. They first become acquainted on College ground when their beauty and grandeur is only beginning to appear, but with time they have grown closer and closer together until their very beings have interwoven. True, when storms come shaking them so rudely, they talk roughly to each other, it is to be feared. Often one stands in the other's sunshine, and a shadow for a moment comes between



them, casting a chill on their old hearts. Often one of them is gifted by nature with nobler honors than the other, but they never think of parting. They have known each other too long. Each has sheltered the other from too many rough blasts to part now. Each knows that the other does not willingly deprive him of a single my of light, and that it is not the fault of either, that shadows will fall now and then. If one is unfortunate and nature refused him the proud wreaths and decorations of the other, there is no haughtiness or envy. Look for yourself, reader. Their old arms are still entwined, and the stronger leaning fundly toward the other, shares his honors with him as far as he is able, and the stricken one asks no better shelter. Springing from different sources, they have grown together, and years but increase and strengthen the bonds which unite them. The true, old College friends, and the old College trees, stand in their native dignity, firm, upright, independent. God bless them, both. A. H. W.

The Indges' Cabe.

I.

Either when the shoreless waters, Whelmed the fallen world, Billow-drifted,-Or, uplifted From the Moon's volcanic mountains, And far Earthward hurled,-On a Rock, that, like a fortress, Holds in watch the changeful wave, Stands a broken, moss-grown bowlder, And its fragments form a cave. Rolled the centuries like rivers, Toward the surgeless past; History's pages Wrote the ages, And the acts of ancient nations, Numberless and vast; But the cave-crowned, rock-bound bulwark, And the Nature-sculptured arch, Knew nor heard of . Hint nor word of All the Old World's generations. And their grand triumphal march.

II.

Though the Sea, in sounding surges, Breaking on the beach, With diurnal

And eternal

Ebb and flow, lifts up forever

Its Stentorian speech,

While the mountain-fringing forests

Echo back an interlude,

Yet that vast voice was but silence,

Uttered in the solitude.

Though the Indian, learned in legends,

Wandering to this shore,

Bringing mystic

Cabalistic

Characters of Jewish wisdom

Of the days of yore,

Read the time-recording volume

Of alternate tidal waves,

Yet his nations'

Generations,

Filing in each others footsteps,

Passed in darkness to their graves.

Ш

Almost fifteen full centennials, Since the age of Christ.

With the glory

O a TT

Of His story

Earth illuming, left the fallen

Reëmparadised,

Held their festivals of triumph

Ere the sourceless sea was spanned,-

More than sixteen, ere New England

Welcomed here the wave-worn band.

Thrice six years the grateful Pilgrims

Uttered freedom's prayer,

King-deflant,

God-reliant,

Ere these vallies felt their life-tide,

Widening everywhere. .

Plymouth Rock! O golden fountain,

Whence the streams of freedom rolled,

Streams unceasing

And increasing

All the wilderness o'erwatering,

Like the rod-struck rock of old!

VOL. XXIII.

25

IV.

Where the twin Herculean columns, Lift as bold a brow As Gibraltar's. Soon their altars Bore to God the burning incense Of the Christian's vow. On the plain between the pillars, Where they built the altar-fires, Rose the city of the Churches, With the heavenward-pointing spires. There the exiles from old Albion, That each season brings, Pass, ecstatic, Years sabbatic

In the peace and 'neath the power Of the King of kings. And the Judges, when the Stuarts Reigned again o'er England's realms, Found, though haunted, Despot-daunted, Refuge from the blood-avenger, In the City of the Elms.

And to them seemed that asylum, Guarded by the Sound, Paradisal, Till surprisal To a cheerless rock enchained them, Like Prometheus bound. There a vulture,-'twas not Conscience-But a cruel constant dread, Gnawed their vitals, till the cavern, Crypt-like, held the living dead .--Where the sunrise casts the shadow Of the church they chose, In New Haven, Name-engraven, Fame-commemorating columns Mark their last repose. But when, by the Future's marches, Trampled, sacriledged and shent, These shall moulder, Then the bowlder Still shall bear the name of Judges-

An enduring monument.

VI.

Rock coëval with the ages! On thy wrinkled cliffs, Time's own column Grand and solemn. All Antiquity is written, Carved in hieroglyphs. But thou hast a grander record, Though these told Creation's morn; For thou tellest, in our language, Of religious freedom born, And far in the farthest future Shall thy name suggest That endeavor When, for ever, Church-and-State was crushed and crumbled, And its reign suppressed, Liberty shall read her watchword,-And with terror overawed, Shall Oppression Make confession, That "Resistance to a Tyrant Is obedience to God."

G. W. F.

Our Political Arena.

To speak of College Politics to one uninitiated in "the mysteries and miseries" of our political arena, would no doubt excite his surprise not a little and his risibilities a good deal more. Without laying himself open to the charge of impertinence, he might inquire what business the excitement and tumult of political life have to destroy that secluded quiet which ought to characterize our quadrennial: what right have they to interfere with dignified neutrality to such sublunary vexations, which is necessary no less for our profit than for our comfort? We cordially endorse the justice and propriety of the rebuke.

They have no business here: they are aliens in the Commonwealth of Yale, and have no right to be naturalized. But in spite of their illegitimate connexion with our aims and pursuits, their dominion is already confirmed, and they have become a fixture among us. The third term of the College year is no sooner open, than the question begins to be agitated, schemes are discussed, adopted, and matured. Candidates chosen, as often for their availibility as for their merit, are announced, and we have, as a natural consequence, a contest more or less violent, and diversified by many a coup d' état which would really astonish diplomats of more experience and less honesty.

Now what is the natural effect of these "internal discussions?" Why we have the whole feeling of College more or less excited, and in a measure, diverted from its legitimate channel: the orbit of College duty is troubled with irregularities which the "inexhaustible resources of the Calculus" could not adequately compute. Some few, however, preserve a reputable indifference: others influenced only by personal and old society considerations, are moderate in the expression of their preferences: but many allowing their zeal to run away with their judgment, go in with furious and misguided earnestness.

Now, aside from the want of dignity which such proceedings have, there is much which is positively ridiculous and unprofitable. Friend is arrayed against friend. The artificial "caloric" of the electioneering contest nourishes mere society prejudice into positive personal dislike. Things are said and done, which injure, or at least impair friendships which one two or three years may have been strengthening and maturing. With not a few, defamations and crafty misrepresentations form the staple of their electioneering capital. Much that is not over honest in design and mischievous in event, is justified or at least palliated by the exigencies of partizan policy. Many things pass for models of shrewd diplomacy, which are really only exhibitions of unmitigated meanness, meanness remarkable only for the vicious ingenuity displayed in its conception. The small personal squabbles with which our contests are frequently varied, may be piquant and interesting "productions of art," yet we seriously doubt their profitableness and propriety. Gobbling, too, a synomymu for scientific deception, is practiced with a coolness that is truly refreshing. There are however, honorable exceptions to this mode of conducting our political campaigns, and we only regret that they are not more numerous. There are men who will win honorably



or not all, men who deal in politics as they deal in everything else, fairly and squarely; who never countenance and much less perpetrate an unfair trick. Were our politics managed by such men, they would be far less objectionable and freer from those elements which are fast bringing them into just disrepute. Such men are never bound by the traditional inviolability of coalitions, and go in with hearty and honorable interest for the "best men."

Finally the candidates who are so fortunate, or rather so unfortunate as to be nominated, may gain wholesome lessons of experience from the present mode of conducting our campaigns. It shows him who are his friends from policy, and who from principle, who support him for his merit, and who for his "availability." He may, in a measure, discover the general estimation in which he is held in College, and may learn the influence which his personal peculiarities and habits have upon those with whom he comes in contact. We are certain that it would be profitable, yet doubt whether it would be pleasant, for candidates in our political contests, to carefully consider the various stories which originate in the desire to defeat them, and which are circulated "with a diligence according to ability."

We shall heartily rejoice when earnest and thorough reform shall have been effected in our College Politics. They are already distasteful to the majority in College. Nineteen out of twenty men will condemn them as a nuisance, yet nineteen, in spite of this feeling, out of twenty, will engage in them more or less. All concede that our conduct of the campaigns is quite too personal and heated, that it wants dignity, and often fairness, and we trust that this feeling will work a reform, or what is better, banish them altogether. For every observing man must feel that the system, as now conducted, is one which is neither calculated to give satisfaction to those engaged in it, nor any respectability to those who favor it by a silent acquiescence in its progress and establishment.

8. D. F.



TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Leaven of the Gospel in the Poetry of Christian Nations.

BY MARTIN SMYSER BICHBLBERGER, YORK, PA.

POETRY is the expression of the various feelings, sympathies, and passions, which constitute the inner life of man. In proportion as this inner life, this microcsom, is enlarged, deepened, and purified, so poetry will receive corresponding changes.

The ancients were not destitute of the inner life; but the influences which were exerted upon it were not of the same intensity as those of our own day. The supernatural world was an unknown one to them, and they were deprived of all the material for reflection and feeling, and all the inspiration to action which its discovery has given to us. The Phenomena of the external world inspired the ancient poet: the deep mysteries of his Roligion possess and animate the mind of the Christian poet. The external symptoms of strong emotion, of intense suffering, furnished themes for the heathen: the profound truths of his own soul have been revealed to the Christian.

Hence the poetry of Christian nations in the amount, the depth, and the richness of its material, and the preciousness of its results, incomparably surpasses its predecessor. And the agent which has been working in this department of literature—as it has been working in all departments, and in all human concerns—is the Christian Religion. It has revolutionized poetry; it has taken away its formalism and deadness, and given to it warmth, life, and a heart to move all human hearts.

The truths of Religion which have penetrated the soul of poetry are not of any great number; but in the arena they have opened, and the impulse they have given to it, their influence is immeasurable. Like the rod which smote the rock in Horeb, they touched the soul of man, and the streams of living waters started, which will satisfy the nations while this earth shall last. The great deep fountains beneath had been lying quiet for ages, until at length God's own minister awoke them, and they commenced to flow. The study of human life, that obscure and tangled plot, without the light of a divine revelation, might throw into ancient thought a shade of bitter doubt, or of mournful unrest; but it could never exalt and

spiritualize its operations, nor open to it those awful depths, and those high and glorious hopes, which we receive with trembling joy. Nature, that ambiguous oracle, speaking truly only to the knowing heart, and who, at the best, but

—" half reveals

And half conceals the soul within,"

with all her coquetry, could win nothing more than those lighter emotions which are but transient surface thoughts.

But when the sunlight of revelation beams upon us, exposing Nature, beautiful as she is, as the mere "shadow of things to come," and unfolding God's glorious plan in the universe, and all the wonders of his wisdom, love, and noliness,—a new and illimitable sphere is thrown open to human knowledge and reflection.

The very value of the gift, however, has imposed an additional burden on the recipients. For with the increased richness of thought the difficulty of expression increases. And this will ever constitute a difference between Modern and Ancient poetry. A close correspondence between the form and the substance was desirable, and could be obtained by the ancients; for their truths, their ideas, coming originally from without, and never entirely losing their sensuous, earthly nature, could be embodied in words with almost the same ease as the external objects from which they sprang. But the moderns have received "the unspeakable gift," and how can they do more than clothe in outline the truths which it reveals—the subtile thoughts of the brain, the secret workings of the heart, and the heaven-high aspirations of the soul!

The mind is baffled when it attempts to draw sharp lines of distinction between the agencies of the different truths of the Bible; for they are so connected with each other, working for, and with, and in each other, that their offices and results seem not distinct, but one and the same. But a comparison of Ancient with Modern poetry reveals not only the entire transformation which the art has undergone, but peculiarities also, which seem but the forms which gospel truths, penetrating the heart of poetry, have taken upon themselves. These are the leaven which leaveneth the Poetry of Christian Nations.

Five truths appear in this manner in Christian poetry—The Immortality of the Soul, The Moral Government of the Universe, The Law of Love, The Character of Jesus, The Spiritual Element.



The Immortality of the Soul manifests its presence in a spirit of cheerfulnes, and dignity—in profundity, and in energy.

The modern reader is touched by the manner in which the ancients met the problem of the future life. It stood before them like their own Sphynx, fastening its sad, earnest eyes upon them, yet presenting no clue, no fact, by which the painful mystery might be solved. They hoped, they argued, they feared, they despaired; but there it still stood, quiet, passionless, and immovable; and they must still go on, groping blindly in the dark. The first emotion, therefore, which arose when this dread uncertainty and gloom were removed, was a feeling of relief, of cheerfulness. It is the universal feeling in poetry—the rejoicing of the Spirit freed from the thraldom of sense. Life may now be the saddest, stormiest struggle with adversity and sorrow, but, there, high above all, is that promise of an eternal life, dissolving into thinest, fleeting vapors, the cares that enshroud the present. Even in Dante, on whose mind the idea of the life-long struggle between good and evil had taken such a sharp, agonizing hold, there shines through all the gloom the proud, exulting consciousness of that final state, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

How the narrow things of earth shrink into nothingness before this feeling. The soul is lifted high above them all. They shall all pass away; the earth itself shall pass away; and man, with his ten thousand cares and anxieties, shall be swept from the face of it; but the Soul, like God's own truth, shall abide for ever and ever. Mysterious thoughts are born. The "deep things" of life unfold themselves, and life itself seems a higher, holier, awfuller thing. Hence profundity. The soul stands at the threshold of the supernatural world. Trains of thought arise, which never appeared before, and from which it shrinks at first.

But they are thoughts

—"that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy
Can utterly abolish or destroy!"

They

" Force their way without the will,"

They give the mind no rest, until under and demand an audience. the impulse of their resistless activity, it starts out on its new career with the energy they have communicated to it, and with powers rapidly developing under the influence of the work.

The next great truth in Christian Poetry is the Moral Government of the Universe, appearing in the idea of the discipline of this life, and of a righteous God. Milton speaks of the Aucient Tragedians as teachers

"Of fate, and chance, and change in human life, High actions and high passions best describing,"

and in these two lines gives the result of ancient thought on the subject of human life. All the reflection of the ancient poets on the strange contrarities in human fortunes, on the prosperity and adversity of virtue and vice, revealed to them no higher law than "fate, and chance, and change." Many of them, therefore, made no attempt to reconcile the apparent contradictions in human existence, but contented themselves with simply portraying, in vivid colors, strong passions and emotions. In Aeschylus may be noticed an attempt to solve "the riddle of the painful earth," and to deduce order and system from the confused elements around him, but his attempt did little more than cast a shade of deeper gloom over his writings, leaving the great problem still unsolved.

The true answer is in the revelation of the Moral Government of the Universe. In the light of this truth the inconsistencies of life are reduced to order and system, in their subserviency to God's high and holy plans. The sufferings of life are no longer the unaccountable decrees of a blind and hateful destiny, nor the capricious acts of changeful fortune, but they are for a high moral purpose, for a discipline for all eternity. The gentle spirit of Desdemona breathes its last, unavenged on this earth of its grievous wrongs, while the "damn'd Iago's" successful intrigue ruins all its victims; but the very sufferings of Desdemona work out for her a recompense greater than earth can give, and the temporary success of Iago is the surest guarantee of the fearful reckoning yet to come. But the explanation of life's fortunes is not the highest work of this truth. able from it is the revelation of the righteous God who is the moral Governor of the Universe, who is not the subject of like passions with ourselves, but is himself the representative of highest benevolence, justice and wisdom. It is this truth which has given clearness and distinctness to the imperfect teachings of nature. It marks 26

VOL. XXIII.

out the broad line dividing sin from holiness, and discloses the eternal antagonism between them. It gives us an infallible standard of right, by which all men are judged, and toward which all virtues tend. Of this the ancients were destitute.

They could not obtain it from their religion, for their Gods were the personifications not only of human virtues, but of the foulest human vices. They could not obtain it from within, for evil had drawn its fatal folds around every idea of good in their souls.

Hence ancient poetry has no complete characters. The moral ignorance of the poet forced painful weakness or open vice into incongruous association with the noblest virtue. And the same ignorance prevented them from drawing the high moral lessons from the working of the human passions which it has become the mission of modern poetry to teach. In the light of this revelation the poet holds up for our admiration the lovely character of a Desdemona or Cordelia and teaches us to emulate their virtues, to shun the fatal weakness of a Macbeth, and detest the utter depravity of an Iago. He shows the lofty virtues on which the characters of the former are grounded, and lays bare to our gaze the moral deficiencies which led to Macbeth's easy fall.

A remarkable characteristic of Pagan Poetry is the utter absence of any acknowledgment of humanity. There is no love to man as man. The characters of the ancient drama are unnatural from their cold selfishness. Their perfection is the dead perfection of a statue rather than the warmth of a living man. The Christian religion is a religion of love. Love to God and love to man are the letter and spirit of its teachings. Love to God is the highest form of worship; for "perfect love casteth out fear." Love to man is the natural result, and it is another form of worship

"He prayeth best, who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all."

In the "new commandment" was first asserted the dignity of man, and the brotherhood of the race; and this has made Christian Poetry a thing for all men, a common inheritance.

The poetry of humanity! It is dearer to every human heart than the grandest epics of ancient days. Burns was the first to give full expression to its spirit. In the extremest poverty he found the worth and nobleness which are dear to all.

Much common place has been written about humanity; about the dignity of man. But the real worth of the spirit of humanity is far above all commonplace. It is the spirit of this age. In life it is the elevating and purifying of man, in poetry the expression of the most ennobling feelings of the heart—

"Thoughts that make
The life of souls—the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves, and to our God, are dear."

From the topic of love we naturally come to Him whose life was love—who so loved us that He gave himself to die for us. The Lord Jesus has given to the world in His life and death an example of the truest heroism and the divinity of suffering. How poor and mean is the story of Prometheus, the Pagan benefactor! Pity at his sufferings is lost in disgust at his noisy boastings, his half concealed shrinkings, his impatience, his pride and stubbornness. But He "who hath borne our grieß and carried our sorrows" was "oppressed and afflicted, yet opened not his mouth." "He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth" The noblest silence ever recorded! Earth's benefactors have ever been a "noble army of martyrs"—but the world never knew their nobleness 'till the "Lord of all" wore His crown of thorns!

"The martyr's fire crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn;
And tears that from love's torn heart flow
To pearls of spirit turn—
Though trouble-tried, and torture-torn
The Kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn."

Poetry, seeking for the truest nobleness, has found in the sublime sufferings of our Lord, the ideal of a perfect hero. Suffering, dreaded by the ancients as the pitiless scourge of offended deity has become to the Christian the discipline of a father who "chasteneth whom he loveth"—and poetry has learned, that

"The path of sorrow and that path alone Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

The last great truth of the Christian religion which we shall consider is its spirituality. The religion of Paganism was external and formal—a thing of ceremony and show; but "the body without the



spirit is dead." The absolute need of spiritual worship is set forth in every part of the New Testament—"God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." The spiritual element has opened to man a new life,—the life within,—the world of the soul; and it has given to poetry a new and wider creation than the old one of sense. Even nature herself has assumed a new aspect under the teachings of the spiritual. She is best understood in its light. We no longer look upon her as the dark and unintelligible mistress of us all; but she appears to us the symbol of things to come,—as the voice of God speaking to us even here of beauties and glories in the hereafter, which "eye hath not seen."

Ancient poetry was objective. It gives us pictures of nature—of external life, but it goes no further than the outside, and the deepest and truest is not yet reached. "The spirit searcheth all things; yea, even the deep things of God." The spirit working in poetry has disclosed and enlarged the world of human sympathies, thoughts and passions, giving us not merely the representations of men under the influence of intense emotion or suffering, but conducting us into their very hearts. Hence modern is more natural than ancient poetry, for it is nature herself. Nature is the deepest part of man. Shakspeare searched the depths of his own soul and gives the "rarest essence of all human thought." He lays open to our view not only passions and emotions, but individual characteristics and propensities. In a word, He dissects the soul and submits human feeling to our inspection. Shakspeare's lesson was learned from the Gospel.

From it he learned his habits of reflection upon the working of human passion, of study of character, and of self-communion, which made him

—"of Nature's inner shrine the priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least."

Shakspeare gave its subjective character to poetry. Since his time, men have studied more their own souls, and have turned their eyes inwards upon the mysterious world which they have found there. None have penetrated so far as he into those dim regions, but truths which speak to every heart because they come from the heart, have been the reward of the adventurers; and poetry has been enriched with new and precious stores of thought and feeling.

Christian poetry has not yet attained its perfect developement. The influence of the Gospel has been in general indirect in its char-

acter, acting first on society and then on the poet. Poets as a class have not been Christians, but merely members of a Christian society. They have not drunk from the fountains, but have quaffed from the less pure waters of the spirit of the age.

The results have indeed been precious. But what may not be hoped when the poet has experienced all these things, and when as in the pious days of Rome, the name of prophet and poet are synonymes; when he shall regard his office, as Milton did, not for mere entertainment or amusement, but as "the inspired gift of God, of power beside the office of a pulpit, to unbind and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune."

Song.

SUNG AT THE SPOON EXHIBITION OF FIFTY-NINE.

(AIR-" Integer Vite.")

O Domus præstans, ubi magni et ampli Vitam agunt læte et studiunt poliri, Cui favent Musæ; juvenum patrona, Almaque Mater,

Splendidæ famæ tibi sint honores, Gloriæque altæ tibi sint favores, Teque florentem, sapiens tuendi Servet Athene.

Filii grati tibi nos canemus, Ante magnorum hic memores virorum, Arduæque ulmi placido loquuntur Nocte susurru.

Seculis multis maneas, diaque Laurea frontem niteas corona, O per ætates celebris futura MATER YALENSIS!

Cochlear lætum! et tibi nunc agamus Gratias multas, Soboles Yalensis! Deque te nostri pueri audientes Erudientur.

Cum Pater Tempus fuerit senilis Ipse, resque omnes alias ruina Ceperit: Vivas redivivum in flore Cocherae Ingers!

A Vision.

I LAY sketching on the hillside one breathless day in June,
With the river lapsing by me, like the flowing of a tune,—
Good old Ward, that heavenly tune,
Sung by drowsy choirs of a Sabbath afternoon,—
When suddenly a dimness crept across my wearied eyes,
From the glistening of the river, or the glowing of the akies—
Bright and cloudless summer skies—
And in my brain as cloudless, mingling thoughts began to rise.

Was it real and an earnest of the things that are to be?

Was it prophecy or second-sight—the gift that came to me?

Was the vision given to me
A true painting of some vista in this dim eternity?

Or did a phantom mock me with a satan-like device,

Offering only stones and rubbish for the pearl of countless price—

Selling at a fearful price—
Dull Earth-pictures for true landscapes of the heavenly Paradise?

Be it false or beatific—'twas a vision fair to view;
Calmly stretched the slumbrous valley with the river gliding thro'—
Gently, gently, sliding thro'—

Neath a towering cliff of hemlock, cedar, mountain-pine and yew.

On the hither bank of maples, stamped against the river's sheen,

Mid the thrush-entangling alders, clothed from head to foot in green,—

Rustling mounds of living green.—

Full of light and full of music—sang sweet choristers unseen.

But the blessing of the vision was a warmth within my soul, Such as cheered the homesick wanderer in that winter at the pole— Such as cheered his sinking soul—

When along the Arctic hórizon he saw the red sun roll!

How the chill of old-time darkness in the sunshine passed away!

How the hearts of crew and captain leaped to meet the long, long day.

Ah! a warmer, longer day

Dawned upon my sleeping senses, neath that vision's blessed sway!

Close beside me on the hillside, with the old familiar face, Sat an angel! Yes, 'twas she, who had slipped from my embrace— Gone to Heaven from my embrace—

Three long summer suns ago, leaving God to take her place.

Bless His name! that from the shadow that has swallowed up my youth,

From its flerce and black despair should be wrought that blissful truth—

That now ever-welcome truth—

That, from her lips once was uttered, I believe in faith and sooth!

T.

As we sat, the angel said to me, "Beloved, this fresh breeze That fans us, is the air of heaven; and all these waving trees, On the hillside, and the hills—the mountains and the seas—

The deep, dark, turbulent seas-

Are parts of heaven; the change from earth is in the eye that sees, And in the heart that understands the tale they tell of God. Our spirits disenthralled with tireless feet shall tread the sod

Of the New Earth forever and for aye!

Heaven is but Earth with its evil purged away."

Hames.

We were once acquainted with a man who took it into his head to name all his male children after the prophets, beginning with Isaiah, and taking them along in the order laid down in the scriptures. When last heard from, he had gone down the list so far as Haggai. Now, however great may be the disposition to view such a circumstance merely in the light of a good joke, any one, who reflects at all, must feel indignant at so gross an outrage upon those principles of beauty, which are innate in every human heart, and to some extent govern the actions of every life. It certainly seems a matter of wonder, that parents, who in every other respect pay the greatest attention to the welfare of their offspring, and manifest the most extreme anxiety for their happiness, should so often, from pure thoughtlessness or indifference, inflict upon them names, which in after years will be a constant source of mortification. For all the other evils and misfortunes of our condition, there is some alleviation, some sweetness to counteract the gall. An ungainly form, active exercise and constant care may make graceful; ugly features time may soften, or at least an accidental kick from a horse may render presentable; a sour disposition may be sweetened by a careful attention to the principles of "sound morality"; a reputation once lost, years of laborious self denial and blameless conduct may restore; for the pangs of love, matrimony is a sure and speedy remedy; and from a scolding wife, death will at some time relieve the troubled heart. But it is not so with an ill-sounding name. Attention cannot make it beautiful; time cannot soften it into grace, nor

accident render it attractive; morality cannot improve it, matrimony changes it with only the half of creation; and worst of all, death, which frees us from all other things of earth, frees us not from it. It hangs upon a man's footsteps, like a double shadow, preceding him wherever he goes, following him wherever he has gone. It dogs him through innumerable aliases, and clings to him in spite of the decisions of courts and legislatures. And even when his spirit has passed away, all that in large 'letters is carved upon his tombstone, all that remains to tell the great majority of mankind that he ever had a real existence, is his name. It is a friend or an enemy, that sticketh closer than a brother, for living he cannot escape it, and dead, it continues to endure, the only lasting proof that he has once been.

Originally, names consisted of but one word, which itself often expressed, as in the Iliad, the predominance of some personal quality. But as every people increased in number, the grand object for which they were used, the distinguishing an individual from those of his own race, family or country, rendered their further multiplication necessary. This gradual change can be traced in the history of almost every civilized nation. Instead of the simple designation of the person, like Remulus or Remus, the Roman of the latter days of the Republic had begun to carry around with him a bundle of nomens, cognomens, praenomens and adnomens. The individuality of the man himself was almost lost in such an assemblage of words as Cornelius Scipio Africanus Aemilianus Minor or Marcus Porcius Cato Censorinus Sapiens. This same tendency also appears in the history of the European nations, particularly those of the Teutonic race. Instead of the plain Otto, Ludwig or Friedrich of the early Dukes of Germany, we have now the sounding title of some petty landgrave, the length of whose name is in an exact inverse ratio to the extent of his possessions. Instead of the Alfred or Ethelred of our Saxon ancestors, we can now boast of more than one such a collection of appellations, as is owned by Mr. G. P. R. James, who, as the poet very truly remarks,

"Got at the font his highest claims
To be reckoned a man of letters."

It is a singular fact that many of the most beautiful of our Christian names are neglected almost altogether, or certainly are very rarely used. We content ourselves with miserable Hebrew designately.

nation, while some of the finest of the Saxon and Norman appear scarcely anywhere, save in print. No one, who has not examined the subject, can have any idea of the large number of fine-sounding appellations belonging to our language, of the very existence of which he is probably ignorant. A thorough reform is needed in this particular. As Wesley did not believe the devil should have all the good tunes, so we are most decidedly averse to the novels having all the good names.

It might be a matter for discussion, whether a man's destiny is at all affected by his name. Whether it be true or not, it certainly cannot be doubted that our feelings towards any one, of whom we are entirely ignorant, are strangely influenced in his favor or disfavor, according as his name falls pleasantly or harshly upon the ear. It is hard to link the idea of greatness to an ill-sounding appellation. Nor is this a mere vulgar prejudice; at least it is not a prejudice peculiar to vulgar minds, since many of the most gifted intellects have been under its influence. "Don't Nicodemus him into nothing," was the very quaint but suggestive remark of Elia in a letter to one of his friends, who had just been blessed with an addition to his family. Metastasio called one of his operas Il Re Pastor. "The chief incident," he says, "is the restitution of Sidon to the lawful heir; a prince, with such a hypochondriac name, that he would have disgraced the title-page of any piece. Who would have been able to hear an opera entitled L'Abdolonimo!" Byron also expressed this universal feeling in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, when he spake in the following manner of a Bristol bookseller, who had published an epic with "lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five;"

> "Oh! Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name To fill the speaking trump of future fame!"

Willis, also, in a tale of his College life, implies his opinion in a remark in regard to one of his classmates. "If Job had rejoiced in a more euphonious name," he says, "I should have bought a criticism in some review, and started him fairly as a poet. But 'Job Smith!'—'Poems by Job Smith!'—It would never do! If he wrote like a seraph, and printed the book at his own expense, illustrated and illuminated, and half a crown to each person that would take one away, the critics would damn him all the same! Really one's father and mother have a great deal to answer for!"

VOL. XXIII.

Novels are also a good test of the universality of this feeling. Call it a silly prejudice or what you will, yet no one likes by any means so well the hero or heroine, who possesses a name, which his taste at once pronounces inelegant. Something is felt to be wanting in such a case to the sentiment of satisfaction, which otherwise we would have experienced. For it is opposed to those ideas of beauty and fitness, which are as universal as the race, and which instinctively seek in all facts and real events, and demand in all ideal conceptions as near an approach to perfection as possible.

And in this connection, it certainly does seem singular, to say the least, that in any list of great men, especially in any list of great poets, there are so few names, which are not beautiful. The English render will at once recall to mind Spenser, Shakespeare, Shirley, Massinger, Congreve, Campbell, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson and a vast number of others. Yet it is to be remembered that this is a rule which cannot be made universal. It cannot be forgotten that the greatest of England's philosophers was Bacon, and the most genial of her essayists was Lamb. It cannot be forgotten that in the list of Scotland's literary men, Hogg occupies no obscure position. It cannot be forgotten that the most polished and perfect of American poets was dignified by Punch with the title of the Protracted Fellow. There is surely in these cases no greater anomaly, than to see in the name of a man, now universally admitted to be at the head of modern English novel writers, one of the most vulgar exclamations to be found in our language.

As another class is soon to leave us forever, we will lay down for the benefit of aspirants for the silver cup, three rules, which are the combined result of the practical experience of others, tested and confirmed by our own observation. We commence with one, now happily as well-known as an adage, and for the violation of which heavy penalties should be imposed.

I. Never name your child after yourself. It defeats the very object for which a name is given, that of distinguishing those of the same family from each other. Moreover a Jr. attached to a name is always a ridiculous and ungraceful appendage.

II. Never be seduced into giving your child a Hebrew name. From the action of this rule, it is perhaps just to except a single one, which belongs to females; but in general terms it may be said, that of all names these are the most ungraceful and inelegant, and should be banished by the present generation from good society.

III. Never name your child after a celebrated man. It involves a very questionable compliment to the individual supposed to be honored, and moreover is apt to suggest unfavorable comparisons.

T. R. L.

Moctes Palenses.

No. II.

THE STUDENT IN THE TENT.

SCENE-NORTH MIDDLE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Fourth floor—Hall and Stairway overflowing with Students—One of the Juniors is elected Major-General, and one of the Seniors, Brigadier.

MAJ-GEN.—Comrades, Allies and Veterans of 1854: The regulations under which we are to act are laws enacted by our fore-fathers, at a time when, as now, the Indians seemed entering into a "general combination to extirpate the English." (Reads from the the New Haven Records.) "Att a general court, April 3d. 1644, it is ordered, that every male from 16 yeares olde to '60, within this jurisdiction, be furnished forthwith with a gun, a sword, a pound of powder, four pounds of pistol bullets, or twenty-four bullets fitted for every gun, and so continue from time to time."

"It is ordered, that the fourth part of the trayned band shall come to public worship at the beating of the second drum, with their arms complete."

"It is ordered, the night shall be divided into three watches. In case of danger the sentinell shall fyre one gun."

The first watch will be set at 9 o'clock, when let every man be "armed and equipped as the law directs." (Conticuerunt omnes.)

CHIEF OF THE ENGINEERS.—The quarters assigned to the several regiments are: To the 58th, 59th, and 60th, the lower floors; the fourth will be occupied by the volunteers as a reserve. (Deafening jeers.)

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—First floor—Tools and Timber for Barricading. Manent Engineers—Enter Generals.

MAJ-GEN.—Aye, make them strong, that they to all the legions leagued, yield not. These walls ere now have stood the test against the "thunder-threat" of cannon.

CHIEF OF ENGINEERS.—(Interrupting) Thunder-threat? A cannon spiked wakes not the lightning's voice.

Brig-Gen.—But make them strong; lest these old doors, each sorenched from its each several hinge, may open to the enemy.

CHIEF.—Deep is driven every bolt, and moveless every bar; so, sooner this time-tested pile shall fall than these old iron-covered doors give way.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Second floor—Study-table. Landis Solus—Enter Colonel of the 59th.

Col.—Landis, have you heard the last advices?

LAN.—Yes, from my "Division Officer," who suggested I'd better "study up."

Col.—No, but from the scouts. The rumors coincide; all center in the certainty of attack to-night! And history tells an era just beyond the "memory of men now living," that is to the enemy an example, and to us a warning of certain war.

LAN.—Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum. "Parturiunt montes et nascitur ridiculus mus!"

Col.—You know the order and the hour. Let the "Invincible Foot" be in line.

Exit.

LAM.—(Soliloquizing.) Confound this hub-bub! Confound this Arrian, confusion worse, confounded! No furlough on the morrow! The Prof. considers the taking of Tyre more important than the destruction of North Middle.

Enter Hallet.

HAL.—"A horse! a horse!! My kingdom for a horse!!!"
LAN.—A Colt?

HAL.—No. (Displaying two.) I have a pair; but a pony; or my morning's recitation will be decidedly tacit.

LAN.— Ya-a-a-h! That load is akin to one you perpetrated upon the Latin tutor, freshman year, when you plead the "Livy complaint," as an excuse for absence from recitation. You'd better reserve your loads for the enemy. Isn't your division in advance of ours in the "expedition?" Read to me this lesson, and I promise you a ride through "Germany."

Exeunt ambo.

AC'T III.

SCENE I.—Third floor—Horse Pistols—Colt's Pistols—Bangers—Billets— Bowies—Men Moulding Bullets.

FIRST VOICE.—Have we ammunition enough for the night?

SECOND VOICE.—No. Stanley will you procure some more powder?

Exit Stanley.

FIRST VOICE .-

The barbarian came down like a wolf on the class, And his cohorts were gleaming in flannel and brass; And the sheen of his trump—

SECOND VOICE.—(Interrupting.) Might have been the last trump to some of us, if—

Enter Stanley.

STA.—(Out of breath.) I—could'nt—find the—dust of death—but here's a—brace of pistols.

FIRST VOICE.—Ah! I take! (And all take)

Here's to Alma Mater, Drink it down!

SECOND VOICE .-

Here's to Alma Mater, Drink it down!

ALL.-

Here's to Alma Mater,
And defeat to all who hate her,
Drink it down! drink it down!
Drink it down! down!!!

Enter Aid-de-Camp.

And—You have orders from head quarters to form in line immediately.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE II .- Fourth floor -- Groups of Recruits.

LEADER.—Associated soldiers: We are fresh recruits; that supposes a want of discipline. But we are volunteers; that warrants bravery. We have not yet extinguished ourselves by any mighty and inglorious achievement, but a great celibacy awaits us. When, with the mighty telescope of history, I take a "retrospective view of futurity," methinks I see the shades of posterity hovering over us with a halo of laurel, whose green leaves shall flourish through the countless revolutions of the universe, till the ponderous pendulum of the great clock of creation shall cease to wag, its unwieldy wheels to move, and its diurnal dial-plate to mark the flight of years.

[Meantime the men have fallen asleep.]

Enter Aid-de-Camp.

AID.—(Addressing the leader.) It is the hour of the second watch. Dispatch immediately two platoons to relieve the guard.

SERJEANT.—(Stirring among "the fiery mass of living valor rolling on the floor.") "Rise, or Yale forever falls!"

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Allied Yalensians in Battalion—Generalissimo in front with his Staff (supposed to be a Yale-Banger.)

GEN.—Soldiers, the movements of the enemy indicate an attack about the third watch; and that you may be in good spirits then, I would recommend that you have recourse immediately to your several quarters to procure refreshments. (Cheers.)

Exeunt.

SCENE II. - Marquee - Officers.

GEN.—How do those in authority look upon this unfortunate affair? Will they justify the students?

AID.—Of course they will. No one, unprejudiced, can avoid the conviction that the firing was not only justifiable but commendable. The first pistol was fired in the air, and—

GEN.—And that was a signal for the rest. However commendable may be the motives of the one that fired first he committed a great indiscretion.

Arr.—On the contrary, it was the coolest discretion. Give an angry man the soft answer that turns away wrath; let him, after seeming conciliated, suddenly change his tone, thundering a curse upon you, and brandishing a heavy iron over your head, and I imagine that even you would scarcely be cool with all your generalship.

GEN.—I called it indiscretion only because it called out the other shots.

AID.—The one who first fired is not answerable for that. If he were, he should be rewarded. For the firing altogether was for us most timely and opportune. If I had been present at the affray, I should consider that I owed lasting gratitude to those who did it.

GEN.—Yes, but is it necessary that any should have been present?

AID.—They could not avoid passing where they did. To have gone around by Elm Street, so far out of the way, would have been construed as cowardice, that would encourage insult, and that would cause an encounter perhaps more dangerous than this. And besides, our fellows did not stop until they were on College grounds; and those who went back, did so to explain, and if possible to effect a conciliation.

Brig.—Will your fellows, in case of an examination, pursue the policy pursued in 1854, and "decline to answer?"

AID.—No other policy would be safe. Although the law must justify those who fired, yet they would be daily in danger from cowardly attacks, as long as they remained in Yale.

[Singing in the upper hall.]

"Edite, bibite, collegiales."

Gen.—That singing must cease!

Brig.—You agree with the firemen then?

GEN.—No, they took offence at the words of the song, "We'll protect and defend thee." But it seems to be out of harmony with the present occasion.

BRIG.—What, the protection and defence?

GEN.—No, the singing!

AID.—So far, from that to me, it seems the index of the deepest feeling. No mind could endure longer the tension that ours have for the last three days. Give us a song—a song—anything!

[All sing.]

SONG .- Air, Rosalis.

Sing, Oh sing Yalensians
Alma Mater's fame;
As erewhile, forever
May her name
Be the magic watch-word
To allure our youth
On triumphantly to truth.
Let the sounding chorus,
While of her we sing,
Through elm-fretted arches
Rise and ring
Till the trees like harp-strings,
Trembling to the strain
Skyward send the glad refrain.

Chorus.—Bright is her glory;
Bright may it be!
Light of Columbia's land is she;
Garland then the great names,
Round her honored brow,
Keep her fame as bright as now.

Enter Messenger.

He whispers a few hurried words to the General, who pales, rises and announces in a husky voice, that "a student is shot!"

ALL.— (Huskily and hurriedly.) Who? Where? When? How? MESS.—(In the other entry with a pistol.) But you remember Coppée says "a good shot is either the person who shoots or the effect of the shot;" but this is one of that kind which the logical Professor termed "a bad shot."

[General frowns; his staff rises with his anger, and messenger evaporates.]

[Report of a Sharpe without.]

GEN.—Who hold the third watch?

AID-—They are Engineers.

Excunt.

SCENE III.—In front of North Middle—One of the watch in great trepidation, explaining the firing to the Officer of the Guard—Sentries pacing on the Lines.

EXCITED SENTRY.—The firing was accidental sir. I saw a dark form advancing from among the trees, and I challenged him with "Who comes there!" He said "a friend." And I answered, "advance and give an account of yourself!"

OFF.—Give an account of yourself? You mean give the countersign.

SEN.—Just as he came up my gun went off, and—the shot rattled in the tower of the chapel.

[Prayer bell rings.]

Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I .- One-fourth of the Students hastening to Chapel down the stairs,

SCENE II .-- ("Transferred"-from Oxford--- by poetic license.")

"Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And through North Middle peace and silence reign;
Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain.

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where lies a student in profound repose,
Oppressed with ale, wide echoes through the gloom
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where through the glimmering shade, Appear their books in many a mouldering heap; Each in his narrow bed till breakfast laid, The peaceful fellows of the College sleep."

Student Grabes.

Wz do not propose to give this Magazine a lugubrious character by dealing extensively in solemn subjects, and had not anticipated that both the first and second numbers of the "Lit." under our administration, would treat of graves. But, strolling, a few days ago, into the cemetery, we recollected that somewhere in that city of the dead—a city within a city, where everything sleeps and rests forever, while life ebbs and flows tumultuously all around—a plot of ground is devoted to student use.

Inasmuch as we ourselves knew nothing of the character and appearance of things thereabouts, we proceeded forthwith to inspect vol. xxIII.

the premises. And inasmuch as students at large are decidedly deficient in information on so exclusively a student subject, a report of first impressions may not be out of place.

As we stood under the old arch-way entrance, it occurred to us, to be sure, that we have no friends among those who lie in the stadent plot. No fresh mound-heap has been thrown up there for years. And we, therefore, have no immediate interest in the spot or its tenant monuments. But, as common children of one Alma Mater, it is our pride and boast to claim a connection with "the great men who have been bere before us;" and, in like manner, men who have died here, have left hallowed memories for all of us, tho' we knew them not. Whoever, too, has been bunked away in old South Middle, as we have, shut up in the gloomy center of that jolly old building-how many a jolly exterior has a black, hollow heart!-away from sunlight and comfort, sick and alonecan draw near that student burying ground with something like sympathy for the poor fellows who must have gone thro' just such experience, before their classmates carried them out to that other more lonely spot.

So thinking, we turned to the right of the entrance, and making our way along a quiet walk where dancing shadows give life and animation even to the home of the dead, came upon the object of our search. The spot is easily recognized. First, by the general air of dilapidation and neglect which hangs around it, in strong contrast to the tidy freshness of neighboring lots. And, secondly, by the classical modelling of the monuments. Mathematical cubes are capped with cinereal urns, one or two sarcophagi surmount Professors graves, and nondescript marbles support ancient vestal lamps in which the soul-flame of immortality keeps steadily burning. Dwarfed moss-sprigs cling to the crumbling old stones as the thoughts and affections of scattered classmates cling to the memory of the long crumbled dust underneath; and the tall, precocious grass, even now in the spring-time of vegetation, droops its sorrowing head over the resting place of the youthful dead.

Where crowded classmates once stood, where strong men once wept, as the minister's voice consigned to earth all that was left of a hopeful, buoyant comrade, where "in the hush that followed the prayer," hearts were chilled and the life-blood curdled by the dull rattle of the coffin—how different the scene now! The stump of an old willow does the weeping, two or three tattered lilac bushes



stand around as mourners, while a couple of ragged ash trees cast a poor apology for kindly shade, upon the graves.

Walking through the enclosure, we could not but notice the style of inscriptions used—a style characteristic of young men and students. Among twenty-five tombstones, not one contains a verse from scripture—and only one, a paraphrase. While the brilliancy of the dead man's career in this life is mentioned in almost every instance, a future is referred to but three times, Stereotyped expressions of "regard," "esteem," "respect and admiration" greet you at every turn, frequently assuring posterity that the deceased was "endowed with a fine understanding, which he had assiduously and successfully cultivated," or—done into Latin—"alta mente præditus, eruditione omnigena imbutus, urbanitate suavissima;" while, in not a single case, is a student spoken of as a Christian—as religiously disposed—or as an exerciser of Christian influence among his associates.

Now, it cannot but have been that some few of those who are buried there were known for other than head-qualities, or even than heart-qualities-if by this latter expression we mean something more than a merely sociable, jolly, rollicking disposition. Of twenty-five death-scenes at such long intervals, there must have been some, where Christianity gave hope to the dying, and consolation to the mourning. And why not say so? Surely the dead man must have wished it. And were we his friend, we should rest content with nothing else. Monumental inscriptions serve no useful end whatever, unless they give important information to a stranger, or recall true life-traits to a friend. Now, the most obvious and only really important question which comes to mind, as one looks at a grave, is: "how is it with his soul?" The stranger asks it, the friend asks it; and if nothing is said to this point, all might have been left unsaid. Where brevity is an object, let the inscription be striking, inspiring, suggestive of great thoughts. If there is any hope that "all is well with his soul," why, let us know it, rather than put into large capitals, as the sole inscription, such an abominably milk-andwater flourish as, "this monument was erected by his classmates as a token of regard and affection."

We characterized the style of inscriptions as peculiar to young men and students. Of young men, because, engrossed in such a life as we here lead, knowing almost nothing of sorrow, nothing of weariness of the world, nothing of heart-sickness and self-dissatisfaction—but strong in the vigour of youth, and confident of a bright



future—we are prone to overlook the dying man's only consolation, and to record only those traits which made him companionable. And, as students, we are naturally worshippers of intellect. We come to college to cultivate mind, we guage men by a mind-standard, and, even on the tomb stone, take pains to settle, first of all a man's claim to talent and mental strength—to record his success as a student. This decided, we consider, next, the sociality in his composition.

Now, when an individual erects a monument and writes inscriptions, he can speak his own feelings—if a true heart-friendship has grown up between the dead and his historian, the latter knows how to delineate the strong points in his character, whereby he learnt to appreciate him—can speak forcibly about the heart, from the heart.

But no one man has more than two or three such friends; one hundred cannot possibly stand in any such relation to him, even when so closely drawn together as here in college.

And, consequently, when Common Councils, like class meetings, erect a monument and undertake to draw a character, the resultant is insipid and superficial; inscriptions on public monuments, put there by public bodies, always are superficial. As classmates, we all fight together in mind contests, and, thus learning each others mental powers, can speak of them with a prospect of doing justice. But, when the same common council classmeetings speak of heart-qualities, they invariably measure a man by his rollicking jollity—the true depth of his character never is reached. "Easyman," perhaps, receives his due, because being all things and the same thing to all men, anybody and everybody can describe him equally well. But "Easyman's" fate in this respect, is peculiar.

The young man, therefore, is swallowed up in the student; and christianity being lost sight of in intellect-worship, not a cross nor ether symbol of christian worship—not one verse from scripture—can be found in the college burial ground. While even our heartnatures, so highly cultivated by college friendships, are inadequately drawn, because class-meetings and class-committees attempt the task, rather than resign it to a near friend.

B. N. H.

Memorabilia Palensia.

College Church.

FIFTY-THERE students were admitted to church membership, in the College Chapel at the last communion. There is a prospect from the applications, that quite a number will join at the next. The number mentioned is larger in proportion to the congregation, than that lately received into H. W. Beecher's church, and forms an encouraging comment upon the working of the Great Revival in our College world.

The Art Exhibition.

The Art Exhibition, which was announced in our last number, is now open to the public. It consists of a large number of very choice works, many of which have been loaned to the committee by private individuals. The collection includes one hundred and fifty oil paintings, a few in water colors, some excellent pencil sketches, and a few pieces of statuary. Almost every school of art is represented by originals or copies. Among the works of the old masters, we may particularly mention, original paintings attributed to Murillo, Lud. Carracci, Carlo Dolce, Salvator Rosa, the school of Raphael, school of Guido, Schedone, and Teniers, and choice copies of Murillo, Titian, Raphael, Carlo Dolce, Andrea del Sarto, Guido, Claude Lorraine and others.

Among modern Artists, Americans are naturally the most fully represented. There are works by Copley, Stuart, Trumbull, Allston, Cole, Durand, Morse, Huntington, White, Cropsey, Kensett, Rossiter, Doughty, Wall, Glass, Brown, Lang, Champney, Durrie, Hart, Church, Elliott, Sulley, Innes, Weir, Tait, and many others.

Among the European Artists we may mention Stanfield, Westall, Cooper, Landseer, Achenbach, Meyer, Humbert, Koekoek, Melchior, 'Fire' Müller, and others. Our present limits do not permit us to extend the list. The lack of a printed catalogue, which is now felt, will soon be remedied, and we shall then be able to make more extended comments.

It is clear that we are now enjoying, as a college community, rare opportunities for studying the Fine Arts, and it is greatly to be hoped that an appreciation of the labors of the committee will be shown, not by the purchase of tickets merely, but by that careful examination of the gallery which its merits demand.

We are informed that the lecturers in the course, which has been announced are Prof. G. W. Greene, of New York, Prof. A. D. White, of Michigan, D. G. Mitchell, Esq., of New Haven, Hon. H. C. Deming, of Hartford,; and possibly, President Woolsey and Prof. Silliman, Jr.

Professor Salisbury's opening discourse was given on Wednesday afternoon, June 23. The subject was Michael Angelo.



Wooden Spoon Exhibition.

The Wooden Spoon Exhibition of the Class of 1859, took place at Brewster's Hall, Tuesday evening, June 15th, in the presence of the nobility and beauty of New Haven. All who have attended previous Spoon Exhibitions, and some who have attended for the last ten years, declare this superior to all that have preceded it. The music was by the Germania Orchestra of Boston. The "Spoon," beautifully carved and of rosewood, was presented in behalf of the Class by J. H. Twichell to H. M. Boies. Besides the colloquies and the songs the programme was as follows:

LATIN SALUTATORY,	.C. H. BOARDHAU.
HIGH ORATION—Student Life in Yale,	G. Н. Соррет.
POEM-The Battle of Life,	H. E. HAYWARD.
ORATION-Power of Silence,	F. J. Jones.
PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION—Universal Gravitation,	.E. T. FAIRBANES.
PRESENTATION,	J. H. Twichell.
RECEPTION	H. M. Bours.

Presentation.

Wednesday morning the Class of 1858 were presented to the President. After the Poem by E. C. Porter, and the Oration by G. P. Andrews, a hundred voices sent up the Parting Ode, composed by I. Riley, to the tune, "Auld Lang Syne."

At three o'clock P. M. the class gathered in front of old South Middle, exposed to the arrows of many a pair of eyes keeping anxious watch at the windows. In spite of the mirth-exciting class histories, sadness was the ruling emotion. It gradually grew upon the songs until just before the parting handgrasp, they could sing, with the spirit and the understanding, the chorus (we quote it) of their last song—a song which initiates a new tune ("Das Abschied," of the Halle Students,) into the society of Yalensian songs.

"Classmates let the tears that flow, Warmed by friendship's sunny glow, Into flowery memories grow."

Pow-Wow.

In the evening, the Pow-wow, by which Freshmen are self-initiated into "Sophomorescence," came off with more than usual brilliancy—as to torches, transparencies et caetera.

"Vivat classis nobilis, Sexaginta una; Classis hominum bonorum, Classis fortium virorum, Minime jejuna."

The DeForest Medal.

The Townsend Premiums having been awarded to the following gentlemen of the Class of 1858, they competed for the DE FOREST MEDAL, Friday afternoon, June 18th.

The order of speaking was arranged by lot, as follows:

The Leaven of the Gospel in the Poetry of Christian Nations.

DANIEL GARRISON BRINTON, West Chester, Pa.

The changes in the Centres of Civilization, in past ages.

WALTER STANLEY PITKIN, Hartford, Ct.

Constitutions of Government as founded upon the abstract principles of Philosophy, and as developed by the realities of History; or, as formed under both influences.

CHAUNCEY SEYMOUR KELLOGG, Bridgewater, N. Y.

The Leaven of the Gospel in the Poetry of Christian Nations.

SAMUEL HENRY LEE, Lisbon, Ct.

Constitutions of Government as founded upon the abstract principles of Philosophy, and as developed by the realities of History; or, as formed under both influences.

CHANNING RICHARDS, Cincinnati, O.

The changes in the centres of Civilization in past ages.

EDGAR LAING HERRMANCE, Kinderhook, N. Y.

Constitutions of Government as founded upon the abstract principles of Philosophy, and as developed by the realities of History; or, as formed under both influences.

SAMUEL CALDWELL, Farmington, Ill.

The Leaven of the Gospel in the Poetry of Christian Nations.

MARTIN SYMSER EICHELBERGER, York, Pa.

The performance of C. S. Kelloge, was judged in the mean the best piece spoken, and the best spoken piece, and to him the One Hundred Dollar Medal was awarded.

Prizes.

For Solution of Astronomical Problems, Class of 1858.

First Prize.

Second Prize.

DE L. FREEBORN.

W. A. McDowbll,

G. B. MACLELLAN.

J. LOVEWELL.

SENIOR APPOINTMENTS, CLASS OF 1858.

Valedictory Oration. Addison Van Name.

Philosophical Oration. George Boardman MacLellan.

Latin Oration.

JOSIAH WILLARD GIBBS.

Philosophical Orations.

ROBERT C. HASKELL.

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

High Orations.

J. T. Baird, E. L. Heermance, H. A. Pratt, F. W. Stevens.

Orations.

M. Abbott. L. Dembinski, B. P. Batchelor, E. T. Elliott, S. Caldwell, A. T. Jones, I. Delano,

A. Mathewson,

Dissertations.

De L. Freeborn, W. A. Lane,

W. A. McDowell, E. G. Scott,

E. S. Thomas, T. G. Valpy.

D. A. Miles.

H. E. Sweetser. H. H. Turner.

First Disputes.

D. M. Bean. C. N. Johnson, E. A. Manice,

E. M. Mills. W. S. Pitkin, G. E. Street, Second Disputes. W. F. Ingerson,

P. I. Sweet, C. B. Whittlesey, C. H. Williams.

G. M. Boynton, D. G. Brinton,

8. H. Lee, W. D. Morgan, Third Disputes.

E. M. Taft, G. Wells.

S. H. Cobb. M. S. Eichelberger, C. S. Kellogg, B. F. Penny, I. Riley, Colloquies. W. H. Steele. W. H. Woodward,

G. P. Andrews, E. F. Blake,

L. R. Evans, F. A. Noble, T. A. Perkins, E. A. Pratt, C. Tomlinson.

Society Elections.

LINONIA.

President.

BROTHERS.

B. N. HARRISON.

W. K. HALL.

W. A. STILES.

Vice-President.

R. J. CARPENTER.

G. P. WELLES.

Treasurer.

D. Bows.

S. S. HARTWELL.

Librarian.

R. J. CARPENTER.

H. L. HALL.

Vice Librarian.

D. HEBARD.

Secretar	••
DECTELAT	v.

C. D. FOULES.

E. B. FURBISH.

Vice-Secretary.

S. SHEARER.

J. L. HARMAR.

Senior Orator.

E. CARRINGTON.

L. B. FAULKNER.

Junior Orator.

E. G. HOLDEN.

W. C. Johnston.

Prizes.

Prizes for English Composition, Class of 1860.

		First Prize.	Second Prize.	Third Prize.
First Di	visio	e.—A. B. BALL.	J. L. Daniels.	S. Dunham.
Second		W. C. Johnston.	M. P. Knowlton.	J. Howard.
Third	"	E. G. MASON. J. H. WARD.	S. R. WARREN.	J. M. Morris.

Woolsey Scholarship; Class of 1861.

TRACY PRCK.

Second in Rank.

JAMES LANMAN HARWAR.

Mathematical Prizes, Class of 1861.

First Prize. RICHARD HOOLIHAN.

Second Prize. JOSEPH NELSON FLINT. JAMES LANMAN HARMAR.

The Yale Navy.

A new boat, built by G. W. James, of Brooklyn, has just been added to our Navy. She is of chocolate color, and forty-five feet and seven inches in length. She is covered twelve feet forward and twelve feet aft, and is named by the builder the Wm. P. Bacon, out of compliment to our Commodore. She will, doubtless, Mr. Bacon informs us, be called the Yale.

There are now in the Navy thirteen boats, and two hundred and seven men.

VOL. XXIII.

29

Editor's Cable.

SANCTUM, Saturday, June 26, 10 o'clock A. M.

Thermometer 94° among the shades! The devil! thought we.

(Enter devil, who hands us a note:)

"We want copy for Editor's Table immediately; the rest is in type. M. & T."

Hot, hissing hot! said we; and a "Dispute" to read at eleven o'clock. Tell them no more copy till twelve.

Exit devil.

We had written, on our Dispute, about twenty minutes, when again the importunate imp broke in upon us, with words evidently imp-lying haste for more "copy." But, that Dispute! Well it must be extemporized.

By the way, that "Dispute" is one we have to "make up." And that reminds us, that a few weeks since, we rusticated ourselves—not "were rusticated"—in Woodbury, one of the oldest and most beautiful towns in the State. During our stay we called upon Rev. W. T. Bacon, whose enterprise proposed, and whose energy put through the instituting of the Yale Literary Magazine. Our visit—but first let us remark, it is a great thing to be a Yale Lit. Editor. The honors of the office "peregrinantur et rusticantur." As we were going to say, our visit recalled all his College memories, and we found him more as the student than as the divine, more as the jolly Editor of the "Lit," than—as he has been for some time—as the reverend editor of the "New Englander." After introducing ourself, and stating that we had taken the liberty to call, because we wished to converse with him about the origin of the Lit, together with other conversation, something like the following ensued:

"Ah, yes. Glad to see you. Glad.you've called. How did you learn that I was connected with the origin of the Magazine?"

"In looking over the old numbers I found your name, written in pencil, attached to the first article, and to the most of the articles in the first volume."

"It was a favorite project of mine while in College. The idea had long lain in my brain; and one day, while walking down Chapel-street with a classmate, Colton, said I,-it was Horace B. Colton-there ought to be a periodical published in this College, there is material enough to support it. "Yes," said Hod, "and deuced raw material too." Nothing more was said on the subject for some time. But one evening, he and another of our class—the class of '37 were in my room, and I proposed the thing again. The result was, a class-meeting was called. Editors were appointed—the leaders of cliques, in order that we might get all interested. I understand that the editorship of the Magazine has come to be considered one of the highest honors in College. (We silently assented complacently.) After preparing the prospectus we sought the consent and support of the faculty. Some of them opposed it strongly, thinking that it would take the attention of the students from their studies. The venerable Professor -----, was very earnest in opposition. But he has forgotten it now; for at one of our last Allumni meetings, in conversing with him, I alluded to the Magazine. He said: "It is an excellent thing! Excellent! I was always in favor of it!" I remember that I took the prospectus myself to Prof. Kingsley. He was witty

and satirical, and was in the habit of annihilating with a word whatever was so unfortunate as not to meet his approval. Well, I went to him—but it was with fear and trembling—and handed him the prospectus. He read it, eyed me a moment over his spectacles, smiled blandly and attached his name to the paper. I knew then that it was a success."

We left with the firm conviction, judging from Mr. Bacon, the divine, that Mr. Bacon, the collegian must have been a glorious good fellow. And, as for his honors,—they are not that he was the founder of the Journal and Courier in this city, nor that he has been editor of the New Englander, but that he was the founder of the Yale Literary Magazine, connected with this College. There is a trio that we reverence: the founder of Yale, the founder of Linonia, and the founder of the Lit.

Under the head of "Literary notices," in Russell's Magazine, Charleston, S. C. we find the following:

- "1. The Virginia University Magazine, edited by John Johnson of Charleston, S. C., and James B. Davis of Augusta Co., Va.
- 2. The Yale Literary Magazine, conducted by the Students of Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

Both these Magazines are creditable to the taste and talent of the young men who conduct them; but after a perfectly impartial examination of the contents of several issues, we do not hesitate to give the preference to the Virginia Monthly,"

The Virginia University Magazine is to us one of the most readable of our exchanges; while the Lit. to the students of almost any other college than Yale, is perhaps one of the least readable. In the Virginia University Magazine are, often, articles that would honor the Atlantic Monthly, or any publication in our country. It is conducted as our Magazine was ten years ago.

But the Lit. has become almost exclusively local, Yalensian. It does not purport to be the exponent of the literary ability of the students of Yale. Articles have been rejected, which, published afterward in other periodicals, have created no small sensation in the world without.

No student can carry from Yale any fuller history of his Olympiad of Yalensian life than the four volumes of the Yale LITERARY MAGAZINE. How highly he will value them hereafter, may be seen from the following extract from a letter, received from one who has taken the Litt from the beginning:

"I take the liberty of requesting you to send me the — number, which I have not received. I write for it immediately, that I may be in time to get that number as I had rather pay extra for it than have my set spoiled. I can assure you that no money would induce me to part with my set, if no others could be procured, and I do not know of any other investment that I could have made of two dollars a year, which has yielded me such ample returns, and which I can look back upon with so little regret.

Although I am as fond as any one of the good things of this life, and think that all things were made to be enj yed in moderation; yet, when I think of the

immense amount of cigars annually consumed in college, as it was while I was there, (Class of '40,) if but one fifth of it were appropriated to keeping up the Magazine, its size could be greatly enlarged."

Every contributor is earnestly requested to send us his articles with his name enclosed in a sealed envelope, which, he may rest assured, shall not be opened unless the article is accepted. Hereafter no article will be published unless it is accompanied by a responsible name.

By a circular "To the Friends of Williams College and the Patrons of Art," dated June 15th, we are glad to see, that Williams, almost simultaneously with Yale, is awake to the truth, that "there is no class of persons who are more susceptible than students to the power of noble Art; that "there are none who need more its elevating influences," and that "the only way in which the college student can be assisted in forming a correct taste for the beautiful in form and color, is to place before him the best models and specimens in all the branches in ancient and modern art—to provide for him an art gallery to which he can repair when fatigued with study, and catch a spark of the inspiration which has fired the souls of the great masters."

In the same circular we read the following: "As Williams College was the first in this country to erect an Astronomical Observatory, so let it be the first to establish an Art Gallery which shall be an honor to the Institution." The Art Gallery in Yale was open to the students before the date of this circular.

In an article in the June number of the Harvard Magazine, entitled "The Boating Reputation of Harvard," in which the writer proceeds "to express his individual opinion, praising what he likes and finding fault where he has cause," occurs the following: "If a man has a soft spot, the third mile is sure to find it. We are equal to any for a momentary spurt; but when dogged persistence, even under probable defeat, is required, we are wanting." This was evidently written amid the memories of defeat, and before their late great victory over the best boats of Boston. But read this. "Granting that we must yield to the English, must we also confess our inferiority to our competitors here? There can be but one answer with regard to American students; we claim superiority over them, and are ready at any time to make good our boast, as we have done before." Verily this is modest, very!

We are glad to learn that the new boat just added to our Navy is to be named the Yale. In the race on Monday, the 28th of June, its superiority over the Varuna was established.

Notice.—A liberal premium will be paid by the publisher for two copies each of No. 7 and 8, of Vol. 21 of this Magazine; and also No. 8, of Vol. 22.

VOL. XXIII.

No. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

AUGUST, 1858.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS II. PEASE.

PRINTED BY MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLVIII.

CONTENTS.

The Practical Results of College Life,	-		_		-		-	53.
The De Forest Prize Oration,		-				_		340
Yale Memories,					_			317
Bartholomew the Sculptor,		-		_		_		349
Commencement Day,			_		-			3-1
Two Visits,				-				351
Ye Nautical Experience of Ye Juniors,					_			357
The Yale Gathering,				_				361
Noctes Yalenses,								363
Obituary—George E. Dunham, -				-				370
Memorabilia Yalensia:								
Death of Geo. E. Dunham, -	_		_		_			371
The Navy,		-		_				373
Prizes,	-		_					373
The Class of 1858,		-		_				373
Biennial Jubilee of the Class of '60,			-		-			374
Book Notices,		-		-		-		375
Editor's Table,			-					375

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIII.

AUGUST, 1858.

No. IX.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '59.

S. D. FAULKNER,

B. N. HARRISON,

G. W. FISHER.

T. R. LOUNSBURY,

A. H. WILCOX.

The Practical Results of College.

THERE are many men of excellent judgment in other things, who entertain the opinion that the acquisition of a Collegiate education involves a useless expenditure of physical, mental, and often moral The labor which it necessarily requires, the time which it consumes, and the self-denials which it inevitably exacts, are looked upon as sacrifices at once foolish and unjustifiable. for knowledge, beyond a "common school or business education," is, by a stretch of charity, regarded as a harmless and somewhat pardonable weakness, but the devotion of a life-time to study, is either an inexcusable piece of folly, or a positive profanation of intellectual endowments. Others, with less sense and more bigotry, regard College as the nursery of vicious principles and immoral practices. It is in their pious eyes the very birth-place of roguery, and shaking their heads with ominous significance. they pronounce those College boys "awful fellows." There are still others, (generally ambitious Sub-Freshmen compose this class,) whose conceptions of our real life are somewhat more complimentary to it, yet they are no truer than those mentioned above. And in-VOL. XXIII. 30

deed, their representation of College experience never can have a real existence until discipline can be acquired by "masterly-inactivity," and those vicious social forces, which develop themselves in every secular association, can be eradicated. They use no "midnight oil" in painting their picture of College, from which laborious study and painful drudgery are either carefully excluded or never thought of. But College is conceived of as a place where "greatness is thrust upon a man," and all that is required of him is a passive acquiescence in the process. In their estimation, the student is the very incarnation of jollity and good humor, never meeting with anything to mar them, and his human nature furnishes a striking exception to the general proposition that human nature is every where the same. Their ideas of his native and justly assumed dignity, are higher than our student character will ever attain to. College is, in short, a kind of terrestrial paradise, where every classmate is a firm friend, and every acquaintance a worthy repository of confidence. Treacherous confederacies, under the name of friendships, ungenerous prejudice and unfair dealing, never find a "local habitation" in their College world. To those who have served an apprenticeship in Biennial Hall and the Recitation Room, and have become acquainted with the whole modus operandi of College, it is hardly necessary to say, that the he who indulges himself in such views

"With an empty picture feeds his mind."

We have noticed these views of College life for the purpose of showing how widely men in the outside world differ in their conceptions of it, and also for the purpose of showing that they have no rational foundation, and are entitled to but little credit.

The first one of the opinions noticed concerning the uselessness of a Collegiate education, arises from a spirit of envy, or prejudice, which always manifests itself in depreciation. We believe that there are few, if any, of those who annually graduate from Yale, whose characters and lives give vitality and nourishment to this opinion. We believe that every man who passes through College receives some practical good from it, whatever may be his position and circumstances while here. We believe that there is no place where a man can gain a better knowledge of the world, and meet with more valuable experiences in the same length of time, to say nothing of the discipline of mind which every man must necessarily get who graduates at all. The opinion in regard to the vicious ten-

dencies of College is equally false and unjust. That men are ruined while at College we do not pretend to deny, but it does not follow from this that they are ruined by College. A great many men are ruined while at home, yet no candid man will say that they are ruined by home influences. Were the same persons placed in any position where there was the same want of restraint which there is here, their fall and deterioration of morals would be equally certain and inevitable. We, for one, do not believe that College, as such, either implants or nourishes vicious principles. While there are many temptations here which a man may seek, and yield to if he chooses, there are none which he cannot avoid and resist. But instead of believing that College propagates evil and weakens moral principle, we believe it to be the best school in the world for a man's moral nature. By removing the restraints of home, it places him on an independent basis, and shows him the worthlessness of principle which derives its strength from without, and not from within himself. Nowhere does dissipation more surely discover itself in the man, nor meet with prompter disapprobation; nowhere does a man's outraged moral nature sooner revenge itself on his standing and character than here in College; nowhere are the competitions between interest and principle stronger and more trying, and nowhere are the triumphs of each, and their effects, more fully realized by the man himself, or more clearly displayed for the instruction of others. This, then, is one of the great practical results of College, to test, and if rightly improved, to strengthen-but if . abused, to damage a man's moral stamina.

The opinion of the prospective Collegian is of little consequence to any one else but himself, yet the time and process by which he is disabused of it, form an important era in his individual experience. As we have nothing to do with this, we pass it by with the remark that the opinion is merely an exhibition of that universal tendency to over-estimate and magnify those things with which we are unacquainted, and that it is one of the practical results of College, to relieve the mind of such pleasing delusions by a most summary process.

The practical results of our system of discipline will claim an important place in our article, since it occupies nearly all of our time while here, and originated the motive which five hundred of us had in connecting ourselves with Yale. Perhaps the most obvious result of our system is to produce an indisposition to study by destroying enthusiasm in it. It is a system which offers no

temptations to curiosity, and has little either to relieve its diurnal monotony or to excite our interest. Its benefits are not sufficiently defined by its daily operations to produce satisfaction and sympathy with it. This want of sympathy arises from the difficulty which we always meet with in attempting to sympathize with that which appears theoretical and unsubstantial, while things that are practical and make direct appeal to our interests, always have our spontaneous sympathy. Under the system as now pursued, we act more from necessity than from choice, and the very word necessity has disagreeable associations connected with it. The limited intercourse between student and instructor, prevents personal feeling from furnishing any motive or enthusiasm for study. Then, too, there is something disagreeable in the nature of discipline which no system however perfect, can eradicate or obviate. Discipline is one of those things which the world can never give and can never take away. If a man ever get it, he must get it of and by himself, and he who expects to acquire it without laborious drudgery, will be grievously disappointed. Yet in spite of this disinclination to study, there is a good deal of thorough study done here and a good deal of valuable discipline acquired, perhaps more than in any other American College. It is a discipline which gives a stimulus, a support and restraint to the mind. It gives the power to marshal our thought forces and concentrate their energies in vigorous, effective action. It expands without weakening the capacities of the mind, broadens and deepens its channels of thought, and infuses into it a healthful and profitable activity.

Another practical result of College, is to make a man thoroughly self-critical, and therefore healthfully self-distrustful. It causes a man to examine thoroughly and rigidly, his mental resources and capacities, to institute comparisons between what he is and what he might be. It shows him the wide gulf which intervenes between his aspirations and acquisitions, and thus gives him a proper estimate of himself and his own abilities. It places opportunities at his command to measure himself, by bringing him in contact with men

"Who are variously endowed and variously excel."

Such are some of the practical results of our College experience, results which are full of profit to the man while in College, and which contain the germs of success in after life, by giving him pow-



^{*} Mr. Charles Astor Bristed's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding.

er over himself and over others. But this power, like every other power, brings with it a certain degree of responsibility. It authorizes men in the outside world to expect more of him, and imposes an obligation on him to meet and satisfy these expectations. It is the consciousness of this obligation and the desire to discharge it, which make educated men active and working men; make them appear as Sidney Smith said Daniel Webster appeared, like a "steam engine in breeches."

Finally, it is one of the practical results of College to produce revolutions of feeling in the individual, revolutions which cannot be described because their causes and effects are as various as individual constitutions themselves. There are insurrections of the heart and tumults of the brain which are fraught with profitable significance to the man himself. Aspirations are crushed by disappointment and intensified by success. Dreams are dissipated and unrealized, which had they been fulfilled and realized, would have ruined or blessed the man, according to their character. There have been mistakes which were godsends to men, and there have been mistakes which were full of ruin to reputation, and of injury to character. Reader, how many of these experiences of College life have been thought over and appreciated in your silent moments, how many of them have found a tomb in your heart, and how many an incorporation and manifestation in your College character? Have you made a character for yourself, or have they made one for you?

The great practical result of College, ought to be to fortify a man against the two great causes of human error, the want of knowledge and the want of virtue. Thorough reading and study ought to aid practical observation in securing the defence which knowledge throws around a man, and natural integrity, increased by exercise and daily acquisition, ought to afford the protection which virtue always provides.

Thus divorced from every sentiment which can give force to the suggestions of sense, and equally free from the dangers and indiscretions of conceit, the graduate will go out into the world a man of strong character and of reliable worth. His just estimate of himself, and his resolute executive talent will prepare him to discharge the responsibility, to pass the severe ordeals and enjoy the pleasure which the possession and exercise of power always give, and make him at the same time a living argument in favor of a Collegiate education.

S. D. F.



THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

Constitutions of Gobernment.

AS FOUNDED UPON THE ABSTRACT PRINCIPLES OF PHILOSOPHY, AND AS DEVELOPED BY THE REALITIES OF HISTORY, OR AS FORMED UNDER BOTH INFLUENCES.

BY CHAUNCEY SEYMOUR KELLOGG, BRIDGEWATER, N. Y.

The great struggle which marks all political history is that between Liberty and absolute power. Liberty seeks to establish barriers for its protection,—Despotism tolerates no opposition. Hence, Despotism is autooratic, Liberty constitutional, for the idea of Liberty comprehends the idea of a fundamental law—beyond which none can go, and to which all are equally subject. Constitutions are the fundamental organism which regulates all the functions of the state, and fixes its relations with society. The love of Liberty is an *innate principle* of the human heart which finds its political expression in the constitution.

Constitutions, therefore, as the political phenomena of an universal principle of human nature, appear wherever this principle is strong enough to assert itself as an element in government. The processes of formation vary according to the varying conditions of society, but they all take their rise from the "two elements which constitute all human progress—historical development and abstract reasoning." Neither of these elements ever wholly disappears, the preponderance of either determines the character of the constitution.

I. The most normal process of formation is that of growth. In a rude age men act from impulse rather than reason. The principle of Freedom is an instinct rather than a rational conviction. But the continuous operation of an instinct begets custom—and custom begets in the people a love for the rights which it sanctions, and so all unconsciously Liberty is preserved. Later, when reason develops, principles are discovered lurking under the disguise of habit—they become more clearly defined, and thus the constitution, built upon experience and sanctioned by reason, grows up shapely and firm. This process of growth is strictly inductive. It proceeds from particular facts to general principles. It puts forth no hypothesis—builds on no abstraction. Practice must demonstrate the value

^{*} Lieber.

of every thing before it becomes permanent. Precedents are the foundation of rules.

Such is the process by which England has been building up her vast structure of constitutional liberty since the days of Alfred. Stone by stone has the edifice been reared. The Common Law—Trials by Jury—Habeas Corpus—a Parliament of two Houses,—and all her numerous guarantees of Freedom, are the fruit of long and industrious cultivation. Her whole history has been sketched in a single stanza:

"A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent."

Constitutions formed in this way inherit stability and permanence as their birthright, For they are the "long result of time." When time has strengthened and matured customs, they come to have an organic life by which they have power to perpetuate themselves. They pass into institutions. Institutions serve to link principles with the affections of the people, and endow them with that selfpropelling energy by which the past, the present and the future are united in one grand, harmonious concert. "Without them the best national impulses remain but happy accidents."* In them the constitution finds the pledge of its stability and perpetuity-passing down, like a constantly increasing legacy, from generation to generation. It is this characteristic of the British constitution which gives point to the magnificent boast of Burke: "We have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood-binding the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties-adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections-keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities—our state—our hearths our sepulchres, and our altars."

From this institutional character is derived also a powerful conservative element. Institutions are prone to retain their primitive form. Men shrink from changing the shape of what they value, lest they lose also the good it provides. Hence the force of custom and tradition which binds them to the past. Hence an important check upon hasty innovation. But this conservatism is also exceedingly

^{*} Lieber.

jealous and exacting, so that it underlies one of the chief defects of this kind of constitution.

The impulses of men are not all good—the best are often but imperfectly carried out. Bad usages will obtain, to a wide extent in the early history of a nation, and good ones are often impaired by a sad admixture of evil. Thus wrong, as well as right, becomes institutional, and through the organic energy of institutions, acquires a terrible and destructive vigor—while, by the aid of conservatism, it seeks to perpetuate itself. But the conditions of continuous development are progress and the constant elimination of evil. And therefore there springs up in the bosom of the state a ceaseless antagonism—the stern necessity of advancement struggling with unbending conservatism—a struggle which has made the history of England the history of battles. Nowhere else does the great principle of Resistance find such full and continuous expression. Nowhere better than in England is illustrated the language of her bard, "That Principles are rained in blood."

. "That all the Past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder peals
Wherever Thought has wedded Fact."

And well may the English people cherish their liberties. For they are the fruit of agony and sacrifice. It was for them that Elliot died in prison, and Hampden bled in battle—it was for them that Milton sunk his last days in darkness, and Sydney trod the scaffold with the mejesty of conscious martyrdom.

The developed constitution has another characteristic inseparable from the circumstances of its formation—the want of general applicability. The idea of a healthy growth implies adaptation to the soil. A constitution which a nation develops within itself must of necessity become peculiarly national. It adapts itself to the particular habits and genius of the people, so as to become a mirror of the national character. It does not look beyond the limits of the state or seek to meet the exigencies of other societies. It does not express itself in generalities which apply to all, but fastens itself to its own state by numberless fibres which interweave and cross in every direction. It can, therefore, furnish no model for successful imitation.—it stands apart in sublime and splendid isolation, creating aspirations, but crowning no hope. With all its magnificent pane



^{*} Gervinus.

ply, constitutional liberty could never go forth from England to the conquest of the world.

II. But it is not the lot of every nation thus to build up its own constitution. In the earlier stages of a nation's history, the causes which tend to create a constitution are fitful and uncertain in their operations. Stability can come only with age. At first constitutions, like infants, require increasing care and watchfulness to keep them alive. Therefore "the many fail, the one succeeds." Of all that noble family of constitutions which sprang up in Western Europe during the Middle ages, that of England alone saw the beginning of the eighteenth century.*

But the great principle which gives birth to constitutions still remains in the human breast. It may slumber, but it cannot die. There always exist in the bosom of society the seeds of a glorious awakening. If eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty, it is none the less the price of Despotism.

The great law of history is progress, a law binding equally upon man and the state. If society advances while the state stands still, a change of polity is sooner or later inevitable. Still more inevitable is it when the state and society both advance, but toward different ideals, for thus the breach between them grows far wider. "The history of the state sketches in coarse outline the progress of thought."† When it ceases to follow this outline it must needs suffer overthrow. Where the old forms have passed away, Liberty again strives to crect a constitution for its protection. But it can no longer, as in early time, trust to instinct and the hope of devel-Reason has already built for it a noble structure in the chambers of the brain, and this it seeks to realize. Hence the two conditions of an abstract constitution. First, a certain degree of intellectual advancement, which all abstraction presupposes, and, second, the necessity to society of a radical chauge in the structure of the state.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century these conditions were fulfilled by France. The constitution with which she began her career perished early, and Despotism moved onward to its culmination. But the great Reformation of the two previous centuries set free the human mind, and Philosophy immediately became democratic. Thus arose a violent antagonism between society and the

* Macaulay.

† Emerson.

state. Philosophy could not give up her convictions—the state would not yield to Philosophy. The inevitable result was a revolution in which the old forms passed away. Then it was that Society finding nothing worth retaining in the past, called in Philosophy to its aid. Human reason was informed with the spirit of *Liberty*, and therefore furnished a theory of a constitution.

A theory in itself may be either false or true. If false, it bears within itself the seeds of dissolution, and will fall the more speedily, the more perfectly it is practiced. The constitution of Lycurgus failed after a fair trial, because it is not the final cause of government to make men warriors, or the state a camp. If the theory be true, or contain some elements of truth, there is still a great gulf fixed between it and practice. What, then, is the character of a theoretical constitution, and what does it contribute to the cause of constitutional freedom.

Its method is the opposite of that of the developed constitution. It proceeds upon hypothesis only. It assumes its own perfection, and seeks to bring facts into perfect conformity with itself. Hence it is unpractical. The administrative part of the science of politics is preëminently inductive. It aims to deal with men as they arenot as they ought to be. It takes into account every variation of passion or prejudice-every peculiarity of age, and race, and clime. When a new system is initiated, practical experience in its workings is absolutely necessary to its successful administration. Neither the purest patriotism, nor the profoundest philosophical wisdom, can supply the place of practical knowledge. No genius, however commanding, educated under an opposite system, is of any avail. The French statesman who had been accustomed to see all that was glorious in the past, in the centralization of power, utterly failed in the administration of a system whose fundamental idea is the distribution of power.

A constitution of this kind is necessarily uninstitutional, and therefore lacks the element of stability which institutions alone can give. The very disagreement of theory and practice precludes the possibility of such enactments as shall from their perfect adaptation to the character of the people, supply the growth of time. Thus France, feeling the truth of the principles on which she built, but unable to obtain a practical embodiment of them, shifted from system to system with unparalelled rapidity, "seeking rest and finding none."

But for all this, abstract constitutions are not worthless. They

are facts in a nation's history, which can never lose their significance. They are the exponents of national impulses which, though crushed, can never die, and whose awakening is the pledge of future regeneration. And therefore, France has not witnessed in vain the bloody death and sad burial of so many constitutions—for as the lifeless clay and garments of the grave point to a certain immortality—so Liberty crowned with cypress and clad in funeral robes, points to a glorious and eternal resurrection.

Nor are theoretical constitutions without some of the essential elements of a perfect system. These are universality and progress. The constitution which is developed is necessarily narrow, for it views human rights not as belonging to men by nature but by acquisition. Englishmen value their liberties not as the inalienable attributes of God's creatures, but as purchased at the expense of so many struggles and by the blood of so many martyrs. Other men do not deserve liberty, because they have not paid for it in a fair equivalent of battle fields and heads of tyrants.

But Philosophy labors for humanity. It seeks for those universal principles which are for all men and all times. In furnishing the basis of a constitution it limits it to no tribe or country—it provides equally for all—through it liberty becomes the property of the race.

The abstract constitution contains a progressive element. The complete realization of principles supposes the perfection of mankind. In assuming these principles as its foundation, the constitution gives to government a definite aim. Humanity need not grope forward into the future, uncertain of its path, but may advance with confidence and songs of cheer as toward an object full in view.

III. We have seen that simple development with all its security, acting under a law of which it is ignorant, proceeds with difficulty towards partial ends—that Philosophy exulting in its own perfection attempts everything at once and suffers frequent overthrow before it can secure even a partial attainment of its ends. It is evident that a system is needed which should combine the security of development with the catholic breadth of Philosophy. The conditions of such a constitution would be a people whose previous experience had given them institutions which they loved and a practical acquaintance with Liberty, while they had acquired a degree of philosophical culture, which should enable them to separate principles from facts and comprehend their far-reaching influence.



These conditions were fulfilled by the American Colonies. England gave them the fruits of a noble history in the shape of beneficent institutions—a knowledge of their rights and practical skill in maintaining them. The free thought of the previous century taught them that the rights which their fathers had bequeathed them, were theirs by nature as well as by inheritance. *Philosophy* told them the end of government, *practics* gave them the surest means of attaining that end.

A constitution formed under such influences naturally rests on a broad theoretical basis, while it is not without the security of experimental knowledge. Institutions which age has tested, enter in and impart stability while practical experience gives the power of constructing others upon theory, which acquire at once the stability of age. If practice shows a theory to be false, it can be set aside without danger to the whole fabric, for the principles which trial has already proved are forever sure. Conservatism, which under other systems becomes a blind devotion to the past, is here tempered into a healthful prudence, and in turn corrects the extravagance of theory. Assuming in the outset certain fundamental principles, progress is not, as in the developed constitution, a blind instinct, but a law of its being-a law guided in its operation by the experience of the past. It makes Liberty the heritage of mankind, not standing proudly aloof as in England, nor giving a stone for bread as in France. It builds up a pure and disinterested patriotism, adding the convictions of reason to the affections of the heart. It implants in the hearts of men the assurance of a grand and hopeful destiny, whose fulfilment is the logic of its own beneficent principles.

Thus has constitutional Liberty wrought its way through all the vicissitudes of history to a splendid fruition. It fled from an unhappy life in Greece and settled among the hills of Rome. It slept a long and weary sleep under the Cæsars, but did not die, and during the darkness of the Middle Ages, it was building itself all silently a sacred temple in the Anglo-Saxon heart. At the dawn of the Reformation, Philosophy welcomed it once more. Fortified thus by love and reason it planted itself beyond the sea, and now "the little seed" which despots of the olden time "laughed at in the dark."

Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk Of spanless girth, that lays on every side A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun.



Nale Memories

IT was under an elm tree I had been sitting, as I read the last number of the Lit., and when I finished, I fell into rambling thoughts suggested by it, which kept me employed for quite a time. At length, wrought on insensibly by the fading twilight, I began to cease my musings. The coloring of the heavens, the soft air, the pleasant scene round about, were fast drawing me into the "Enchanted Ground," when my eye happened to catch the ray of a lamp just lighted in South Middle, and momently broken by some one going backward and forward between it and me. How many a night, thought I, for how many a year has that room been lightened by men before me! how often it will be by those who follow! and perhaps, I said, as I dared to anticipate, I may be in this same spot when long years are gone by, and see the light shining from that same room; while closing life will bring back one by one the memories of my college days, as closing day is now bringing out the And it occurred to me that many who once stars above me. "lived and moved" here, were they where I am, could have such experience at this very hour.

With this to con over, I left the tree and came slowly toward the colleges: now and then casting my eye along them as I mused on the generations past. Associations came thronging around me, eager to catch my attention and tell their story.

We all know their power and the interest attached to any place where they cluster. Where each of us lives there is a spot consecrated forever by some incident. Scarcely an English village that has not its shrine—the birth place of a noted man, the scene of a battle, the original of a famous description,—whither the thoughts and affections of the villagers make their pilgrimage with blended respect and pride. Scarce a town in New England that has not its traditionary spot, which the yeomen love to tell of, the youth to ponder over, the traveler to visit and muse on. I have often thought that next to the roots a man's heart sends into and about his home and homestead, Patriotism has no stronger bond than such associations. Their little tendrils cling gently round him in boyhood, geting fibre as he grows into a man, till at last they bind with a force as pleasing as it is strong.



Is it not right then to say, that among the pleasures of Yale there are none more truly such, than those which grow out of thoughts coming down from men and things connected with it and accumulating with years. Thoughts of the friendships formed here: Thoughts of the wrecks that have been made: Thoughts of the struggles with self and for self: Thoughts of the sorrow and the joy, the passion and the equanimity, the hopefulness and the despondency shading the course of those before us. Yes! it is a pleasure to turn from life now to the life that was, and summoning sympathy to keep us company and to go up and down with her, while we take personal interest in those who were. Her hand draws one side the veil through which it is hard to see the bygone world of our College square, places picture on picture before the eye and throws the light on them, in directions best suited to bring out each shade, each tint, each figure. Then what seemed old and without beauty, appears new and pleasing: and this reverie, this dream as it were, this noiseless journeying of the soul through the college life of old brings a chaste, a sober peace, a quiet joy.

In that room perhaps,—and I looked up at the light still shining into the darkness,—a man lived only to exist. He went through his four years inactive in every place, nor said nor did scarcely one thing of value. With a mind and a body loth to work, his room was his shell. One could hear his feet slowly scuffing up the stairway, slowly scuffing along the entry into his room. Daily over his cigar, his mind like steam passed into the air, then was slowly collected and became as before. His lessons were calmly perused and recited. Thus his life flowed on as a river, till one day his trunk went away with him and he was forgotten.

Next after him, comes a man of sunny temper, whose presence and bright smile made the very walls of his room ever cheerful. He went cheerily at his work, he left it as cheerily. Nobody came to him without getting a kind word and a genial look. Though he had his trials, he was as a bird to the hills it meets in its flying. He never pushed into them and stopped; but rising with light wing was over and away. While here he was a joy to all who knew him.

—"his face, like the face of the morning, Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action."

Perhaps there followed a man of retiring ways, who went in and out unnoticed, or was looked on as a sort of recluse by his fellows,



having no feelings in common with them. Yet he had a large sensitive heart, keenly alive to the emotions of friendship, but so unknown as almost to have no friend. Who can tell the suffering of such a nature, in the almost agony of spirit following a disappointed longing for companionship, in the mortification felt because of inability to share the real character? I doubt not

"these old walls, ten times as old as I am, Could tell a tale"

of many a man, who has thus fallen from sadness into melancholy and endured what cannot be described. Whoever has read the fictions of Miss Brontë, can get the nearest and truest idea of such suffering; and will feel while reading them, what respect is commanded by such a nature. I draw near the scenes where I know such men have been, and feel an awe akin to that which I have felt when looking at the grief of some mourners; a silent, tearless grief that found no vent, no comfort from within, and then turned on itself to eat the heart to its very core. There is a sublimity about the suffering of natures like these, a disclosure of what a man's soul is capable of in respect of sorrow, and, as we know, of a corresponding happiness, which lets us know why its value is more than to gain the whole world.

Such are the tales I listened to: tales also of pleasant gatherings, of low carousings: tales of resolutions kept, of resolutions broken: of home and country sacrificed to serve the Master in Heaven; tales of chagrin at ill success, of joy at triumph, of remorse for opportunities wasted, of hopes voluntarily blasted. Not a room is there which has not its rich history, now glad, now mournful, now bright again. Each of us is adding a page to the fast thickening volume; those who come after will add theirs. Such will ever be the varied experiences of Yale.

T. B. D.

Bartholomew the Sculptor;

DIED AT NAPLES, MAY 2D, 1858.

I.

On Hero of the stalwart heart!
Thine eye hath pierced the whirling mist
Which weils the walls of amethyst—

II.

Thy voice is heard no more on earth,

—Save in the music ling'ring still

Around the forms Death cannot chill—

III.

The forms from purest marble wrought By thy swift hand, whose skill supreme Could trace the fret-work of a dream !—

TV

The glorious forms, whose wild, free grace Is not of this, our meaner earth— But speaketh of diviner birth!

V.

A birth within that nobler realm Whose visions thrilled the sculptor's heart— The fair and facric Land of Art!

VI

Ah, now thou walkest with the Blest— Released from cares, and toils, and fears— Released from worldling scorns and sneers!

VII.

E'en as we see the golden light
For age on age in splendor shine,
From stars long quenched by hand divine,—

VIII.

So shall the thoughts of thee illume With radiant hues of hope and love, Our pathway to the Life above—

IX.

Thou sculptor strong, and true, and tried, 'T was thine to see—oh fateful prize—
The Spirit Land with prescient eyes!

X.

Enamored of that fairer life, Thy soul hath snapped its prison bars, And fled the world's discordant jars.

Commencement Day.

Alma Mater has many gala days for her sons, many days when drudgery is forgotten, and hearts rejoice while heads rest. "Statement of facts" day, bringing muddy boots and torn collars to spirited Freshmen and undaunted Sophomores, bringing showers of hisses and yells of applause to aspiring Juniors and Seniors, bringing to all the brilliant oratory and startling truths, both of which have been prepared with so much pains for the occasion. The day of "Biennial Jubilee," with its gratulations and speeches, its good cheer and universal jollity, "Presentation day," with its Oration and Poem," its last class meeting, its burial of past discord; with its universal God bless you, swelling up from a hundred full hearts, with its quivering lips and moist eyes.

But the day of days at Yale is "Commencement Day" and if in the following picture, the critic finds no elaborate finish, no skillful grouping, we beg him to remember that it is from the hand of an inexperienced artist who daubs now and then a scene, which may afford some pleasure from its nature, however imperfect the execution.

As in viewing a picture the eye is first caught by the central group, and then if interested wanders off into the heavily shaded corners and dark back ground, so let us examine this and notice first the brilliant assemblage in front. Those are the speakers of the day. Young men with radiant countenances, and manly bearing, they should almost be painted with halos in this part of the picture, so much does the light of life as it were shine from every face. This is the chosen part of that mass of young humanity, which the "bone and sinew of the land" has been pushing up the hill of science, for the last four years.

It long ago pushed it out of its own sight, but it still applied the motive power, although in the dark, yet hopefully. But to day some light is to be thrown on the subject, and Old America has come to see what its four year old hope amounts to. There he sits a little below the before mentioned group, with his white locks and his upturned, wrinkled face. It is a day of earnest hope and anxious expectation for him. Halls have been thrown open before him, revealing much that was curious and valuable in art and science. Library doors have unfolded, disclosing accumulated wealth of books and now the hour has come, when at the sound of the magic words you. XVIII.

from the President, the doors of each living human temple open and the world peeps in. The audience are led through halls and chambers in this palace of intellect, richly furnished with the antique wisdom of by-gone centuries. They are favored with a hasty glance into the rooms of history, science and philosophy, all lighted up by brilliant chandeliers of rhetoric and elocution. This is very beautiful. Old America is delighted. Younger hearts too have come with him, brothers, sisters and friends, and each little party surveys its own dear temple, querying if the world has ever seen such a wonder before. But, alas for the vanity of human hopes. Could their fond eyes look into the aforesaid intellectual temples, by the light of a torch made of a twisted biennial paper, how quickly, in nine cases out of ten, would the gorgeous chandeliers appear not true metal, but only dross, frightfully scoured. How quickly would it appear that in the apartment of history one or two gorgeous incidents, had been carefully selected and hung over bare walls.

And in the rooms of science and philosophy, such incongruities would be apparent, that it would speedily be evident, that the furniture had been borrowed for the occasion, and must soon be returned to those great ware-houses—the text books.

Now, if not already too tired, look beyond into the back-ground. The figures there, are only just visible beneath the heavy shading of care and anxiety. They are the same features which are so lighted up in the fore-ground, but sad, heavy, pensive, melancholy, lugubrious. There is one sitting by a big round table, on which stands an almost empty cigar box, with a half smoked stump beside it. Innumerable sheets of fools-cap are scattered around, together with a "Webster's Dictionary, unabridged," and a mildewed volume of Kant. Sapient, solemn, "grave and reverend Senior," you are compiling a "great piece," a "deep piece," a "beautiful piece," to be delivered at "Commencement." You are going to convince men that you are destined to become one of the "pillars of the' age." A careful observer might also notice a change of costume with the change of scene. In front the figures appear in an elegant citizen's dress. But here, owing either to the state of the atmosphere, or the classic taste of the individuals themselves, their garb is of a style not on the latest fashion plates, to say the least. But all this is essential to "Commencement Day." Year after year the grand effect of the day itself has been made to depend on this heavy back-ground. Year after year scraps of immortal literature



equally precious with that on the above mentioned fools-cap, have been composed, to be the heralds of a bright and shining light in the world of letters.

Oh, the head-aches and the heart-aches of those gloomy shapes, the pale faces and the anxious steps which they have known. And all, that on "Commencement Day," a few old eyes may brighten with a proud light, a few old hearts shake with strange swelling hopes, and a few words of babbled admiration be heard. Then save in a few rare instances, the lonely path which leads down into the dark valley of obscurity, must be trodden, however reluctantly, unless, perchance seen by the glare of ambition's torch, that path seems preferable which leads down into that other and still darker valley, "the dark valley of the shadow of death."

A glance now on either side of the central group, and with a few passing remarks, we will turn away. Look at those old men there. How finely their gray hairs and calm faces contrast with the dark locks and earnest countenances of the central figures. This is the group of the Alumni. See too what a diversity of light and shade characterizes this portion of the picture. The joys and sorrows of a life time falling more or less thickly on every head. It is the finest feature in the whole scene, this assembly of Alma Mater's children once more returned. By them "Commencment Day" is consecrated to the memories of their student life. Even the grim old College buildings, standing in the sunshine, seem to smile a welcome to these, the men who hacked and hewed them in the time past, now the venerable fathers of Yale. And these too, with their harvest of life-experience almost garnered, return with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. They speak together of those who were, but are not. They talk of the good times and the hard times of their college days. They speak of the friends whom they knew and here and there a face is turned away, as the name of some star of their own constellation is mentioned, and the story, perhaps mournful story, of its going down is told.

Here then our rough sketch of "Commencement Day" closes. Every one must supply for himself the crowded hotels, the intolerable heat, the dusty streets, and the Society reunions. We leave it to each to adorn his ideal of "Commencement Day" with such a quantity of these as his taste or experience shall suggest, simply stopping to wish success to the Commencement of 1858.

A. H. W.



Two Bisits:

OR BLENHEIM PALACE AND MT. VERNON.

No. I.

HAVING wandered all day through Oxford, "The city of palaces," with a very confused idea of its "nineteen colleges and five halls," (colleges not endowed,) and of the various dresses worn by their "6000 Members," I took the cars back to Woodstock Station. I say back, for I had passed it on my way from Liverpool to Oxford, not knowing that it was the nearest point to Blenheim palace, which I purposed visiting.

Having heard that grand oration of Everett on Washington—I may here say that it was that oration that caused me to return to visit Blenheim, and which, as all will see, suggested the idea of this "squib"—in which he, in beautiful burning words contrasts the grandeur of Blenheim with the humility of Mt. Vernon, and the great base character of Marlborough, with the lofty spotless purity of "our Washington;" I could not restrain my desire to see the fairy land that I had heard so beautifully and eloquently described. On my way I met a gentleman who seemed to be acquainted with the surrounding country, and who entered heartily into conversation with me.

Finding that I was from America, he commenced to speak of American literature. I soon found he was not one of those Englishmen who with scorn ask, "who reads an American book?" for he was well acquainted with all the better writers of our country. Finding that he wished to discuss the subject of slavery—I will give him the credit of ending his conversation where most of his countrymen begin it-I gave the conversation a sudden turn, as we drew near the town of Woodstock, which is two miles from the station of the same name, and began to speak of some of the historic memories which surrounded us. He was at home on these subjects. In the first place he informed me that the town of Woodstock was mainly supported by the American Glove Works. He then showed me the house in which Chaucer was born, and is supposed to have died, and also pointed out the place where "Edward the black prince" was born. He then showed me my hotel, informing me at the same time that next morning he would call and conduct me through the "prviate garden of the Duke," which could not be vis-



ited without "a permit from his Grace." Astonished at the politeness of this thoroughly English and yet half Frenchman, I inquired to whom I was indebted for so much kindness, and afterward learned from mine host, that Mr. M—— was the chief proprietor of the "Glove Works," and that it was his habit, and not out of the way of his interest, to be polite to Americans.

After so long a preliminary, we will suppose, reader, that you have slept well and breakfasted comfortably at the "Kings Arms," and are ready to walk forth with us to view Blenheim palace and its fairy surroundings. The first object that meets us as we enter, or rather before we enter, the park, is the "Grand Triumphal Arch." It is of the Corinthian order, and was built by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to the memory of John, the great Duke. We pass on. Now, reader, take one view of the fourteen miles of grandeur and beauty spread out before you. You will, perchance, never see its equal again. Oh, that you had days to wander through it! will be your exclamation. But this glance will live with you. You will never loose the memory of

"This enchanting site; where every rural sweet, And every natural charm, delight to meet."

In the course of your ride you are constantly delighted, not only with the beauty of the scenery, but also with the numerous objects of historic interest that present themselves. "High Lodge," formerly the residence of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, first claims our notice. Then we pass the "Grand Bridge" which spans the "Lake," supplied by the "Glyme." Near by is "Fair Rosamand's" well and bower, which remind us of Walter Scott's "Woodstock." Here is Warton's inscription on the spring:

"Here quench your thirst, and mark in me An emblem of true charity, Who, while my bounty I bestow, Am neither heard nor seen to flow."

There is one object of interest we must not pass. "The Obelisk" was erected to the memory of the great Duke, and is one hundred and thirty or one hundred and thirty-four feet high—authorities differ. It has recorded on it in order, the brilliant actions of the great Captain; the inscription being written by Lord Bolingbroge.

But we must reluctantly stop our wanderings in the park while there is yet time to visit the private gardens, ere the palace opens.



My Guide reads "we cannot avoid regretting that at present strangers can only become acquainted with the beauties of this garden by description. When finished, it doubtless will be open for occasional visitors."

But you will remember that my friend M—— promised to take us in by a permit from his Grace who now lies sick in his palace. He is as good as his promise. Now it is impossible that I should enumerate half the beauties and wonders of this place. Many beautiful gardens have I seen, but never one equal to this. "Jardin des Plantes," at Paris, cannot compare with it in many respects. Here are flowers, plants, trees and shrubbery from every clime under heaven. As we pass from one garden to another, we can only admire and wonder at the surpassing beauty of flowers, fountains, water-falls, statuary, and, in short, of every thing that nature and art can combine to make it an Eden of enchantments.

Before we leave this "Paradise of sweets," let us glance at "Flora Petraea," or the rock garden. "On approaching the entrance to it a formidable barrier presents itself; a slight touch of the hand, however, dispels the mystery, and the huge rock is removed as if by magic, and the beautiful garden, with its rare rock plants, the woods, the rock work, the splendid lake, the palace, all open at at once to the view of the astonished beholder." Sorry are we to leave this paradise; and sorry are we, reader, to leave you with such an imperfect idea of this surpassingly beautiful place, so rarely seen by strangers. But our own time then, and our short space now, compel us to visit the palace itself. Our words about this shall be few. It was built by Vanburgh, and is said to be a good example of his clumsy style. He was celebrated for building heavy structures, and consequently this epitaph was composed for him.

"Lie heavy on him earth, for he laid Many a heavy load on thee."

The seat was presented by Queen Ann, to John, the first and great Duke of Marlborough, for his victory over the French on the second of August, 1702, on which day, every year, the holder of the seat presents a stand of colors to the Queen.

Without further ceremony we will enter this palace of art. And at the very outset we are at a loss what to say. Had we the ability, we have not the time to conduct you through the "sixteen grand rooms" that are adorned with about four hundred paintings of the

masters, among which is a vast collection of Reubens and Vandyck. And these are but the paintings! You have besides libraries and statuary, and every thing that art can furnish, on which you may feast your eyes. The bill of fare is so magnificent that I will not tantalize you by even a poor description of it.

And now all these fairy grounds, walks, rides, fountains, lakes, falls, obelisk, palace, paintings, and statuary are, as Everett says, one grand monument to the memory of the great Duke of Marlborough. It may be interesting, and even profitable for a moment, to inquire who this man was, who has so magnificent a monument. But time and space forbid us to pursue our subject further at present. We beg pardon for so long and hurried an introduction. Should the close of the long vacation return us safe to Yale, we promise you—generous is'nt it?—a short sketch of the Duke, an account of a visit to Mt. Vernon, and a contrast of the characters to whom these shrines are dedicated.

G. H. C.

Ne Nautical Experience of Ne Iuniors.

The discrepancy between romance and reality, is truly wonderful. Cosily ensconced in a cushioned arm-chair, with the feet elevated considerably above the center of gravity, and rolling forth from a meerschaum clouds of grateful incense, it is a pleasant thing to roam through the realms of fancy, and revel in the delights of aircastle building. But step down for a moment from your elevated position; disencumber yourself of that veil; and lo! those fairy tints have vanished; and instead of a noble structure, erected at your bid, you look with dismay upon the hard, cold realities of life. And for the utter disgust consequent upon such a transition, none are more to blame than poets. You take up a poem descriptive of winter, and dwell with delight upon its glowing accounts of all the attractions of that season; of the crystal ice, the downy snow, the glittering wintery stars. Fired with noble enthusiasm and laudable curiosity, you rush out to behold these phenomena. But ere long you rush in again, head sunk far below the horizon of your coatcollar, hands thrust into your pockets, and with tingling feet and

smarting nose you chatter wildly forth—"Ooo-oo-ooh! how ththunder-r-ing c-c-cold it is." Did you perceive any of those beauties mentioned by——? "Nary a time!" This is but a single example: if few confessions so frank are heard it is only because those who are sold dislike to acknowledge it. Whose heart does not beat wildly with excitement when the subject of the "briny deep" is introduced? How much romance is contained in, "A life on the ocean wave." But let us look at the reality.

A short time since, a number from our midst went down to the great sea in a sloop. High above the din and and confusion attendant upon the loading and unloading of sundry vessels, were distinguishable the cheering and laughter of about ninety voices as their owners swarmed over the devoted craft, while the directors of the gastronomical destinies rushed about in frantic confusion, seeking secure hiding places for the edibles, lest wan famine should cause the premature disappearance of the viands. Upon the forecastle the tough mariners, essaying to prepare the vessel for her cruise, were repeatedly impinged upon by impatient souls, who, judging from their eccentric manœuvers and unaccountable antics, were bent upon acquiring an unlimited appetite.* Finally, all being ready, the gallant craft swung from her moorings into the fathomless channel of New Haven harbor. But relentless fate directed her course towards an inoffending specimen of marine architecture, which lay at anchor at a little distance. A crash, and amid the jeers of the red shirted, unwashed exotics who were congregated on the wharf, the opposing bodies separated. Happily, only a big chunk had been knocked off the stranger craft, and an anchor jammed through his side; so we went on our way rejoicing. And now, did extent of time furnish a theme for the historian, much space might be occupied in narrating the passage to the Light-House, Works of fiction were in great demand; cigars more so. "The Avenger, or the Knight of the rubicund (fiery) nose," furnished an opportunity to many of passing the time; while an adventurous few, seeking a bubble, reputation, must needs ascend the tapering mast at the expense of tarry "oli-no-we-never-mention-ems," and of a seat upon "cross-trees" in a broiling sun, which endangered their sitting



^{*} Strange to say, the only sufferer by this confusion, was a wretched cat, whose caudal appendage had undergone compression between a plank and the foot of a son of Anak. The cat retiring behind a barrel, eyed alternately its persecutor and its injured member, but opened not its mouth.

down with any comfort for many days. There, in the cabin may be seen one, who pressed by hunger, has eluded the cerberus-like eyes of the guardians of the comestibles, and is consuming with marvelous rapidity, a sandwich held in his right hand, while his left hand grasps a piece of cheese. On deck, a few determined to drive dull care away, have broken forth into song; until compelled by the execrations of the rest, they hang their harps upon the willows, and reserve their psalmody for a more fitting occasion. When at last, the dinner-hour arrived, a rapturous thrill of satisfaction pervaded the assembly. Whether sitting on barrel-heads, or on the deck, the viands quickly became invisible, greatly to the disgust of those unfortunates, who being seated at a distance, did not possess so great facilities for gobbling. Those at the mast-head effected their descent in a much shorter time than has ever before been accomplished. The feast passed off with great éclat. But few accidents occurred: excepting perhaps as the sudden shout of agony or rage, betrayed the fact that some victim had inadvertently sat upon a sandwich, to the detriment of his nether integuments; or, perhaps received the contents of a glass of lemonade in his hair; or found sundry particles of cheese delicately dropped down his back; or the look of blank dismay of one, who having sent for some choice morsel, saw it in its transit seized by a remorseless hand, and vanish down a widely gaping mouth. Then, shortly after, might have been seen some sitting upon the bow-sprit, and apparently watching intently the gambols of the monsters of the vasty deep. But upon closer inspection, hands clasped upon the epigastric region and distorted countenances revealed the truth. that the edibles had been consumed with more haste than discretion; in consequence of which, old Neptune was with difficulty dissuaded from compelling the usual contribution. To describe minutely all the adventures of the voyagers, would tax too severely your patience. How they landed at a little village, and did cause the inhabitants exceedingly to fear and quake, thinking that, "ve cruelle salvages" were upon them; and how they "warbled wild notes" for the delectation of the sirens of Westbrook. Then, as "the shades of night were falling fast," they "bitterly thought of the morrow:" for a mighty head wind arose; and a night "on the ocean wave" was more than they had anticipated. And now the scene baffles description. A simultaneous rush for the hold resulted in the securing of places by a favored few, The remainder were under the VOL. XVIII.

necessity of perambulating the decks, or sleeping on the planks all night. By the exercise of great ingenuity, a place was found which presented as few angles as possible; and sails being spread thereon, the bed was pronounced ready. The happy possessors now "bunked in;" but unceasing cries and exhortations filled that hold until a late hour. "Get off my toes!" "Say, take your foot away from my eye!" "Now then! are you going to lie on my head all night?" "Confound it, somebody's gobbled the brick I had for a pillow!" But by degrees the congregation yielded to the voice of tired nature. No sooner had balmy sleep come upon them, than with malice prepense and aforethought the "great unwashed" on deck, who were unsuccessful in finding where to lay their heads, commenced a series of fiendish evolutions, so as effectually to banish all slumber. Then came the tug of war; almost frantic at the noise, the sleepy victims tossed and rolled in confusion, sending up an occasional expletive, or perhaps a more effectual argument in the shape of some missile, at their tormentors, while ever and anon hollow groans would issue from the murky darkness, of which the burden was, to quit that noise! Above, blowing of horns, shouting and discordant singing; below, anathemas and objurgatious; while in addition, at short intervals some unfortunate wights made the heart-rending discovery, that they had been lying in puddles of bilge-water, which, aside from the inconvenience of sleeping in such a compound, sent forth most fragrant odors, totally unlike any originating in "Araby the blest." Here in a dark corner lay a wretch floating about in this bilge-water, moored by his cravat to a projecting beam, until by a sudden lurch his fastenings broke, and coming in collision with some one in a similar condition on the other side, he suddenly woke and struck out for the step ladder, to which he clung convulsively until rescued. Finally, a sudden rush from the victims dispersed the assailants; but the charm was broken, and the remainder of the night passed in viewing the starry concave, or the rolling billows, caused the congregation to present an appearance more interesting than lovely, on the following morning. And when after much tribulation the vessel again touched terra firma, a ravenous crowd debarked, and proved by their appearance, the horrible mendacity of those who make the briny deep their theme, praising its attractions, and describing in eloquent language its many beauties.

The Pale Gathering.

Written for the meeting of the Yale Alumni, July 28th, 1858,

BY E. W. ROBBINS, A. M., CLASS OF '48.*

A welcome to thee Yale!
And to thy friendly home,
Back to the scenes of other days,
In throngs once more we come.

Thy venerable form

We never may forget,—

In every land, on every shore

Our ancient Mother yet,—

Our Alma Mater loved
In youth and riper age,—
The tent-scene in our march of Life,—
Our weary pilgrimage.

Where, mid our granite hills, Our granite heroes sleep, To Oregon's far boundaries, And its lone Bocky Steep.

Where, in their distant homes,
By myriad footsteps prest,
Sweep the Savannahs of the South,
The Prairies of the West.

ALUMNI, brothers all,—
Exiles on every soil,
A kindly greeting to you here—
A welcome rest from toil.

To conflict we went forth,

Contending for the right,

And now, with chastened hopes and fears,

Return we from the fight.

But ah! not all are here,

For gathering the ripe grain
In the great harvest field of life,
Some hath the reaper slain.

[&]quot;Mr. Robbins was chairman of the Board of Editors of the Yale Literary, in the class of '43. The Editor of the present number wishes to express his gratification at being able to publish such an appropriate contribution from one of the "Knights of the Quill," who formerly presided over the destinies of Maga.

A while with us they strayed Through Academic bowers, Now, falling gently by our side, They sleep 'neath funeral flowers.

ALUMNI, brothers all,—
We give you hearty cheer
In the Assembly of the tribes—
The Nations gathered here.

Renew we now the pledge
That ne'er was known to fail,—
The talisman of victory—
The memory of YALE!

Where beats a filial heart
Responsive to thy call,
A kindly welcome to thee—YALE,
The "Mother of us all!"

Moctes Palenses.

No. III.

SCENE I.—College Fence. PRESENT—Shandy, Mishkan, Bilhath, Shangkai and Major Gahagan.

MISHKAN.—Have any pieces for the Lit. been handed in yet?
Shanghai.—Not one; what Hood calls the "Type-us" fever, isn't very prevalent in College at the present time.

MISHKAN.—What are you going to do about it?

SHANGHAI.—I hardly know yet. I haven't had anything very clearly in view in my "mind's eye."

GAHAGAM.—I wish you wouldn't get off such a hackneyed quotation as that, at any rate. Now I take particular credit to myself, that I wrote an article on Names, without introducing that question, which, according to Shakespeare, Miss Capulet asks of Mr. Montague.

SHANDY.—Very commendable in you to omit that, but yet there is very much more on the same subject, which you ought not to have omitted. Names rule the world. In everything, in every sit-

uation or condition, whether poor or rich, good or bad, well or sick we are governed by them.

BILHATH.—That is a very common remark, but like many other common remarks, it will prove when carefully examined to be decidedly wanting in truth.

Shandy.—You doubt my assertion. I will endeavor to prove it to your satisfaction. Take the last case I mentioned, that of sickness, where, if anywhere, one would imagine that names exert no influence, and yet see the power they do wield. Some diseases it is almost romantic to have, but about others you can throw no charms of fancy, nor excite any feeling. Every one remembers that poem of Percival on Consumption, commencing,

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away."

Now I defy any poet to write very affecting lines on a death from quinzy or inflammation of the bowels. And, that this is not a mere fancy of my own, I can bring forward the authority of another great poet. Lord Byron says that love can stand against all noble maladies, but vulgar illnesses ruin him completely; after enumerating several he goes on to say,

"But worst of all is nausea, or pain
About the lower regions of the bowels;
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sea-sickness death."

It makes all the difference in the world, let me assure you, as to the name of the disease, by which a man goes off. There is just as much distinction between dying of the measles and dying of the consumption, as there is between getting drowned in the ocean or in a canal. So far as regards the feelings of the individual undergoing the operation, I suppose the one place-is full as pleasant as the other, but for the looks or name of the thing, almost any person would prefer the "rock-bound floor" of the sea, to the mud of the "raging canawl."

Shanghai.—That is very true, but not necessarily for the reason you give. If a man gets drowned in a canal, that very fact is *prima facie* evidence that he was drunk.

SHANDY .- Your ridicule doesn't disturb my theory. But I go

still further, and make another distinction. When an author begins to be admired, he is called by his family name; but when he begins to be loved, by his christian one. To be sure, we have too high a reverence for some men, such as Spenser, Shakespeare or Wordsworth, to think of calling them by their first names; and indeed to but very few are they known. Yet every one speaks of Tom Hood or of Charles Lamb, because both of these men are loved by every man who knows anything about them at all.

GAHAGAM.—Begging your pardon, we don't call Tenuyson, Alfred, or Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.

SHANDY.—It is a pity, that when I am making out a fine sounding theory, you can't keep from bringing in your troublesome facts to disturb it.

SHANGHAL.—But gentlemen, all this conversation isn't furnishing articles for the Lit. How I am to fill up the Magazine is the question with me.

GARAGAN.—I will tell you how to get up one article. Write to Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, and procure a sufficient number of steel-plate engravings of Tennyson to fill up your edition. Then let Mishkan write a poem, and I'll undertake to have it put in as "written expressly for the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, by Alfred Tennyson," and agree to do all the subsequent lying that may be necessary.

BILHATH.—Tennyson is a spoopse.

GAHAGAN.—There will be a fight yet here. A man so devoid of all ideas of what constitutes true poetry as to make such a remark as that, doesn't deserve christian treatment at the hands of any one.

Shandy.—Talking of poetry, an enthusiastic young man suggested to me the other day, that we offer a five dollar prize for the best College song. Bilbath, how much money is there in the treasury?

BILHATH.—Considerable, I imagine. We haven't been stuck much more than thirty dollars on each one of the first two numbers.

Shanghai.—Anyway, Mishkan, I propose you write a song for the especial use of the Editors of the Lit.

MISHKAN.—You'd want it to the tune of Litoria, wouldn't you? Shanghal.—That pun is too exceedingly vile to be countenanced. MISHKAN.—There you display your ignorance of the pun-nature. The very essence of an excellent pun is, that it shall be an exceedingly mean one. The ideal of a perfect pun is a pun so outrageously, so excruciatingly bad, that it is good.

SHANGHAI.—On that principle, I'll admit your puns to be superlatively excellent.

BILHATH.—I've been studying diligently to find out the apex of Mishkan's joke, and am just beginning to see through it. I would propose for the benefit of the College world, Mishkan, that two pages of every number of the Lit. be set aside for a list of your puns in that number, with a commentary and notes critical and explanatory attached, so that they can be understood without any violent mental effort.

GAHAGAN.—What a fortunate people the Germans must be! I have heard it said that there is only one pun in the whole language, which by way of distinction, is called "The Pun." I'll not, however, youch for the truth of that remark.

BILHATH.—A case of tender conscience, unparallelled on your part, Major. But heavens! what a pretty little girl!

Shandy.—Do let little girls alone, and attend to more important matters.

BILHATH.—Don't despise little girls, Tristram; they'll grow up some time. Your future wife is undoubtedly at the present time quite young.

SHANDY.—Exceedingly young, I imagine.

BILHATH.—Well, think of her, often then; does'nt Martin Farquhar Tupper say:

"If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;

Therefore think of her and pray for her weal; yea though thou hast not seen her?"

Gamagan.—It might perhaps be expected that a person who would call Tennyson a spoopse, would quote from such an author as Mar tin Farquhar Tupper; but for the credit of Yale I am sorry for it. If there is one man in the list of English poets, who has obtained a reputation by the most unconscionable puffing and quackery, that man is Martin Farquhar Tupper. He is a perfect nincompoop, a shikepoke, a numskull, a ninny, a squirt; yes, gentlemen, a squirt of the most unmitigated nature—in fine, a complete squirt. Language is not base enough, language is not vituperative enough to express the superlative asininity of his drivelling productions. It would speak well for the intellectual taste of the nineteenth century, that the works of a man like him should pass through their seventieth or eightieth edition, while those of the greatest men of our times scarcely ever reach their tenth, did we not know by what means



his balderdash has gained notoriety. The idea of such a man as he, attempting to continue Coleridge's Christabel! But I'll stop here, for when I attempt to give my opinion of Mr. Tupper, words fail me. All existing languages are found wanting. Indeed, I despise the man so thoroughly that I can't speak of him decently, and I am fearful that in talking about him I may rise into abuse; and Heaven knows that abuse is altogether too great an honor for him.

Shanghai.—Then in order to keep you from doing anything rash, I propose that we adjourn.

(Exeunt omnes.)

SCENE II.—Editor's Sanctum. Time 3 P. M. PRESENT—Shandy, Mishkan, Gahagan, and Shanghai.

SHANGHAI.—What has become of Bilhath?

MISHKAN—Out with the women, I suppose. I met him sailing down Chapel street, arrayed in gorgeous apparel, in full chase after a damsel, who from her appearance must have arrived at years of discretion a number of years ago.

SHANGHAI.—I am surprised that a man of your disposition didn't follow on too.

MISHKAN.—I beg leave to inform you I never was an antiquary. My tastes never ran in that line.

(Enter Bilhath.)

SHANDY.—I hope, Billiath, you have got through with your female pursuits, and are prepared to attend to the business of this board.

BILHATH.—My tardiness is excusable, for I have been spending the time with some of the best looking "quails" to be found in the city of Elms.

SHANDY.—Poh! there's not a beautiful specimen of the feminine gender to be found in New Haven, unless it is imported. They're not goodly to my sight.

BILHATH.—You sacrilegious villain, your remark displays nothing except your ignorance. Nowhere can you see beings more beautiful than in New Haven. Nowhere can you see eyes brighter, tresses gayer, cheeks rosier, features lovelier, forms statelier, hearts purer, and dispositions sweeter, than in the city of Elms. Nowhere can you—can you—can you—

Mishkan.—See a greater number of flirts.

Shandy.—That is a cruel way of helping a man out when he is stuck.

SHANGHAI.—Doesn't N. P. Willis say somewhere in his "Life Here and There," that New Haven is remarkable for the beauty of its female inhabitants.

SHANDY.--I can't believe he has ever done such a foolish thing.

MISHKAN.—But it is a very good idea of Shanghai's to attribute the remark to him, and to a particular work of his. Precision is a great thing. Always locate a story, especially if it is a lie. Credit it to some book that has a good reputation. If you quote, always give the name of some celebrated man as the author of the quotation. The chances are a thousand to one against any given person knowing that it is a mistake.

GAHAGAN.—But Willis did say it after all, and here I have the book and the identical passage from it, which I will read for your edification. (Reads.) "Then like the vari-colored parallelograms upon a chess-board, green openings are left throughout, fringed with triple and interweaving elm-rows, the long and weeping branches sweeping downward to the grass, and, with their enclosing shadows, keeping moist and cool the road they overhang; and fair forms (it is the garden of American beauty—New Haven*) flit about in the green light, in primitive security and freedom, and you would think the place, if you alit upon it in a summer evening—what it seems to me now in memory, and what I have made it in this Rosa-Matilda description—a scene from Boccacio, or a vision from long-lost Arcady."

Shandy.—I'll swear to the truth of the "primitive freedom" at any rate.

MISHKAN.—Tristram, you and Bilhath both carry your views to an extreme. I occupy a medium ground between you, and think that New Haven would be indeed the "garden of American beauty," were there not so many homely women in it.

SHANGHAI.—A very valuable opinion that!

MISHKAN,—Don't be so fast. As I view it, the ladies of New Haven have among their number, few persons who simply appear ordinary—that is persons who are not remarkable, either for beauty or plainness. They carry their looks to a perfection of beauty or a height of hideousness, that in both cases is fairly distracting. I tell you, that in some specimens of the latter which I have seen,

^{*} As they say in the newspapers, "the italics are our own." $exttt{VOL. XXIII.}$

each one of the features, taken by itself, was so frightfully homely, that the whole countenance settled into an appearance of homogeneous ugliness, which was fairly refreshing. They had reached that metaphysical state, which I have never yet seen spoken of in any treatise on the Sublime or Beautiful, where ugliness loses all its point as ugliness, and if not beautiful, might with propriety be called sublime. It is not on the score of looks, however, that I object to the New Haven ladies; it is because they are all of them too flirtations.

BILEATH.—No more so than other young ladies.

MISHKAN.—Altogether more. There is an innate love of flirtation in the New Haven female, which manifests its existence in their earliest years, and develops itself long before childhood has opened into the fuller life of maidenhood.

SHANGHAI.—It is easy to understand why you are so bitter in your feelings. But, Mishkan, give us that poem you wrote in the wrath inspired by a great disappointment. Don't be modest now, and refuse, but come up to your duty and fire away.

MISHKAN.-Well, here it is then, if you want it :

The Belles.

BY POH!

Hear the laughter-ringing belles— Silvery belles!

What a world of merriment their giggling foretells!

How they titter, titter, titter,
In the mirthful ear of night,—
While their fluttering spirits twitter,
And their starry eyes o'erglitter
With the crystal tear's delight,—
Keeping time, time

With the waves of radiant rhyme To the chime of charming music that euphoniously wells

From the belles, belles, belles, belles,

Belles, belles, belles—
From the ringing and the singing
Of the belles.

Hear the would-be-wedded belles—
Golden belles!
What a world of ladiesmen their loveliness compels!

Through the "wee-short" hours of night,
What unspeakable delight

In their liquid languid notes!

And all in tune,

What a lovely ditty floats

To the raptured beau that listens while she throats

"Shining moon."

Hear the giddy jilting belles— Brazen belles!

What a world of solemn thought their heartlessness compels!

In the silence of the night How we shudder with affright

At the thilling killing music of their tone!

For every sigh that floats

From the void within their throats

Wakes a groan!

And we people—single people—

Poor old bachelors-we weep, all-

All alone.

While the belles our souls cajoling.
In that melting under tone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the hearts of men a stone!
They are neither maid nor women—

Neither heavenly nor human-

Heartless souls!

And their queen coquette condoles

And cajoles

The victim of the belles; And her merry bosom swells

At the falseness of the belles,

And she dances and she knells

To the beaux a dirge-like chime,

Keeping time, time, time In a cruel rueful rhyme

To the falseness of the belles—

Of the belles!

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of rueful rhyme.

To the wooing of the belles—

Of the belles, belles, belles!

To the cooing of the belles-

Of the belies, belies, belles, belles,

Belles, belles, belles:

To the jilting, "so" heart-wilting,

Of the belles!

(Excunt Omnes.)

Øbituary.

DEOWNED, at Springfield, Mass., July 17th, George Elliott Dunham, of the Junior Class, aged 20 years.

There is something unutterably awful in the telegraph, as the messenger of sorrow. A letter may gently break the dread tidings, and bear with them the balm of sympathy and consolation to soothe and sustain. But the telegraph, passionless and inexorable, deals in naked facts alone; and its messages condensed, contracted, stripped of all that can comfort or assuage or strengthen, swift and deadly as bullets fly freighted with grief and agony to the hearts of families and friends. And never, certainly, has this minister of accident and calamity and death borne a dispatch more startling and terrible than the fact which fell like a thunderbolt amongs us on the evening of the 17th ult.—a fact which, after a hard struggle against the doubts and hopes and prayers of College, at length overwhelmed and crushed down all—that Dunham was no more.

To sketch the character and College life of George Dunham is beyond the power of words. Yale never clad herself in mourning weeds for a dearer, truer, manlier son. During his four years among us—two as a member of '58 and two with '59—his countenance and presence were always sunshine, and his bearing won the hearts of all his fellows. Yet no class or classes can claim alone or mourn alone the memory of Dunham. In person, the finest type of vigorous early manhood, in manner, singularly winning and attractive, with a temper the kindest and most genial, and a heart as warm and generous as was ever given to man, it was not strange that all should love him, that many should almost worship him, and that some should be linked to him by bonds well nigh as pure and as strong as the closest and most sacred natural ties.

Last and best of all there was added to his natural qualities the grace of a lively piety, and those who loved him as a man were drawn towards him with a warmer affection as a Christian.

The circumstances of his death were peculiarly painful and distressing. We cannot bear to think of his bitter disappointment, after a patient and successful training, with all his anticipations at their hight, flushed by vigorous exercise, and full of life and spirit-

plunged without a moment's warning into that fatal element. Our only consolation is the thought that that higher hope which was clear and strong within him could cheer and comfort him even in that hour of agony, and the assurance that he sank from the arms of friends who generously risked their lives to save him, only to rest upon the sure arm of an Almighty friend.

George Dunham will be with us no more in the flesh. Who shall undertake to reckon the years ere his memory shall fade from among us? A fitting tribute to his character is found not in the eloquence of language. It is beyond the loftiest efforts of genius and of art. It is manifest in that sudden gloom which crept steadily like a shadow over College, as the fatal message passed from mouth to mouth; in those groups which gathered hastily in all our walks with bended heads and hushed voices; in the feelings which spontaneously summoned a whole University to attend the sad rites of his burial; in the tears which flowed from every eye as that face, genial and beautiful in death as in life, was finally shut out from the parting glance; in the grief and tenderness with which each classmate cast his spade of earth upon that noble manly form. All these things speak for him and speak to the heart. They tell us that all that manhood has not been wasted; that though he passed away in the morning of his days, he had not lived in vain.

Memorabilia Palensia.

DEATH OF GEO. E. DUNHAM.

The melancholy death of Geo. E. Dunham has cast a deep gloom over College. The enviable position of the man among his associates, and the sad manner of his death have conspired to give the events of the calamity a mournful interest. The sad details of his death are so well known that a repetition of them would be unnecessary. He died a martyr to the reputation of Yale while endeavoring to qualify himself to promote it. We have inserted elsewhere a brief obituary notice of him, and attempted nothing more. For to his friends the simplest enumeration of his virtues would appear to be a cold and unsatisfactory narration, while to those unacquainted with him it would appear to be an extravagant panegyric. But we leave his memory where he, by his life and actions, placed it, in the hearts and affections of his fellow students and friends.

At a joint meeting of the classes of '58 and '59, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove by sudden death our loved classmate and friend, George Elliott Dunham,

Resolved, That while we recognize in this mournful dispensation the hand of an infinitely wise and good God, we mourn the loss of one whose noble and generous nature had endeared him to our hearts, while his manly character, to the natural loveliness of which had lately been added the graces of a consistent Christian life, had gained our warmest esteem.

Resolved, That we sympathize most tenderly with the parents and other relatives of our deceased classmate in their deep affliction, trusting that they with us will find consolation in that Christian hope which he had recently begun to indulge.

Resolved, That we offer our most heartfelt thanks to the students of Harvard University for the kind sympathy and regard which they have shown us in our sudden calamity.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for the memory of the deceased, we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days of the College term, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, to the students of Harvard University, and to the Press for publication.

The funeral took place at Hartford, on Tuesday afternoon, the 20th. Several members of the Faculty, and about three hundred of his fellow students went to Hartford in a special train, to perform their last sad offices to the deceased, and to offer such condolence and sympathy to the afflicted friends as they were able.

Rev. Mr. Buckingham, of Springfield, delivered a brief and feeling discourse, and closed by quoting, with peculiar appropriateness, the following lines from Willia:

Ye reckon it in days, since he strode up that foot-worn aisle, With his dark eye flashing gloriously and his lip wreathed with a smile; O, had it been but told you then, to mark whose lamp was dim, From out your rank of fresh-lipped men, would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm, that flung defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—yet not for glerying?
Whose heart, in generous deed and thought, no rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not? there lies he, go and look.

On now—his requiem is done, the last deep prayer is said— On to his burial, comrades—on with a friend and brother dead! Slow—for it presees heavily—it is a MAR ye bear, Slow for our thoughts dwell wearly, on the gallant sleeper there.

Dr. Hawes, of Hartford offered an excellent prayer, and was followed by Dr. Bushnell, with some suitable remarks, and an interesting narrative of a conversation which he had with the deceased at the time he joined Dr. B.'s church.

The singing was very appropriately conducted by a choir composed of students, who also sung a hymn at the grave. Each student present placed in the grave a spade of earth, and thus closed the largest and saddest funeral that we have ever attended.

THE NAVY.

On the 5th of July, a regatta took place at New London, in which four boats from New Haven entered, two of which—the Olympia and the Omicron—were from the Yale Navy. The distance seems not to have been accurately known, being placed by some as low as three miles, and by others as high as four and a half. We take the New London Democrat's account, which gives it as three and and three-quarter miles. The time of the Olympia, which took the first prize, was 32 minutes 35 seconds, that of the Omicron, which took the second, was 35 minutes 50 seconds.

Even allowing the distance to be four and a half miles, the time made was not such as to reflect any credit upon our boating reputation, and so far from being any test of our skill and strength, is beaten every day in our own harbor.

In all other respects the regatta passed off in an exceedingly pleasant manner. A cordial feeling existed on both sides; and the students of Yale, who were present, will cherish a grateful sense of the attention paid to them by the inhabitants of the city. We can assure our New London friends, that many of the remarks, which have found their way into the papers, have been to no persons a source of so much annoyance as to the members of the Navy.

The melancholy accident at Springfield has put an end to the regatta of the Colleges for the present, but next year it will undoubtedly take place. The thanks of the students of Yale are due to the inhabitants of Springfield for the willingness with which they gave up all their extensive preparations, out of deference to our feelings. We wish also, in behalf of Yale, to thank the students of Harvard, especially the members of the Cambridge boat clubs, for the delicacy of feeling which has characterized their whole action under these to us most painful circumstances. It is but one of many instances of that courtesy and generosity which Harvard has always displayed in her dealings with us.

The Volante has been bought by the Yale Navy.

To no one is the present efficiency of the Navy more indebted than to its present Commodore, W. P. Bacon. Let succeeding Commodores imitate his example, and we will soon be enabled to claim superiority as boatmen as rightfully as we now claim superiority in those duties and pursuits which are especially the objects of a College training.

PRIZES.

The following prizes for Declamation have been awarded in the Class of '60:

	•	First Prize.	Second Prize.	Third Prize.	
First Division R. S. DAVIS.			J. L. TAINTOB.	E. BOLTWOOD.	
		J. L. Daniels.	•		
Second	E4	W. E. FOSTER.	H. E. HAWLEY.	S. JESSUP.	
•		W. C. JOHNSTON.			
Third	**	W. T. SMITE.	C. H. OWEN.	J. H. Schneider.	

THE CLASS OF 1858.

The class of 1858 entered Freshman year with one hundred and thirty-seven members, and graduated ninety-nine. Of the number of individuals, who orig-

inally belonged to it, seventy-three graduated, leaving sixty-four who have been dropped during the course, for various causes, but principally on account of inability or indisposition to keep up in their studies. The class has been more fortunate than usual in retaining its men, as it is, we believe a circumstance exceedingly uncommon for any class to go through the four years without losing considerably more than half their original number.

The following schedule represents the number of men coming from each state, who have belonged to the class at the beginning of the different years of the course, and their whole number for each year. The fifth column contains the graduates only.

New York,	81	26	25	25	24
Connecticut,	87	29	27	22	22
Pennsylvania,	10	11	18	12	12
Massachusetts,	16	10	11	10	10
Ohio,	8	8	2	4	
Lousiana,	9	6	8	8	8
Vermont,	2	2	2	8	3
Illinois,		1	2	2	2
Kentucky	2	6 2 1 1 2 1	2	1	4 8 2 2 2
Maine,	4	2	2	2	2
Missouri,	1	1	1	2	2
New Jersey,	5	4	2	8 8 2 1 2 2 2	2 2
Alabama,	1	1	2	1	1
California,		1	1	1	1
District of Columbia,	. 1	1	2 8 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1	1	1
Iowa,		1	1	1	1
Mississippi,	8	2	2	2	1
New Hampshire,	4	1	1	1	1
Poland,		1	1	1	1
Rhode Island,	1	1	1	1	1
Sandwich Islands,	1	1	1	1	1
Texas,	1	1	1	1	1
Virginia,		1	1	1	1
Canada West,	1				
Florida,	1	1			
Georgia,		1			
Kansas,	1				
Maryland,	2	_	_		
Wisconsin,		1	1		
	1.05				
Whole number,	187	111	107	100	99

BIENNIAL JUBILEE OF THE CLASS OF '60.

The Class finished their Biennial Examination on Thursday, the 21st ult., and celebrated the event the same day, by a hearty jubilation at Savin Rock. Everything in this season of joy and festivity passed of with great credit to the Class, and gave general satisfaction to all. Their songs were unusually good, and were probably sung with that heartiness and satisfaction with which an ex-Biennial man alone can sing. We had hoped to give one or two specimen songs, but they were unavoidably crowded out.

Book Notice.

Old Hepsy. By Mrs. C. W. Denison. New York: A. B. Burdick. 1 Vol., 12mo For sale by T. H. Pease.

Although a work based upon the great national question of slavery, and consequently unpalatable to many readers, yet aside from the general aim of the story, we find, scattered up and down its pages, passages of such beauty and truth, that we feel sure that it must prove interesting even to those who oppose its views. The plot of the story is one of rare ingenuity, and the reader is led from scene to scene, delighted and refreshed by the unexpected turns in its development. We understand that portions of the work are already preparing for the stage, and that it has been reprinted in England and on the continent.

Editor's Table.

"Idleness is sweet and sacred."
"With all your gettings, get laziness."

READER, have you ever had a real obstinate attack of laziness, one which pervades the whole man, from tile to brogans. If you haven't we advise you to catch it as soon as possible. You can enjoy leisure without having it poisoned with any compunctions of conscience. You can be the prisoner of "masterly inactivity;" can season your stand with an occasional flunk, and diversify your recitations with heroic instances of fizzling; all of which will cultivate a spirit of self-denial of the most approved Socratic kind. They may possibly make you "the hero of a thousand flunks," and induce a brief sojourn in the "rural districts." But what do you care for these small inconveniences when you have the great principles of laziness at stake. You can defer any business which you may have on hand with perfect impunity. If you are ever elected Yale Lit. Editor, you can put off your April number until Commencement time; you can interfere with your successors, without at all disturbing your own equanimity, or incurring any loss on your number, for a number brought out at Commencement always sells better. The best recipe for getting this desirable malady is the following: divest yourself of all such old fogy ideas as those of Chesterfield, "that indolence is suicide;" engage a season ticket to the "Castle of Indolence," of which the old elms are proprietors; flee that "tyrant Thought;" take as your companions a few Regalias and the thief of time, and in two days you will have a "clear case" of laziness. After having followed the above prescription with thoroughness, the thought entered our cranium and the Devil our sanctum, reminding us that the responsibility and work of issuing the August number of the Lit. devolved upon this fraction of the Editorial Board. Not wishing to VOL. XXIII. 35

imitate the example of some of our predecessors, and let this number lie over until the close of next term, we concluded to seize the quill and drive it as furiously as possible. We had just seated ourselves in the sanctum to perform our editorial duties, when in rushed a satanic specimen from the printers, demanding "copy." Our laziness had evidently "raised the Devil," and our first desire was to rid ourselves of his presence. The thought came over us, that we had seen, somewhere in the course of our limited reading, this comforting assurance, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." After diligently following the injunction, we concluded that this couldn't have been said of our devil, for we resisted him with all our might and he flew at us. The idea was suggested that this remedy for Satanic annoyance was limited in its application to "that other" devil of Eden notoriety, who is generally supposed to inhabit a locality somewhat warmer than the equatorial regions, to say the least. Had not our pocket book been as lean as that of any secret society man the day after initiation, we should have offered large pecuniary inducements to this small edition of Satan to leave. We were finally compelled to apply some arguments to him more forcible than dignified. The rapidity with which he appreciated our logic and piled down stairs was as gratifying to us as it was dangerous to his locomotives. After this setto we enjoyed a comfortable immunity from satanic annoyance.

The jolly third term has come and gone, leaving the anxious Freshman the boisterous Soph., the boisterons Soph. the jolly Jun., and the jolly Jun. the dignified Senior. The quondam Sophomores have crossed over Biennial, that Jordan which separated them from the Canaan of Junior year, and seem to enjoy the transition with hearty relish. The present Sophomores are busily engaged in the pursuit of Freshmen "under difficulties," as but few of that genus seem to appear on the horizon of Yale. We saw one in the New Haven House, on Saturday, beseiged on one side by one hundred and seven Linonians, led by their President, and on the other by one hundred and eight Brothers, with their President, Brothers ahead by a clean majority of one, hurrah!!!

"Brothers to right of him,
Linos to left of him,
L's and B's in front of him,
Volley'd and thunder'd.
"Gobble" was the captains cry;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and lie,
Into the Freshman's wool
Dive the two hundred."

Study has been, during this term, decidedly below par. Colloquy men have shown a heroic indifference to everything like study. Philosophicals and valedictorians have exhibited a commendable deference to the general custom of reclining on the bosom of mother earth; to speak astronomically, most of the College luminaries have been in perigee. As for sleeping,

"It is a jolly thing, Beloved from North to South."

Loafing has seemed to be contagious; "blatant noises" too frequent for Professorial and Tutorial comfort, and "growing intelligence" decidedly scarce. In



short, fellows have seemed to feel very like the Californian, who felt more like digging for home than anything else.

Current report says that there has been a good deal of unseemly noise this term in the neighborhood of North Middle; some have been so uncharitable as to impute its origin to the Class of '59. To those who have observed the uniformly decorous bearing of the Class, it is unnecessary to deny the imputation. We must admit, however, that there was one individual of the Class who, at the head of a triumphal procession, was growing noisy with a horn, of which "instrument of torture" he was unceremoniously relieved by a Professor. We would advise the jubilant individual above mentioned either "to draw in his horns," or pocket the joke and say with David, "verily mine horn is exalted." If it would not be disrespectful, we would also humbly suggest to those interested the propriety of "not taking a horn too much."

We also, as well as the editor of the July number, have been ruralizing for our health. We differ from him in this, that our disease was not transferred from the head to the heart, notwithstanding that we were led into full as much temptation. We spent two weeks up the valley of the Housatonic, among the "Hills of Berkshire," and found a species of hospitality that was most grateful in all of its phases. How refreshing it was to get away from the "riotous living" at Pi Eta, and the tumult of College excitement generally. Our morning slumbers were never attacked by the unwelcome din of morning prayer bell; our dreams were never poisoned by visions of half-learned lessons and prospective flunks. By this exemption from restraint, our constitutional laziness was rapidly developed, and our proficiency in the art of sleeping over unprofitably perfected. From the force of habit and deference to conscience, we attended divine service twice on Sunday. The contrast between the Puritanical perpendicularity of attitude maintained by the attendants there and the gracefully horizontal posture generally seen in Chapel, was quite remarkable. We had horseback rides by moonlight, and rambles up Monument Mountain with all the romantic accessories which are calculated to give zest to such excursions. Our opportunities for studying Optics were better and more inspiring than those usually afforded by the recitation room and its masculine furniture. We came back a wiser, a stronger and better man, and with the laudable determination to get rusticated immediately, provided the Faculty would agree to locate us at Great Barrington, Mass.

The class of '58 who have been "here assembled for the purpose of acquiring useful knowledge," will soon go out "to bless the land in which we dwell." In all of their endeavors we wish them the success which their large hearts and heads merit. There are many of nature's noblemen among them, who will make friends and meet with success wherever they may go, and whatever they may engage in. There are many faces among them which have grown as familiar and pleasant as those of our own class, and we have friends among them who are as much valued as any we have. We wish them all prosperity to-morrow in their last act as undergraduates and congratulate them on their acquisition of a sheepskin.

"But we mourn the day that parts the tie "Twixt Fifty Eight and Yale."



